

A. L. Kiehl

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Volume XLIX.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Feb. 11 1898.

Number 40



"Why Women Cannot Sleep."

The highly organized, finely-strung nervous system of women subjects them to terrors of nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate. The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which is necessary for happy womanhood is only possible when the sensitive feminine organism is in a perfectly healthy condition. If there be any weakness or derangement in this respect no remedy in the world so completely restores womanly health, nervous vigor and capability as the wonderful "Favorite Prescription" invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. It purifies, heals and strengthens; insures functional regularity; provides physical reinforcement and sustaining power at periods of special weakness and depression.

It is the only medicine which makes the coming of baby safe and comparatively easy. In a personal letter to Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Marguerite Collin, of Cutler, Algoma Co., Ont., says:

"I was a sufferer and was cured by Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. When I commenced the medicine I could neither eat nor sleep. My hands and feet were constantly cold; I had a wasting, troublesome drain for three months and my monthly periods were never regular. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it cured me. I feel well. I thank the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

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The undersigned offers his desirable property in Mount Pleasant township, at Swift Run School House, on the Carlisle road, about 1 mile from the York & Gettysburg pike, and about 2 miles from New Oxford, at private sale. The property contains about 5 acres, improved with a good house and barn and necessary outbuildings. There is a thriving orchard on the property, and fruit of all kinds. Terms reasonable.

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Thanking you kindly for your past favors, and soliciting your patronage for this season, we remain,

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GITT & CONRAD,
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The S-Q. PAINT

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It will cover as good as any, will cost you less and is guaranteed for three years.

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When in HANOVER and in need of a HOTEL, drop in the

Hotel Abell.
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.
—RESTAURANT ATTACHED.

T. L. ABELL, PROP'R.

MARTIN'S MAN KILLERS.

Trial of Deputies Who Engaged in the Shooting at Lattimer.

One Deputy "Shoot Strikers at a Conference," says Woodward Rules "Favorable to the Prosecution."

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 9.—The interest in the trial of Sheriff James Martin and his deputies charged with the murder of Lattimer last September, continued Thursday of last week.

In his opening address on Thursday Attorney McGahan, for the prosecution, asserted that it would be proven that the deputies had threatened the lives of the strikers.

John Siva was the first witness. The defense endeavored to show that this witness had been engaged in terrorizing men to join the strikers; but Siva made a good witness for the prosecution.

John Mahala, the chosen leader of the Haywood strikers, testified to his reading the instructions issued by the national union to avoid violence or disorder. He detailed the unwarranted interference with the strikers, and the shooting without warning.

Rev. Richard Aust, who conducted the funeral services of many of the victims, could not describe the nature of the wounds received.

Rev. Carl Hauser testified that he had examined several of the wounded, and all were shot in the side or back.

The most important witness of the day was Charles Guscott, principal of the Lattimer school. He heard an unusual noise, and going to the window noticed some 80 deputies alighting from an electric car. Miss Coyle, his assistant, also watched them. They lined up by the side of the road, with rifles ready. Soon the strikers appeared, marching in a quiet and orderly manner. They were halted by the sheriff. He did not hear the sheriff say anything or see him read any paper. One of the deputies started to advance alone, when another shouted: "If you don't come back we will shoot you, too."

The man jumped back, and almost immediately came a shot, then two others, and then a volley. The strikers started and ran in all directions, but 16 fell within a few feet. He saw one man shot while running a hundred yards from the road. He assisted several of the wounded to the schoolhouse and dressed their wounds.

On Friday Schoolmaster Guscott completed his testimony and identified a number of the deputies.

Dr. H. M. Keller, who attended many of the wounded, said that of 16 wounds on 39 men 5 were shot directly in front, 9 indirectly in front, 15 directly in the side, 3 directly in the rear and 6 indirectly in the rear. Two of the men had wounds that could have been inflicted only while the man was running at full speed.

Rev. S. E. Staifflett, of Hazleton, told of seeing the paraders en route to Lattimer, and of their peaceable and orderly demeanor.

Miss Grace Coyle, Mr. Guscott's assistant teacher, was the star witness on Friday. She detailed the events leading to the shooting, corroborating Mr. Guscott, and insisting that the strikers were peaceable and orderly. After the shooting she helped many of the wounded to the schoolhouse and dressed their wounds as best she could. There was blood all over the schoolhouse floor, she said, and she described it as a horrible sight. She continued:

"I helped about 12 or 15 of the wounded, and did not see any weapons on any of them. While I was helping them a deputy named Hess laughed at me as he walked about smoking a cigar. I said, 'You ought to go to Cuba.' Deputy Clark laughed, and I said to him, 'Do you think you've done a glorious deed today?' I called two more of them bums."

Miss Coyle stated that when she learned the strikers were coming she dismissed the class, deeming it best that they should be at home. This is seized upon by the defense as important testimony for their side, indicating fear of the strikers.

Dr. John J. Corrigan was the next witness, but his testimony developed nothing new.

Then the commonwealth called to the stand S. T. Adams, a traveling man, by whom it hoped to prove that some of the deputies while journeying to the scene of the shooting made threats that they would kill some of the strikers. The witness said he could not identify any of the deputies on the car, and objection being raised his evidence was ruled out.

On Saturday there was a controversy between the opposing counsel regarding bail. The defendants' bail expired in November last, but through inadvertence was not renewed. Mr. Garman insisted that bail should be renewed immediately or the defendants committed to jail. Judge Woodward, however, allowed the defendants until today to furnish bail.

Michael Nicholson was the first witness on Saturday. He testified, among

other things, when he denounced the shooting as a scandalous piece of work Deputy Alfred Hess said to him: "You shut up, or I'll treat you the same way." On motion his evidence was stricken out.

John Egler, secretary of the Harwood Union of the United Mine Workers, was the only other witness Saturday. His testimony was corroborative of that already introduced.

On Monday of this week Judge Woodward severely denounced newspapers that published sensational accounts of the trial, and declared that "if the astounding falsehoods and misrepresentations continue the representatives of the papers will find the door of the court closed to them." He also rebuked opposing attorneys who engaged in wordy warfare after Saturday's adjournment, threatening punishment for contempt.

The witnesses on Monday were George Yeager, a Slavonian, who required an interpreter; Thomas Hall, a hotel clerk, and Christopher Brehen, a miner, and John Costello. Yeager recognized a number of the deputies who had done shooting, and also a number of others who he said were among the deputies. He weakened his evidence by recognizing as among the armed deputies John Hampton, who was in Hazleton at the time of the shooting. Hall declared he had heard Deputy John Turner declare after the shooting: "I shot nine of them, and killed five." Brehen declared he had been urged by Deputy Bornheiser to join the deputies in order to "go out and shoot the strikers." A few days before the shooting Deputy Dodson said to him: "We ought to get so much a head for shooting down these strikers. I would do it for a cent a head, and make money at it."

Cross examination failed to shake Brehen's testimony. Costello's testimony was interrupted by an argument and adjournment.

On Tuesday of this week Judge Woodward announced that he had received a threatening anonymous letter, and vigorously denounced the sender.

When court adjourned Monday John Costello had the stand, and objection had been taken by the defense to the admission of his evidence. He declared that Deputy Hess, in reply to his protest against the wholesale shooting, said: "Shut up, or I'll treat you the same way." When court opened Tuesday Judge Woodward sustained the defense, and this testimony was stricken out. Costello finished his evidence, saying he had seen eight wounded and three dead men lying along the road. He attended them, but found no weapons on them.

John Lynch testified that he heard one deputy say before the shooting, "I could get a head on that fellow." Another said, "I'll get even with the — at Lattimer." Deputy Ferry told a man who was sympathizing with a striker that if he did not shut up he would blow his head off.

Herman Pottunger testified that Deputy Henry Deihl threatened to "blow my brains out if I did not get off the road." He heard Deputy Hall say, "I'd like to get a pop at them." Another deputy said, "I bet I drop six of them when I get over there."

John Fortschek, who required an interpreter, said that he was at West Hazleton with the strikers, and saw the sheriff threaten to shoot down several men. He stated that the strikers had no clubs or weapons of any kind, and that one of the deputies pulled the American flag and tore it.

Simon Kowlski said that when the sheriff stopped the strikers at Lattimer he asked where we were going. "To Lattimer, to see our fellow workmen," he replied. "Then he grabbed a man by the collar, pulled him out of line and pushed his revolver against his throat. The next moment there was a shot, and I ran as fast as I could. When I came back Mr. Dodson, a deputy, came over as I was helping a wounded man, and said: 'You run away, or I'll shoot you, too.'"

Walter Pekerski gave important evidence, saying that Sheriff Martin fired his revolver first, and immediately the deputies began shooting.

OUR MINISTER TO SWEDEN.

Mr. Thomas Greeted With Marked Honor by King Oscar.

Stockholm, Feb. 9.—William W. Thomas, the new American minister to Sweden and Norway, was received in special audience by King Oscar for the purpose of presenting his credentials. This is the third time Mr. Thomas has represented the United States as minister to Stockholm, something unprecedented in the history of the Swedish court, and the reception accorded him yesterday reflects honor upon Minister Thomas and upon the United States. Mr. Thomas was conveyed to the royal palace in the king's own carriage—the celebrated "Seven Glass Carriage," as it is called. This magnificent equipage was drawn by four richly caparisoned horses. The coachman and footmen wore the blue and silver livery of the king. In advance galloped an outrider, mounted on a black stallion. At the palace Mr. Thomas was received with special honors, and in reply to the minister's address King Oscar warmly complimented Mr. Thomas.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, Feb. 8.

Thousands of sheep have perished from cold and starvation in western Wyoming.

George H. Earle, receiver of Philadelphia's failed bank, expresses the opinion that no one need lose anything.

The report that Great Britain had, on the demand of Russia, "backed down" on the question of making Tallen-Wan a free port of entry, is officially denied.

At a meeting of over 400 Pennsylvania business men in Philadelphia Senator Quay's methods were denounced, and Hon. John Wanamaker was urged as a candidate for governor.

Friday, Feb. 4.

At points in Maine and Vermont yesterday the temperature was 40 degrees below zero.

A bill prohibiting the marriage of chronic invalids has been introduced in Ohio's legislature.

Colonel Rend, who testified before the Ohio senate trust committee, said he thought the senate trust might bear investigation.

Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, says that he was forced into the anti-Hanna fight because he was told that he must support the senator. Now that it is over he harbors no malice.

Saturday, Feb. 5.

One of the passenger trains caught in the blizzard on Long Island was stuck in the snow for two days.

The immigration bill will be taken up in congress with caution, owing to the political antagonism it may arouse.

Seven men were killed and 36 others injured in a collision on the Glasgow and Southwestern railway, near Troon, Scotland.

Private letters received at San Francisco tend to contradict the story of Captain Ray, U. S. A., that no new players have been discovered along the Yukon.

Monday, Feb. 7.

By the fall of a roof during a fire in Boston six brave firemen were killed and four injured.

Unless the telegraph and telephone wires in Chicago and placed in subways by March they will be cut down by the city.

Highland Park hotel at Augusta, Ga., the famous winter health resort, was destroyed by fire yesterday. There were no fatalities.

Bricklayer John Purdy fell eight stories from a building in West Thirty-eighth street, New York city, but escaped death.

A cow derailed a train on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern railway, at Hematite, Mo., resulting in the death of Engineer Francy and Fireman Childs.

Tuesday, Feb. 8.

Lord William Nevill will be tried at London on Wednesday on an indictment charging forgery.

The Austrian government has closed all the colleges until March 21, owing to the disorders among the students.

Michael Varrish, who died in Bridgeport, Conn., is believed to have been poisoned by horse meat sausages.

De Wolf Hopper and John Philip Sousa are going to Europe to give American comic opera and band music.

Several women fainted during the services in a Poughkeepsie church, and a panic almost ensued among the congregation.

In Brooklyn Mrs. William W. Place murdered her 17-year-old stepdaughter, cut her husband with an ax and then attempted suicide. Jealousy the cause.

Wednesday, Feb. 9.

St. Louis police report that Mrs. J. O. West, of New York, has been robbed of \$7,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

Another case of consumption in New York has been cured, it is said, by the serum discovered by Professor Maragliano.

Two thousand students of Rush college, Chicago, had a desperate fight with police. They were finally repulsed, and many arrests made.

The captain and 16 men of the Norwegian bark B. D. Metcalf, which foundered in midocean, were taken to New York by the steamer Burgundia.

Counsel for Charles O. Kaiser, the Norristown wife murderer, will make no further effort to delay the execution of the law. One of the attorneys advises him to confess.

Military Plot in Montevideo.

Montevideo, Feb. 9.—Several officers have been arrested for complicity in a military plot and others have been cashiered for refusing to pledge their support to the president ad interim, Senor Cuestas. The proclamation of a dictatorship is daily expected. Cuestas is losing popularity, owing to his indecision, and many people are leaving the city in order to escape enrollment in the national guard.

Lighthouse Demolished by Ice.

New York, Feb. 9.—Appropriations for all departments of the government of New York, with the exception of the department of education, have been apportioned by the board of estimate and apportionment. The final grand total will be about \$67,097,000.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4.—Owing to the fact that State Democratic Chairman John M. Garman is engaged at a conference in the trial of Sheriff Martin, a workers' barre, the conference of Democrats called in this city for Wednesday next has been postponed until Feb. 11.

Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 8.—Elizabeth Flanders and Fannie Baglehorn, Indian girls, who tried to burn the girl's building at the Indian school here yesterday pleaded guilty and were sentenced to one year and six months. They said they were homesick, and wanted Captain Pratt to send them home.

Harrisburg, Feb. 5.—Governor Hastings has granted a pardon to William C. Moreland, ex-city solicitor of Harrisburg, who is serving a three years' sentence in the Western penitentiary for embezzling city funds. The serious condition of Moreland's health was the governor's motive for signing the pardon.

Meadville, Pa., Feb. 5.—Ex-Governor Thomas J. Osborne, of Kansas, died at the Commercial hotel yesterday afternoon, after a short illness, of hemorrhage of the stomach. Governor Osborne was born in this city in 1838. In 1858 he went to Topeka, Kan., where he has since resided. He was lieutenant governor of Kansas for one term, and served two terms as governor. He was at one time minister to Brazil and Chile. He was to have married in April to Mrs. Margaret Richmond, a widow of this city.

Philadelphia, Feb. 7.—Jacob Leffland, Jr., was granted a divorce on Saturday from his wife Abbie, who entered no defense. It was shown that the couple had utterly failed to live happily together. Seven years ago the couple were married, against the vigorous opposition of his family. When his mother died she left \$1,000,000 apiece to her other two children, expressly stating in her will that she disinherited Jacob because of his marriage. The divorce may be followed by a reconciliation with his father.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8.—The conference of anti-Quay Republican manufacturers and business men of Pennsylvania, which was held in the Bourse yesterday, was attended by over 400 men from all parts of the state. Every county in the state except six was represented in the gathering. General W. H. Koontz was elected temporary chairman. Resolutions were adopted denouncing Senator Quay and his methods, and with a hurrah ex-Postmaster General John Wanamaker was urged to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. A permanent organization for one year was formed, with General Koontz as president.

Canonsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—This town is in a ferment of excitement over the death on Thursday evening of Mrs. J. O. Whiteside, an old and highly respected member of this community. The old lady died in convulsions while being attended by faith curists, who, it is alleged, refused to call in a regular physician. A burial permit was refused by the authorities until the coroner had investigated the case. After a long and thorough investigation the coroner's jury last night brought in a verdict charging gross neglect against Rev. C. H. Pridgeon, Miss Ella M. M. Lapp and Mrs. Flora Holliday, who were in charge of the deceased, and recommending that they be made to answer in court for their neglect. Rev. Pridgeon is pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of this place, and a pronounced faith curist. Arrests are expected soon, and as all connected with the affair are prominent in social and religious circles great interest is manifested in the outcome.

Harrisburg, Feb. 5.—Attorney General McCormick yesterday sought a preliminary injunction to restrain capitol building commission from awarding the contract for the erection of a capitol at its meeting next Monday. The petition for the injunction was sent to the Dauphin county court. The petition was combatted by counsel for the commission, who insisted it was an interference with the right of the legislature, and might make possible the construction of a capitol time for the next session of the legislature. The court remarked that it a matter of grave importance to state, and one which would ultimately come before the supreme court, which counsel assented. After consultation it was agreed, without issuing a preliminary injunction, that the matter should be argued next Wednesday morning, meanwhile the commission will receive bids, but will not award a contract. The petition sets forth that the commission purposes building a state house in violation of the act providing for such a structure.

New York's Appropriation Bills. New York, Feb. 9.—The lighthouse on the Delaware river at the mouth of Salem river was undermined Monday night by the ice which was floated down the river, and collapsed. The keeper was ashore when the collapse came. This is the second time within ten years that the lighthouse at this point has been demolished by the ice.

A CHARACTER.

He sowed, and hoped for reaping—
A happy man and wise :
The clouds—they did his weeping,
The wind—it sighed his sighs.

He made what Fortune brought him
The limit of desire :
Thanked God for shade in summer days,
In winter time for fire.

When tempest, as with vengeful rod,
His earthly mansion cleft,
On the blank sod, he still thanked God
Life and the land were left !

Content, his earthly race he ran,
And died—so people say :—
Some ten years later than the man
Who worried his life away !
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

MRS. WEBSTER—SHOEMAKER

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

The old minister stood watching the shoemaker. The swift pegging and awl-holing and pulling of threads was mysterious to him, and the feverish rapidity with which it was done argued to him a certain nervousness in the worker. At last he spoke to her—for the shoemaker was a woman.

"You have certainly become expert at your trade, Mrs. Webster. Your husband never made better shoes. By the way, have you heard from him lately?"

The woman flashed a pair of great black eyes at him angrily. She did not answer for half a minute. When she did, there was a world of suppressed feeling behind her calm words.

"I haven't heard from him since he went away. That's three years. I believe he is alive—but he knows better than to let me hear."

"I—always thought your husband meant well," he hurried to say.

"Have you had a letter from him?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No."

"I thought maybe he wanted to come back and had sent you to prepare the way for him. That would be John Webster—he hasn't the courage of a mouse. I treated him well. I was a good wife to him. Just because debts were pressing, and I was sick, and there were four little ones—and the youngest was only three months old—his courage gave out. He left a letter. He said he couldn't 'endure' it any longer. Oh, he couldn't! And how was I to endure it, I'd like to know?—sick, only a dollar or two in the house, not a friend to turn to except the neighbors. I tell you, Mr. Mackenzie, I never can forgive him—never!"

The woman choked and had to wipe her eyes with her hand, blackened hand, but presently she fell to pegging again more passionately than ever. Just then a blue-eyed little girl appeared, carrying a tray of supper.

"Give me your handkerchief, Trotty," said the shoemaker. "There—set down my supper. I'll eat it pretty soon. Now you put the children to bed. This pair of shoes is promised for tonight."

The little seven-year-old maiden ran off obediently.

"I'm afraid I've hindered you," apologized the minister.

"No," she said, gently. "I've worked right along. Maybe pouring it out has done me good. I can't talk to the neighbors. I just work. The best thing John ever did was to teach me his trade when we were first married—and I've always helped him off and on. He said I had a knack at it—but we didn't think I should have to support the family with it sometimes. Maybe he went off to give me a chance," she added, bitterly.

"Perhaps he was not so much to blame as you think," the minister began after a pause, encouraged by her manner to continue. "He—"

"Now, Mr. Mackenzie," she burst forth, angrily, "you said something like this to me when he first went off. I know you always liked him, and he wasn't a bad man in some ways—but he has shamed me and my children, he has brought my pride down—cruelly," the strong thread snapped like a wisp in her fingers as she pulled it fiercely, "and I never wish to hear his name again."

Tears coursed slowly down her pale, handsome cheeks and dropped on the last in her lap.

"But you had said something to him," he began again.

"Not much. I may have been sharp with him, now and then—but who could blame me? It was no excuse for him."

John Webster had built a little shop for himself, several rods from the house, so that the noise of his hammering would not disturb his wife and the babies. In this quiet retreat the shoemaker could now talk without being overheard. She stopped suddenly, however, as she saw a dark-eyed boy of nine or ten pausing beside the half-open door and looking somewhat alarmed at the vigor of her tone.

The minister spoke to him kindly. "He looks like you," he remarked to the mother, "he and the second boy—but Trotty and the baby look like your husband."

"I wish they didn't," she muttered almost viciously.

"Well, I'm glad you are getting on so comfortably," he sighed, rising to go.

"Thank you," she said, with an air of dogged pride. "Six months ago I paid the last debt John left me. This pair of shoes will bring me in enough to keep us for days. I have work ordered ahead for weeks to come, and nobody finds any fault with what I do, I believe."

As he went out little Trotty came in to report that she had put the children to bed and to light her mother's lamp. She received the approving words of the minister with happy pride, as he praised her.

"He's a nice man, isn't he, mamma?" she said, as she closed the door. "Has—has he been talking about—about—papa?"

The shoemaker pretended not to hear.

"I wish," went on the child, timidly, "that I could see my papa again."

"What do you say that for, Trotty?" cried her mother, stopping her work to look at the child furiously. "You don't want to see him. None of us want to see him. He went off and left us, and, after doing such a wicked thing, you should never want to see him again."

The child looked scared, slipped from her chair and ran toward the house. Through the brilliantly lighted pane her mother could see her, as she moved about the small living room putting the furniture to rights.

"She's a nice little thing," the shoemaker murmured, choking as she spoke. "But she has exactly such ways as he had—no spirit—just a sort of a good-natured little mush, like. But it's just as well that most women should be that way I suppose."

The good old minister had, in all innocence, deceived his trusting parishioner. It was true that he had not received a letter from John Webster, but he had seen that individual in a neighboring town the day before and had been requested to find out, as his wife had hinted, how he might be welcomed in case he should return to his home.

"I know I oughtn't to have left her," the man pleaded, humbly, "but she harried me and taunted me—good, Christian woman though she was, till I couldn't tell just what I was doing. She was sick and so was I, and I hardly knew what I did for the first few days after I left her. Then I went all to pieces, and they took me to a hospital in the city. I stayed there six months. It had been so long then that I didn't dare to go back. But I grew strong pretty soon, and I've had good wages ever since, and now I've saved up a tidy little sum, and for months I've been wanting to go back, but she is right; I haven't courage. I'm a coward. I've let my whiskers grow, and several of my old neighbors have passed me in the streets here without knowing me. I suppose I could go home and not be recognized for some time—only by her. I couldn't fool her."

Now when the minister reached home after his visit to the little shop he sat down and wrote to John Webster (who called himself "James Johnson") and told him that he saw no hope for him.

"Your wife is very bitter against you," he began. "She would not receive you."

Then he told of the success of the shoemaker, of the health and promise of the children and of the sweet little girl, with her father's sunny hair and blue eyes.

For days the exile pondered over the situation. It was Thanksgiving time. He had dim thoughts of celebrating that home festival with his dear ones, but the minister's letter deterred him. Day by day he worked at his trade, saving every cent he could, and while he pegged and sewed the fire within him burned. He realized how keenly he had tried his proud wife. He had not one resentful thought against her. He was only full of humble, penitent love, too humble, for he had had excuse enough for his conduct, ill as he had been. To be sure he should have tried to go back when his health had returned, but there his courage and not his will had faltered.

He knew a childless farmer living not far from his old home. This man and his good wife would keep "James Johnson's" secret. At least he could stay with them and go sometimes to gaze upon the faces of his own, from a distance if need be, and perhaps—perhaps—But he would not allow himself to think further, though he went to a store and filled a portmanteau with toys and sweets. He bought also a fine fur cloak—a woman's cloak—and a brooch of gold. Then he took a train, and in a short time he was walking the familiar streets which he had not seen since he had fled from them three years before.

Two or three evenings he strolled past his old home in the twilight. He looked through the windows so long as the shades were up. The sight of these longed-for faces, day by day, put something into his soul which he had not known before. Little by little his "despair sublimed to power."

One day he saw his wife leave the

house equipped for a walk. She was probably going shopping. Now was his time.

"Trotty," he said, appearing at the cottage door almost before the sound of her mother's footsteps had died away, "please come up into the shop with me."

The child was used to waiting on customers who came for shoe strings or some of the little stock of fancy goods which her mother kept in connection with her regular work and thought that this was some farmer who knew her, but whom she had forgotten. Small as she was, she took up the key unhesitatingly, and, without speaking to her brothers, who were making a wild noise in the woodshed at their play, she preceded him over to the shop.

There was snow on the ground, and the air was chilly, but a little fire was left in the shoemaker's tiny stove. The man stooped down and, taking a fresh stick of wood from the box, opened the stove and put it in. The child looked surprised at his familiarity. When he shut the stove door with a click, she waited for him to speak.

Then he said brokenly, "Trotty—my little Trotty—don't you know me?" and held out his arms to her.

"Are—are you my papa?" she cried, delightedly, and she flew to him, nestling happily against his shoulder.

"Yes," he sobbed, while she repeated over and over, "Papa—my papa," and stroked his shaggy beard. "I'm glad you've come," she said, presently.

"But your mamma, Trotty? What will she think?"

The child remembered what her mother had said and shook her head doubtfully. Then she brightened.

"If you should put your arms around her and kiss her like this, I think, I think," but then she shook her head again, as she thought of what her mother had said.

His face grew sadder than ever.

"I want to come home and live with you all again, Trotty," he said, piteously. "How shall we manage it? What can I do?"

He went on to tell her of the Christmas presents which he had brought for them all—"and tomorrow is Christmas, but I dare not come and give them to you," he added.

"Oh, yes, you do. You dare do anything," she broke forth after gazing at him fixedly for a moment. Trotty was very human, and the thought of the Christmas presents may have aided her ingenuity.

The words seemed to pierce his soul. He put her down and began to walk the floor. His head was raised, and his step was firm.

"Yes, Trotty—I do dare," he said, presently. "Don't tell anybody—not even your brothers—that I have been here, but I will be back by and by."

Then he hurried away, and as he walked he kept saying to himself: "Yes, that is the only way. She despises me because I am a coward; I will be a coward no longer. I will show her that I am a brave man. I will own my fault, and I believe she will not resist me."

The supper was almost over that night when there was a knock at the door. Trotty had been listening for it, and she sprang up in an instant.

"Good evening," said John Webster, straightening his tall figure and stepping boldly over the threshold. "Good evening, Harriet. I've come back. You must take me. I was sick, and I think that must have been the reason why I deserted you so basely. It was wrong, but I am sorry for my soul—and you must forgive me, Harriet. I cannot live any longer without you and the children. You must take me back."

In the woman's face the Christmas joy had been playing, but now she grew pale and stern. She had pictured her husband always as the cringing, weakly man who had left her three years before. This newcomer, in spite of his bearded face, recalled to her the lover of her youth—full of health and hope. She would not even own to herself how she was shaken.

"Go away," she said, waving her hand toward the door. "You chose another path from ours, and now you can walk in it. We do not need you. We don't want you. Go!"

The youngest child began to cry. Little Trotty came up beside her father and held tight to his coat tails, gazing at her mother with white face and wide, beseeching eyes.

"No, Harriet," he said, calmly, and retreating not a step. "the time for that is past. You must not shut me out. I was wrong, but you know well how much I had to try me, and I was hardly myself. I think I was a little crazy—for I was sick—sick for six months, Harriet. I was taken to a hospital, and when I got out I was like a ghost—but I grew strong and found steady work, and I have been saving ever since—saving for you and the children. Harriet, though I didn't dare to write to you nor see you. I hadn't grown strong enough for that. But now I cannot live alone any longer, and neither can you. You have worked too hard. I can support you all. You must let this poor, hardened hand," and he picked up her right hand, with its callousness and griminess, "you must let it rest now—for now I have come to stay and to help

you to fill the children's stockings this Christmas eve."

This speech confirmed the favorable impression which the visitor had made from the first upon the children. The mother felt herself visibly weakening. Yet all her wrongs rushed over her mind and how could she forgive him!

At this point Trotty's recent Sunday-school lessons came to her mother's assistance.

"Mamma," she said, timidly, pulling at her mother's gown, "you know what it says in the Bible, mamma—it's Christmas, mamma—and it's peace and good-will at Christmas, you know, mamma."

The woman's strong, handsome face softened—then hardened. She shook her head and drew away.

"It's Christmas," reiterated Trotty, tremblingly.

"Yes, mamma—it's Christmas," chimed in the eldest boy, who was his mother's special pet. He came close beside her and looked up into her eyes.

"It's Christmas—and it's just as Trotty says," he repeated.

John Webster opened his arms and took one brave step forward—and amid the happy sobs of her little ones, his wife sank into those strong arms and wept aloud upon her husband's shoulder.—The Housewife.

WHAT BARBARIANS EAT.

Old Women on Cape Horn—Dogs in China—Dogs Always Thought Edible.

Darwin relates somewhere that when the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are pressed by famine they kill and eat their old women rather than their dogs. The Chinese, however, tend and fatten their dogs carefully—to eat. They also consider the cat a choice dish. At Peking and throughout China there is no dainty repast without its fillet or leg of dog; the cat is rather a dish of the poorer classes.

History tells us that in early times dog was always regarded as an edible animal. The inhabitants of certain nomads of Egypt piously embalmed their dead dogs, but others considered that it was more in conformity to the doctrines of a wise economy to kill and eat them. Plutarch tells us that the dwellers in Cynopolis, where dogs were honored as divine, made war on the Oxyrinchis, who had committed the sacrilege of eating dogs.

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A gentleman invited a certain lecturer to his house to take tea. Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest abruptly:

"Where is your wife?"

The lecturer, who had recently separated from his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question and stammered forth the truth, "I don't know."

"Don't know!" repeated the child.

"Why don't you know?" Finding that the child persisted in her interrogation, despite the mild reproof of the parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once, so he said, with calmness: "Well, we don't live together. We think as we can't agree we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little tormentor would not be quieted until she exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then, why don't you fight it out, the same as father and mother do?"—Pearson's Weekly.

What Kept Him Awake.

Maurice is a sharp youngster, with a sweet tooth. The other night his mother had some company, and refreshments were served. Maurice got hold of a big piece of cake and lay down before the fire. He was very still for a long time, and finally his mother spoke to him.

"Maurice," she said, warningly.

"Yes'm," he replied, raising his head.

"You'll go to sleep there, dear."

"No'm I won't either. I never go to sleep when there is any cake to eat."

Climbing Fish.

In India there is a variety of fish which is not content to swim as other fish do. It had to enlarge its sphere. So it became a climbing fish. It uses its fins as claws and gropes its way along the bank of the stream, whence it issues with a combination grip and somersault motion.

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE

A KENTUCKIAN WHO HAS IDEAS ALL HIS OWN.

And Has Worked Them Out in His Cemetery Lot: A Remarkable Group of Statues—Every Person and Animal He Ever Loved to Be Represented in Marble.

Here in Mayfield, a flourishing little city in the Pennyroyal district of Kentucky, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star, lives one of the most interesting characters in the state. He has a passion, like unto which there was never one possessed before—a passion for tombstones. Seventy-five years old and well preserved, this man, Mr. Henry G. Woodriddle, has only begun the task of fitting up his last resting place.

"Uncle Henry," as he is familiarly known to every one, was born in middle Tennessee, November 29, 1822, and was the youngest of a family of eight children. His father died when he was but two years old, and his mother died fifteen years after. His four brothers and three sisters are all dead now, leaving him the sole survivor of the family and "the last of his race."

About five years since Mr. Woodriddle purchased a lot in the Mayfield cemetery and had a marble shaft erected to mark his grave, when he should be buried there. On this shaft he had the date of his birth, a masonic emblem and a horse chiseled, leaving a space for the date of his death to be carved, when he died. He was not pleased with this monument, and had a statue of himself made in Italy and mounted by the side of his monument. He then concluded to have his statue mounted on his favorite horse, "Pop," placed with the group, which he did, and then had a marble sarcophagus erected, on which he had chiseled a likeness of his trusty shotgun.

"Uncle Henry" was never married, never having experienced a thrill of love for the fairer sex, hence his affections were centred upon his dumb animal friends. He was a great hunter in his younger days, and many a buck has felt the sting of death from his gun. He was very fond of chasing the cunning fox, and had a fine pack of hounds at his home at all times. Mounted upon his hunting horse, "Pop," with his favorite foxhound, "Bob," in the lead, he has spent many a night in the chase. His deerhound, "Towhead," was especially dear to him, and, together with "Bob," is placed in front of his mounted statue. A deer is placed in front of "Towhead," in the act of running, and a fox is before the foxhound, "Bob." Thus does he do homage to the memory of his fast friends in the chase of earlier days. He had a dear little girl friend who kindly attended him during a severe spell of sickness, and he has caused to be erected a statue of her on his lot.

He next turned his attention to the family, and the first to be remembered was his mother. Her statue stands to the right of his and that of his father directly in front of her. Then a favorite niece, Maude, was remembered with a statue to the rear of his mother.

The last work of the sculptor has just been placed among the group, his three brothers—John H., William F. and Alfred T. Woodriddle. All these statues and monuments are erected in an inclosure 16 by 30 feet and are surrounded by an iron fence. The old man is not yet satisfied with the silent guards he will have above him while he sleeps the long sleep, and will enlarge his lot soon to have the statues of his sisters erected with his other relatives.

The arrangement, as well as the idea, is very unique, and it is a very rare thing that a stranger visits Mayfield without going out to see the wonderful collection which stands upon Mr. Woodriddle's lot.

His lot is situated on the brow of a small hill, to the right of the entrance, and can be seen a great distance from the cemetery.

"Uncle Henry" wants every person and every creature he loved represented in his collection, and says he will have them all there, if he lives long enough to see it carried out. While he has excellent health for one of his age, he is constantly preparing for the final summons, and has purchased his metallic casket, and his robe, in which he wishes to be laid in the tomb to rest. He has spent thousands of dollars in preparing his lot, and has much more at his command, being a very wealthy man. He has no near relatives living to whom he will leave his estate, and his greatest desire is to have his loved ones close to him in death.

He lives with none of his relations, but has built him a home, and has housekeepers to attend his wants. He takes a drive every day, and always takes a look at his lot in the cemetery while he is out driving.

His life is nearly spent now, and, when the summons has come at last, and "Uncle Henry" lies down to rest, the sweet notes of the southern mocking bird will cheer the graven images during their silent watch o'er the tomb, and the coming generations will have cause to wonder what manner of man could have possessed such a peculiar passion.

A CHARACTER.

He sowed, and hoped for reaping—
A happy man and wife;
The clouds—they did his weeping,
The wind—it sighed his sighs.

He made what Fortune brought him
The limit of desire;
Thanked God for shade in summer days,
In winter time for fire.

When tempest, as with vengeful rod,
His earthly mansion cleft,
On the blank sod, he still thanked God
Life and the land were left!

Content, his earthly race he ran,
And died—so people say:
Some ten years later than the man
Who worried his life away!
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

MRS. WEBSTER==SHOEMAKER

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

The old minister stood watching the shoemaker. The swift pegging and awl-holing and pulling of threads was mysterious to him, and the feverish rapidity with which it was done augured to him a certain nervousness in the worker. At last he spoke to her—for the shoemaker was a woman.

"You have certainly become expert at your trade, Mrs. Webster. Your husband never made better shoes. By the way, have you heard from him lately?"

The woman flashed a pair of great black eyes at him angrily. She did not answer for half a minute. When she did, there was a world of suppressed feeling behind her calm words.

"I haven't heard from him since he went away. That's three years. I believe he is alive—but he knows better than to let me hear."

"I—always thought your husband meant well," he hurried to say.

"Have you had a letter from him?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No."

"I thought maybe he wanted to come back and had sent you to prepare the way for him. That would be John Webster—he hasn't the courage of a mouse. I treated him well. I was a good wife to him. Just because debts were pressing, and I was sick, and there were four little ones—and the youngest was only three months old—his courage gave out. He left a letter. He said he couldn't 'endure' it any longer. Oh, he couldn't! And how was I to endure it, I'd like to know?—sick, only a dollar or two in the house, not a friend to turn to except the neighbors. I tell you, Mr. Mackenzie, I never can forgive him—never!"

The woman choked and had to wipe her eyes with her hand, blackened hand, but presently she fell to pegging again more passionately than ever. Just then a blue-eyed little girl appeared, carrying a tray of supper.

"Give me your handkerchief, Trotty," said the shoemaker. "There—set down my supper. I'll eat it pretty soon. Now you put the children to bed. This pair of shoes is promised for tonight."

The little seven-year-old maiden ran off obediently.

"I'm afraid I've hindered you," apologized the minister.

"No," she said, gently. "I've worked right along. Maybe pouncing it out has done me good. I can't talk to the neighbors. I just work. The best thing John ever did was to teach me his trade when we were first married—and I've always helped him off and on. He said I had a knack at it—but we didn't think I should have to support the family with it sometimes. Maybe he went off to give me a chance," she added, bitterly.

"Perhaps he was not so much to blame as you think," the minister began after a pause, encouraged by her manner to continue. "He—"

"Now, Mr. Mackenzie," she burst forth, angrily, "you said something like this to me when he first went off. I know you always liked him, and he wasn't a bad man in some ways—but he has shamed me and my children, he has brought my pride down—cruelly," the strong thread snapped like a wisp in her fingers as she pulled it fiercely, "and I never wish to hear his name again."

Tears coursed slowly down her pale, handsome cheeks and dropped on the last in her lap.

"But you had said something to him!" he began again.

"Not much. I may have been sharp with him, now and then—but who could blame me? It was no excuse for him."

John Webster had built a little shop for himself, several rods from the house, so that the noise of his hammering would not disturb his wife and the babies. In this quiet retreat the shoemaker could now talk without being overheard. She stopped suddenly, however, as she saw a dark-eyed boy of nine or ten pausing beside the half-open door and looking somewhat alarmed at the vigor of her tone.

The minister spoke to him kindly. "He looks like you," he remarked to the mother, "he and the second boy—but Trotty and the baby look like your husband."

"I wish they didn't," she muttered almost viciously.

"Well, I'm glad you are getting on so comfortably," he sighed, rising to go.

"Thank you," she said, with an air of dogged pride. "Six months ago I paid the last debt John left me. This pair of shoes will bring me in enough to keep us for days. I have work ordered ahead for weeks to come, and nobody finds any fault with what I do, I believe."

As he went out little Trotty came in to report that she had put the children to bed and to light her mother's lamp. She received the approving words of the minister with happy pride, as he praised her.

"He's a nice man, isn't he, mamma?" she said, as she closed the door. "Has—has he been talking about—about—papa?"

The shoemaker pretended not to hear.

"I wish," went on the child, timidly, "that I could see my papa again."

"What do you say that for, Trotty?" cried her mother, stopping her work to look at the child furiously. "You don't want to see him. None of us want to see him. He went off and left us, and, after doing such a wicked thing, you should never want to see him again."

The child looked scared, slipped from her chair and ran toward the house. Through the brilliantly lighted pane her mother could see her, as she moved about the small living room putting the furniture to rights.

"She's a nice little thing," the shoemaker murmured, choking as she spoke. "But she has exactly such ways as he had—no spirit—just a sort of a good-natured little mush, like. But it's just as well that most women should be that way I suppose."

The good old minister had, in all innocence, deceived his trusting parishioner. It was true that he had not received a letter from John Webster, but he had seen that individual in a neighboring town the day before and had been requested to find out, as his wife had hinted, how he might be welcomed in case he should return to his home.

"I know I oughtn't to have left her," the man pleaded, humbly, "but she harried me and taunted me—good, Christian woman though she was, till I couldn't tell just what I was doing. She was sick and so was I, and I hardly knew what I did for the first few days after I left her. Then I went all to pieces, and they took me to a hospital in the city. I stayed there six months. It had been so long then that I didn't dare to go back. But I grew strong pretty soon, and I've had good wages ever since, and now I've saved up a tidy little sum, and for months I've been wanting to go back, but she is right; I haven't courage. I'm a coward. I've let my whiskers grow, and several of my old neighbors have passed me in the streets here without knowing me. I suppose I could go home and not be recognized for some time—only by her. I couldn't fool her."

Now when the minister reached home after his visit to the little shop he sat down and wrote to John Webster (who called himself "James Johnson") and told him that he saw no hope for him.

"Your wife is very bitter against you," he began. "She would not receive you."

Then he told of the success of the shoemaker, of the health and promise of the children and of the sweet little girl, with her father's sunny hair and blue eyes.

For days the exile pondered over the situation. It was Thanksgiving time. He had dim thoughts of celebrating that home festival with his dear ones, but the minister's letter deterred him. Day by day he worked at his trade, saving every cent he could, and while he pegged and sewed the fire within him burned. He realized how keenly he had tried his proud wife. He had not onerous thought against her. He was only full of humble, penitent love, too humble, for he had had excuse enough for his conduct, ill as he had been. To be sure he should have tried to go back when his health had returned, but there his courage and not his will had faltered.

He knew a childless farmer living not far from his old home. This man and his good wife would keep "James Johnson's" secret. At least he could stay with them and go sometimes to gaze upon the faces of his own, from a distance if need be, and perhaps—perhaps—But he would not allow himself to think further, though he went to a store and filled a portmanteau with toys and sweets. He bought also a fine fur cloak—a woman's cloak—and a brooch of gold. Then he took a train, and in a short time he was walking the familiar streets which he had not seen since he had fled from them three years before.

Two or three evenings he strolled past his old home in the twilight. He looked through the windows so long as the shades were up. The sight of these longed-for faces, day by day, put something into his soul which he had not known before. Little by little his despair sublimed to power.

One day he saw his wife leave the

house equipped for a walk. She was probably going shopping. Now was his time.

"Trotty," he said, appearing at the cottage door almost before the sound of her mother's footsteps had died away, "please come up into the shop with me."

The child was used to waiting on customers who came for shoe strings or some of the little stock of fancy goods which her mother kept in connection with her regular work and thought that this was some farmer who knew her, but whom she had forgotten. Small as she was, she took up the key unhesitatingly, and, without speaking to her brothers, who were making a wild noise in the woodshed at their play, she preceded him over to the shop.

There was snow on the ground, and the air was chilly, but a little fire was left in the shoemaker's tiny stove. The man stooped down and, taking a fresh stick of wood from the box, opened the stove and put it in. The child looked surprised at his familiarity. When he shut the stove door with a click, she waited for him to speak.

Then he said brokenly, "Trotty—my little Trotty—don't you know me?" and held out his arms to her.

"Are—are you my papa?" she cried, delightedly, and she flew to him, nestling happily against his shoulder.

"Yes," he sobbed, while she repeated over and over, "Papa—my papa," and stroked his shaggy beard. "I'm glad you've come," she said, presently.

"But your mamma, Trotty? What will she think?"

The child remembered what her mother had said and shook her head doubtfully. Then she brightened.

"If you should put your arms around her and kiss her like this, I think, I think," but then she shook her head again, as she thought of what her mother had said.

His face grew sadder than ever.

"I want to come home and live with you all again, Trotty," he said, piteously. "How shall we manage it? What can I do?"

He went on to tell her of the Christmas presents which he had brought for them all—"and tomorrow is Christmas, but I dare not come and give them to you," he added.

"Oh, yes, you do. You dare do anything," she broke forth after gazing at him fixedly for a moment. Trotty was very human, and the thought of the Christmas presents may have aided her ingenuity.

The words seemed to pierce his soul. He put her down and began to walk the floor. His head was raised, and his step was firm.

"Yes, Trotty—I do dare," he said, presently. "Don't tell anybody—not even your brothers—that I have been here, but I will be back by and by."

Then he hurried away, and as he walked he kept saying to himself: "Yes, that is the only way. She despises me because I am a coward; I will be a coward no longer. I will show her that I am a brave man, I will own my fault, and I believe she will not resist me."

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"Uncle Henry" was never married, never having experienced a thrill of love for the fairer sex, hence his affections were centered upon his dumb animal friends. He was a great hunter in his younger days, and many a buck has felt the sting of death from his gun. He was very fond of chasing the cunning fox, and had a fine pack of hounds at his home at all times. Mounted upon his hunting horse, "Pop," with his favorite foxhound, "Bob," in the lead, he has spent many a night in the chase. His deerhound, "Towhead," was especially dear to him, and, together with "Bob," is placed in front of his mounted statue. A deer is placed in front of "Towhead," in the act of running, and a fox is before the foxhound, "Bob." Thus does he do homage to the memory of his fast friends in the chase of earlier days. He had a dear little girl friend who kindly attended him during a severe spell of sickness, and he has caused to be erected a statue of her on his lot.

He next turned his attention to the family, and the first to be remembered was his mother. Her statue stands to the right of his and that of his father directly in front of her. Then a favorite niece, Maude, was remembered with a statue to the rear of his mother.

The last work of the sculptor has just been placed among the group, his three brothers—John H., William F. and Alfred T. Woodriddle. All these statues and monuments are erected in an inclosure 16 by 30 feet and are surrounded by an iron fence. The old man is not yet satisfied with the silent guards he will have above him while he sleeps the long sleep, and will enlarge his lot soon to have the statues of his sisters erected with his other relatives.

The arrangement, as well as the idea, is very unique, and it is a very rare thing that a stranger visits Mayfield without going out to see the wonderful collection which stands upon Mr. Woodriddle's lot.

His lot is situated on the brow of a small hill, to the right of the entrance, and can be seen a great distance from the cemetery.

"Uncle Henry" wants every person and every creature he loved represented in his collection, and says he will have them all there, if he lives long enough to see it carried out. While he has excellent health for one of his age, he is constantly preparing for the final summons, and has purchased his metallic casket, and his robe, in which he wishes to be laid in the tomb to rest. He has spent thousands of dollars in preparing his lot, and has much more at his command, being a very wealthy man. He has no near relatives living to whom he will leave his estate, and his greatest desire is to have his loved ones close to him in death.

He lives with none of his relations, but has built him a home, and has housekeepers to attend his wants. He takes a drive every day, and always takes a look at his lot in the cemetery while he is out driving.

His life is nearly spent now, and, when the summons has come at last, and "Uncle Henry" lies down to rest, the sweet notes of the southern mocking bird will cheer the graven images during their silent watch o'er the tomb, and the coming generations will have cause to wonder what manner of man could have possessed such a peculiar passion.

Weak Stomach

Indigestion Causes Spasms—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

"I have always been troubled with a weak stomach and had spasms caused by indigestion. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been troubled with spasms, and I advise anyone troubled with dyspepsia to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. Horton, Prattburg, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only specific cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

INDIAN WAR BLANKET.

INTERESTING REMINDER OF THE TROUBLE WITH THE NEZ PERCES.

It Illustrates an Indian Fight in Which the Artist Took Part—Story of the Battle Depleted With the Juice of Wild Berries—Wonderful Execution.

Colonel Frank J. Parker of Walla Walla, who served throughout the Nez Perces war of 1877, and was commissioned by the governor of Idaho as colonel, "for gallant service in the Nez Perces war of 1877," has in his possession a reminder of that war in the shape of an Indian war blanket, which is stated by Lieutenant Cushing, United States army, the ethnologist, as being the best he ever saw. Colonel Parker relates the story of the blanket as follows:

"In the summer of 1877 Captain S. G. Fisher, now Indian agent at Lapwai, Idaho, organized a company of fifty Bannock and Shoshone Indians and United States scouts and started from Fort Hall, Idaho, to assist General Howard's army against the hostile Nez Perces. Captain Fisher was well suited to lead such an expedition, being a frontiersman of many years' experience, brave, active and intelligent. He had been post trader among the Bannocks for years, and understood their language thoroughly. By rapid riding he soon formed a junction with Howard's command at Henry's lake, and with his Indians rapidly pushed ahead on the trail of the hostiles up the Firehole river, soon leaving the jaded and footsore soldiers far in the rear.

"When well up on the divide, between Yellowstone lake and the east fork of the Yellowstone, seven of Fisher's scouts started out in the night with the intention of getting around and in the rear of the Nez Perces camp, and possibly getting away with some of the enemy's horses. They tied their horses in some thick timber and proceeded ahead on foot. They hung on the outskirts of the hostile camp, and finally two of them entered it and succeeded in untying one of the war horses hitched near Chief Joseph's lodge, when the camp dogs raised the alarm.

"In an instant several warriors were on their feet, and the Bannocks made tracks for the Fisher camp, several miles back. The Nez Perces took after them and pressed so close that the Bannocks had to seek shelter in a little hollow, from which they shot defiance and lead at the Nez Perces warriors who surrounded them. Although outnumbered the Bannocks stood the enemy off for an hour after daylight, when the Nez Perces withdrew and followed their main camp, which by that time the squaws had broken, and struck out on their northern march.

"When the Bannock scouts returned to Fisher's camp they had no extra horses, and were lucky to get back with their lives. One of them, Tosi Colby Natsee, which means white-faced boy, afterward commemorated the event of their close call skirmish by painting it upon a piece of sheeting, using the juice of wild berries and such vermilion as he could crush out of the rocks to do the painting with. The execution is really wonderful, considering that the artist is a wild blanket Indian, who never had a lesson in painting or any other civilized calling. He shows the scene as he participated in it.

"To the left is the place where the Nez Perces lodges were, and leading from them are the tracks made by their war horses as they pursued the Bannocks, and also the tracks made by the warriors after dismounting. To the right you see a little bunch of Bannock scouts, closely corralled and standing off their enemies, and beside them lie heaps of cartridge shells which they have emptied. To their left lies a dead warrior. A flight of arrows is shown, but the arrow business in this case is imaginary, as none were used. It seems impossible for an Indian to depict such scenes without the old-time arrow gets in. Some of the warriors are mounted double, and decked out in gay colored war bonnets, these being the Nez Perces, while the war horses of the dismounted warriors are being held by herders close by. The artist's sheet was somewhat small, so the distance between the surrounding scouts and the Nez Perces should be judged on a scale of about a yard to the inch."—Spokane (Wash.) Review.

His Hand Patched With Opossum Skin.
A new experiment in skin grafting was tried by Dr. W. M. Wilson of Paris, Ill. The patient is John Acklin, aged 25, who was run down by a cable car in Chicago several weeks since. Among other injuries sustained the skin was torn from the back of his right hand. The surgeon took several pieces from the back of a live opossum, which were applied to the wound and lightly bandaged. This process will be repeated daily until the wound is covered, provided the experimental graft bids fair to be successful.—Chicago Record.

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FUNERAL-WEDDINGS.

The Strange Custom Observed by a Tribe of Farther India.

Among the Shan Karens of farther India funerals are made the occasions of grand wedding festivals, in which all the marriageable young men and women of the village are privileged to participate. As it is not always convenient to hold these interesting ceremonies at the exact time a villager may die, it is customary to deposit the corpse in some temporary resting place till the marriage market is favorable to giving it obsequies worthy of its former estate. Consequently six months or a year may frequently pass before the memory of the dead Karen receives the honor which is its due.

When a good time comes for weddings the remains are taken from their resting place and set upon a platform which has been prepared for them, and the eligible bachelors and marriageable young women are invited to come and compete in a marrying match. The "funeral service" is then begun with a chorus of men celebrating the beauties of Karen maidens in general. The girls respond in a drawing falsetto. The bachelors, each in his turn, begin usually for the sake of peace, with the most muscular maiden. If one of them is rejected, he waits till his turn comes again, and addresses, if he sees fit, some other girl.

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Story of a Bullet.

Le Petit Journal of Paris relates a remarkable experience of M. Charles Jallerat, who was wounded in the war of 1870 while serving in the artillery. He was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and in spite of repeated attempts the surgeons were unable to extract it. They expressed his opinion, however, that the man might live for years with the bullet in his head. As a matter of fact, for twenty-seven years it did not trouble him in the least. Last May, however, the bullet, which had remained buried in the frontal tissues, moved up toward the brain and M. Jallerat became insane. For nearly a fortnight his mind remained unbalanced, but happily the bullet again shifted its position, and M. Jallerat recovered. He did not feel any more inconvenience until quite recently, when he experienced a curious sensation in his throat. He succeeded in forcing his obstruction into his mouth, and was very much surprised to discover that it was the bullet which he had carried in his head for over a quarter of a century.

He Weakened.

"John told me," said the farmer to the obituary writer, "that he wanted to put on his tombstone that he died out of debt—owing no man a cent, and told him I'd pay up his debts for him so it could be wrote down that way. Now, call out the amounts of them har bills, if you please."

"John Jones, ten dollars."

"All right; I'll pay that."

"William Brown, fifteen dollars."

"Well, I'll settle that."

"Rufus Smith, twenty dollars."

"Gettin' steep, but I'll fix it."

"Amos Williams, thirty dollars."

"Sakes alive! but I'll settle it."

"Richard Scott, one hundred dollars."

"Stop right thar!" exclaimed the excited farmer: "consarn John's old pictur! what did he mean, anyhow? 'est write a line or two an' say that he lied happy—consarn him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wonderful Mineral.

There is a wonderful mineral found in Iceland that possesses the strange property of producing two images of a single object. On looking through it at a pencil, for instance, you will see two pencils, both of which will be clearly defined. The mineral is translucent and crystal-like and goes by the name of Iceland spar. The mine in which it is found is located on the eastern coast of Iceland and is controlled by the Danish government. The spar is exceedingly valuable, owing to its many uses in the sciences, particularly for the manufacture of optical instruments and for experiments in polarization.

Saved.

"I heard that Thompson once saved Miss Badd from a serious runaway, but when I spoke to her she seemed disinclined to talk about it."

"No wonder. He saved her from running away with a nobleman, who named out afterward to be a valet out of a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army parade in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals—some of them extending over years—they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do. In different parts of the country we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of the various visits. The man who was there ten or twenty years ago, and who goes again this year, takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling.

And not only will Washington have no rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society, as well as politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country. In fact, Baltimore is glad to be so near Washington.—Baltimore American.

Beetles Ate the Lead.

That certain beetles are by no means frightened by lead foil has long been recognized, but it is rather discouraging to add one more to the number of these culprits. Ed Stich of Nauheim reports that a box somewhat worm eaten was lined with lead. After a while holes one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and distinctly spiral, were noticed and traced to the beetle Tetrodon luridum, Linn., which was not yet on the list of lead eaters, or rather lead destroyers.

A cousin of this insect has been known to be destructive to lead chambers. There are, unfortunately, many insects and animals devoid of that sense for the sacred rights of property which we expect of everybody but ourselves.—Scientific American.

Advice to Klondikers.

"Be sure you are right—then go ahead." The newspapers are filled with all sorts of statements regarding mining in the Yukon basin, and schemes for the profit of the "stay-at-homes" are more plentiful than icicles in Dawson. The railways are trying to place before you reliable information as to the country and how to get there. The Northern Pacific as the pioneer in Alaska passenger traffic, running its trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Puget Sound and Portland, have by their recently issued map folder on Alaska, again demonstrated their right to first consideration. Send (Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., 2-cents postage for the latest and best Alaska map published.

According to Secretary Coburn of the State Agricultural Department of Kansas, the total value of the field and live stock products of that State for the present year is \$230,000,000, which is a net increase as compared with the value of the crops of last year of over \$20,000,000.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A sharp-nosed Briton proposes that light buoys and bell buoys be provided with evil-smelling chemical mixtures as a means of warning sailors in a fog. The shipping world points out that, if the idea is adopted, the Board of Trade will have to establish an olfactory test.

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chills, and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 2c. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Maine factories sold \$20,000 worth of wood shoe pegs last year.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The Gaelic revival in Ireland is making remarkable progress.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

Gives new life and vigor to the roots of the hair. It's like water to a drooping plant. No gray hair. No baldness.

No. 222. This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch thick plate of glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs, also finished in mahogany.

\$3.95

is our special price for this \$10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)

We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we put all postage. Our lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-saver.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

Arrested a Whole Funeral.

It has long been the custom of funerals the world over to proceed slowly; not so, however, with funerals in the outskirts of Brooklyn. The other day in that city a funeral was spinning along when the hearse driver carelessly ran over a boy's bicycle and ruined it.

The policeman, who gave chase, overhauled the hearse, climbed up on the box and arrested the driver for his recklessness.

"All you people follow me!" the policeman shouted to the drivers of the carriages in the funeral cortege.

Thereupon he turned the horses toward the police station and started them at a trot. The hearse driver was dumb with astonishment. All the carriages dutifully trundled along behind. Imagine the astonishment of the citizens of Brooklyn upon seeing a whole funeral procession trotting toward the lockup. The unhappy occupants of the carriages, knowing nothing of the reason for the change in their itinerary, were full of indignation.

The sergeant refused to entertain the charge against the hearse driver, and he advised the boy to get a warrant for the driver if he wished to prosecute him. Thereupon the funeral procession resumed its journey toward the cemetery.

The misery of it is awful.

USE

ST. JACOBS

OIL TO CURE

SCIATICA

You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

PATENTS are Property. Represent Wealth. Can be Sold. Are Assignable. INVENT improvements in tools, implements, household articles, etc. Write F. S. APPLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Warner Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

Life, Endowment and Tontine **INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED** Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCER AND TUMOR PERMANENTLY CURED without knife, plaster or pain. All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free. **NATURAL REMEDY CO.,** Westfield, Mass.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH Are result of Contracted Nostrils. Drugs Cannot Cure. Send for NASAL INSPIRATOR or Iced for pamphlet to G. B. FARMER, Perth, Ont., Canada.

P. N. U. 51 '97.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

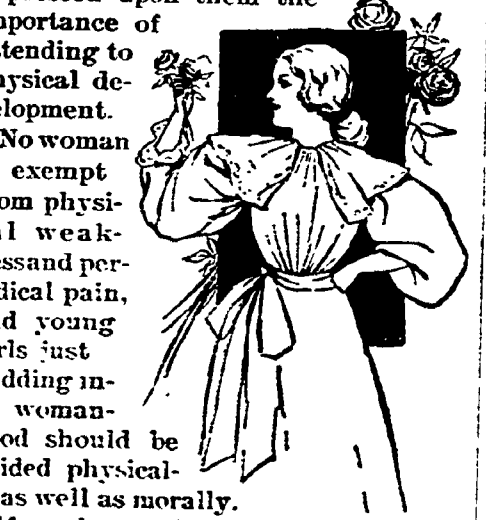
Young Womanhood.

Sweet young girls! How often they develop into worn, listless, and hopeless women because mother has not impressed upon them the importance of attending to physical development.

No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodical pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell every detail of her symptoms, surroundings and occupations. She will get advice from a source that has no rival in experience of women's ills. Tell her to keep nothing back.

Her story is told to a woman, not to a man. Do not hesitate about stating details that she may not wish to mention, but which are essential to a full understanding of her case, and if she is frank, help is certain to come!



GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
(Established 1780.)
Dorchester, Mass.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED." TRY

SAPOLIO

Weak Stomach

Indigestion Causes Spasms—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

"I have always been troubled with a weak stomach and had spasms caused by indigestion. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been troubled with spasms, and I advise anyone troubled with dyspepsia to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. Horton, Prattsburg, New York.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hood's Family Pills are the best.

Last February the Receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company decided to adopt the double conductor system for all excursion trains in order to reduce to a minimum the chances of an accident. One conductor under this plan is given entire charge of the running of the train while the other attends to the tickets and the comfort of the passengers. The experiment proved successful during the travel to and from the inauguration of President McKinley, but during the past two or three months it has been thoroughly demonstrated that its adoption was very wise. From September 4th to November 28th inclusive the B. & O. handled 80,000 people on Sunday excursions between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Atlantic City, and owing to the care taken in the handling of trains not a single passenger was killed or injured. Fourteen thousand of this number were handled on September 4th.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

And is the only cure for Chilblains, Frostbites, Damp, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent Free. Address: Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after use. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. Annett, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The Art of Complimenting.

Compliments are the poetical touches which redeem the monotony of prosaic existence. In the intercourse of sympathetic people they have a natural place, and it is as pleasant to recognize by word or look the charms of our friends as it is to profit by them. Profit we do, undoubtedly, as all that makes life fairer makes it better, and a wholesome discernment of good traits must add to our faith in human nature and its capabilities. Rigid moralists declare that compliments are so akin to flattery that it is wrong to use praise in any way. This is "most intolerable, and not to be endured," for all need both to give and receive encouragement in this practical and hurrying world. And, reprehensible as hard natures find it, there is a charm in opening our eyes to the attractions of others and a warm, healthy glow accompanies the utterance of words which attest our admiration.

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The girls receive the proposals in perfect self-possession, and respond to them in phrases like those with which they have been addressed, the models of which have come down from old times. Rejections seldom occur, except when a man makes a mistake and applies to a girl who is known to be reserving herself for another. The "funeral service" goes on in this way till it is plain that no more alliances can be made, when it is closed, and the body of the deceased is buried. The matches thus made are binding, and no other way of making them is in favor.

Story of a Bullet.

Le Petit Journal of Paris relates a remarkable experience of M. Charles Jallerat, who was wounded in the war of 1870 while serving in the artillery. He was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and in spite of repeated attempts the surgeons were unable to extract it. They expressed the opinion, however, that the man might live for years with the bullet in his head. As a matter of fact, for twenty-seven years it did not trouble him in the least. Last May, however, the bullet, which had remained buried in the frontal tissues, moved up toward the brain and M. Jallerat became insane. For nearly a fortnight his mind remained unbalanced, but happily the bullet again shifted its position, and M. Jallerat recovered. He did not feel any more inconvenience until quite recently, when he experienced a curious sensation in his throat. He succeeded in forcing the obstruction into his mouth, and was very much surprised to discover that it was the bullet which he had carried in his head for over a quarter of a century.

He Weakened.

"John told me," said the farmer to the obdurate writer, "that he wanted to put on his tombstone that he died out of debt—owin' no man a cent, an' told him I'd pay up his debts for him so it could be wrote down that way. Now, call out the amounts of them bar bills, if you please."

"John Jones, ten dollars."
"All right; I'll pay that."
"William Brown, fifteen dollars."
"Well, I'll settle that."
"Rufus Smith, twenty dollars."
"Gettin' steep, but I'll fix it."
"Amos Williams, thirty dollars."
"Sakes alive! but I'll settle it."
"Richard Scott, one hundred dollars."

"Stop right thar!" exclaimed the excited farmer; "consarn John's old pictur'! what did he mean, anyhow? 'est write a line or two an' say that he died happy—consarn him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wonderful Mineral.

There is a wonderful mineral found in Iceland that possesses the strange property of producing two images of a single object. On looking through it at a pencil, for instance, you will see two pencils, both of which will be clearly defined. The mineral is translucent and crystal-like and goes by the name of Iceland spar. The mine in which it is found is located on the eastern coast of Iceland and is controlled by the Danish government. The spar is exceedingly valuable, owing to its many uses in the sciences, particularly for the manufacture of optical instruments and for experiments in polarization.

Saved.

"I heard that Thompson once saved Miss Badd from a serious runaway, out when I spoke to her she seemed disinclined to talk about it."

"No wonder. He saved her from running away with a nobleman, who turned out afterward to be a valet out of a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army parade in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals—some of them extending over years—they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do. In different parts of the country we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of the various visits. The man who was there ten or twenty years ago, and who goes again this year, takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling.

And not only will Washington have no rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society, as well as of politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country. In fact, Baltimore is glad to be so near Washington.—Baltimore American.

Beetles Ate the Lead.

That certain beetles are by no means frightened by lead foil has long been recognized, but it is rather discouraging to add one more to the number of these culprits. Ed Stich of Nauheim reports that a box somewhat worn eaten was lined with lead. After a while holes one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and distinctly spiral, were noticed and traced to the beetle Tetrophium luridum, Linn., which was not yet on the list of lead eaters, or rather lead destroyers.

A cousin of this insect has been known to be destructive to lead chambers. There are, unfortunately, many insects and animals devoid of that sense for the sacred rights of property which we expect of everybody but ourselves.—Scientific American.

Advice to Klondikers.

"Be sure you are right then go ahead." The newspapers are filled with all sorts of statements regarding mining in the Yukon basin, and schemes for the profit of the "stay-at-homes" are more plentiful than icicles in Dawson. The railways are trying to place before you reliable information as to the country and how to get there. The Northern Pacific is the pioneer in Alaska passenger traffic, running its trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Puget Sound and Portland, have by their recently issued map folder on Alaska, again demonstrated their right to first consideration. Send (Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., 2-cents postage for the latest and best Alaska map published.

According to Secretary Coburn of the State Agricultural Department of Kansas, the total value of the field and live stock products of that State for the present year is \$230,000,000, which is a net increase as compared with the value of the crops of last year of over \$20,000,000.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A sharp-nosed Briton proposes that light buoys and bell buoys be provided with evil-smelling chemical mixtures as a means of warning sailors in a fog. The shipping world points out that, if the idea is adopted, the Board of Trade will have to establish an olfactory test.

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chilblains and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Maine factories lost \$270,000 worth of wood shoe pegs last year.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The Gaelic revival in Ireland is making remarkable progress.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Gives new life and vigor to the roots of the hair. It's like water to a drooping plant. No gray hair. No baldness.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!
Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast COCOA
Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.
Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.
Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.
(Established 1780.)

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED." TRY
SAPOLIO

No. 203.
This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass inlaid in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.
\$3.95
is our special price for this \$10 desk.
(Mail orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112-page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Tapestries, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Etc., Etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit, when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-saver.
JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

Arrested a Whole Funeral.
It has long been the custom of funerals the world over to proceed slowly; not so, however, with funerals in the outskirts of Brooklyn. The other day in that city a funeral was spinning along when the hearse driver carelessly ran over a boy's bicycle and ruined it.
The policeman, who gave chase, overhauled the hearse, climbed up on the box and arrested the driver for his recklessness.
"All you people follow me!" the policeman shouted to the drivers of the carriages in the funeral cortege.
Thereupon he turned the horses toward the police station and started them at a trot. The hearse driver was dumb with astonishment. All the carriages dutifully trundled along behind. Imagine the astonishment of the citizens of Brooklyn upon seeing a whole funeral procession trotting toward the lockup. The unhappy occupants of the carriages, knowing nothing of the reason for the change in their itinerary, were full of indignation.
The sergeant refused to entertain the charge against the hearse driver, and he advised the boy to get a warrant for the driver if he wished to prosecute him. Thereupon the funeral procession resumed its journey toward the cemetery.

The misery of it is awful.
USE
ST. JACOBS
OIL TO CURE
SCIATICA
You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

PATENTS are Property. Represent Wealth. Can be Sold. Are Assignable. INVENT improvements in tools, implements, machinery, etc., Write H. S. APTHE, Patent Lawyer, Waverley Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

Life, Endowment and Tontine
INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED
Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCER AND TUMOR PERMANENTLY CURED without knife, plaster or pain. All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of information free.
NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH
Are result of Contracted Nostrials. Drugs Cannot Cure. Send for FREE PAMPHLET on the subject for pamphlet to G. D. PARKER, Perth, Ont., Canada.

P. N. U. 51 '97.

If afflicted with more eyes, use
Thompson's Eye Water

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHOOPING COUGH, ALL BRONCHITIS, Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1898.

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The weather on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings was the coldest of the winter in this vicinity, the thermometer ranging from 1 and 2 degrees above zero to 5 degrees below zero.

Some person or persons stole from the Hanover creamery on Friday, \$9.50 in cash. Entrance is supposed to have been effected through a window. A closer search on the part of the thieves would have netted them \$60.

The good book has among its many divine injunctions, no plainer, no better nor more emphatic one than the passage: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord." This is the season of the year to make an investment which will return interest a thousand-fold.

Mrs Helen Motter, wife of Col. John L. Motter, of Emmittsburg, died suddenly on Tuesday morning of last week. She had retired the evening before in her usual good health, and Mr. Motter who had gotten up first in the morning found her dead.

How to CURE A COLD—Simply take Otto's Cure. It will stop a cough quicker than any other known remedy. Get a sample bottle free from E. C. Livingston. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. (1)

The Pennsylvania Agricultural works, York, shipped recently a car load of plow material to Montevideo, South America; a car load of farming implements to Buenos Ayres, South America; a car-load of saw mill machinery to North Carolina; a car-load of engines and boilers to South Fork, Pa.

Ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of York, on Monday of last week filed suit in equity for an injunction against the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, and others to prevent the payment of \$77,000 to William S. Grant, for payment of moneys due since 1861. Mr. Maish says that as attorney for Grant he is entitled to a fee of one-eighth of the total sum, which is \$9,743.97, and alleges that the present attorneys of Grant intend to defraud him out of that amount.

By request we take the following from the Hanover Herald of Thursday, Feb. 3rd.—The old established dry goods firm of Carver & Little was changed Wednesday to N. B. Carver & Sons, T. J. Little retiring, and the senior partner taking into partnership his sons, Daniel S. Carver, and E. Fred Carver. Mr. Little will remain with the new firm for a time, until he decides in what business he will engage. This well known house is doing a large business in dry goods and clothing, and it is only reasonable to hope that this will continue with the combination of new and old partners. Mr. Carver has been in this business for over a quarter of a century, and is master of its details, while his sons are energetic and capable young men, who will do their part in pushing the business.

John H. Brough, who has been salesman and bookkeeper in this store for over twenty years, has resigned his position, to take effect at an early date. He has not yet decided just what he will do in the future. He is a careful and efficient business man, and will doubtless be successful in whatever he may venture.

China Swindler in this Vicinity.

That swindler, who gave his name as J. M. Seal and who operated in the northern part of York county recently, has an abundance of nerve. After victimizing a number of people in one part of the county during the fore-part of the week, he jumped into an entirely different part on Thursday and successfully worked his little bunco game on several innocent country maidens. Yesterday he was working in the vicinity of Hanover and Spring Grove. He went to the home of a man named Arnold at Spring Grove, and informed Mr. Arnold's daughter that for the small sum of \$4 he would teach her the art or painting on china. That was the last seen of him around the Arnold household. He also operated successfully at the home of Mr. Zorbaugh in Nashville.—Gazette.

102 Years Old.

Abram Staley, died suddenly at his home at New Baltimore, near Chambersburg, aged 102 years. Staley came to this country from England in 1800. By trade he was a well digger, but in his leisure time he was an ardent sportsman. In politics he was a Democrat, and until some years ago would walk nine miles to each election. He had nine children, and 11 great great grand children. He was always temperate, but used tobacco until 20 years ago. His father lived to the age of 107 years.

James McInden, of Madelia, Minn., is 18 years old, is 6 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 303 pounds. He wears a No. 24 shoe a No. 8 hat and drinks a gallon of water at a time to quench his thirst. He is well proportioned and is very powerful. He is still growing very fast.

W. A. Staub, of Pitt St., our "boss" game chicken breeder, last week sold 4 game cocks to Gettysburg Sports for \$10. The Gettysburg Sports know a good thing when they see it. "Billy" always keeps good stock. P.

During last year there were 18 passengers killed and 19 injured on the street railways of the state of Pennsylvania. Grade crossings were responsible for most of these accidents.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

For Rent.

The E. Roth property, on Carlisle St., New Oxford. The property consists of a large brick house, nice grounds and garden, hog pen, &c., and a large shop, suitable for a carpenter or other tradesman. Possession can be given on Feb. 17th, 1898. Apply to W. R. Stambaugh, Farmers P. O., York county, Pa.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE IN NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

Assignee's Sale.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1898.

The undersigned, Assignee of Conrad Cramer, of the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams county, Pa., (now deceased) in trust for the benefit of creditors, acting under and by virtue of an Order of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, will offer at public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, the following real estate:—
Tract No. 1. A Lot of Ground, situate on the corner of Main and Fifth Streets, in said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by Main street, on the east by Fifth street, on the north by North Alley, and on the west by land of Lewis Cramer, containing in width on Main street 100 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 193 feet, more or less; improved with a 1½-story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Shop, Frame Stable and necessary outbuildings.—There is a hay scales in good condition on the premises.
No. 2. A Lot of Ground, situate in said Borough of McSherrystown, on the corner of North and Fifth street, bounded on the north by North street, on the east by Fifth street, on the south by North alley, and on the west by an alley along property of John A. Post and others, containing in width on the street 350 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 165 feet, more or less.
No. 3. A lot of Ground, situate on the north side of North street, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by North street, on the east by lands of John H. Krichen and C. D. Smith, on the north by lands of John A. Post and Vincent O'Bold, and on the west by lands of Francis P. Small and Emma J. Hagerman, containing 5 Acres, more or less. There are two limekilns and a limestone quarry on the said premises.
The above described tracts will be sold as a whole or in parts to the best interests of the estate.
Sale to begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms—15 per cent. cash on day of sale, 10 per cent. on confirmation of sale and the balance April 1st, 1898, upon delivery of deed and possession.
C. D. SMITH, Assignee.

GO TO J. WEIKERT

—FOR YOUR—

PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention. CALL TO SEE ME IN THE—
LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING,
CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

—AN ENTIRE STOCK OF— New FURNITURE!

The undersigned, having completely closed out his stock of furniture last fall, wishes to inform the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that he has again started in the Furniture business, and has just received an entirely new, full and complete line of
Homemade and City Furniture.
The stock is strictly up-to-date in every particular, and embraces the latest thing, and designs in
PARLOR and BEDROOM SUITS, TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c., and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call to see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.
UNDERTAKING
In all its branches continued as heretofore. Calls attended promptly day or night. Charges reasonable.
GEORGE F. WITTE.
New Oxford, Pa.

The wise person subscribes for The Item

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME

by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what aoul have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Adminis raor's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. EMMERT, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, Administrator.

Go to the NEW OXFORD

Monumental Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH,
Proprietor

REMNANTS!

Cambric, in all colors, 2c. per yard.

Ginghams, 3c. per yard.

The best calicos, 4c. per yard.

Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.

All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.

50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

1898! 1898!

DONE WITH THE OLD!

—ON WITH THE NEW!

We open the New Year with:

2000 yds. Bleached Muslin, 6¼c., value 8c.

2000 yds. of Muslin, 5c., value 7c.

1000 yds. Standard Prints, 4c. and 5c.

Also Special Sale:

Cambric Embroideries.

Muslin Underwear.

Winter Stock Reduction.

—THE LEADERS—

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA

Big Cut in Prices!

on Ladies' Coats and Capes—must be sold. Gingham Remnants 3c. per yard.

Do you know that Muffs are quite stylish? We have them at very low figures.

SHEELY & BRO.

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Mr. Latimer Danner, formerly of East Berlin, is now in California getting ready to start for the Klondike gold region.

The weather on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings was the coldest of the winter in this vicinity, the thermometer ranging from 1 and 2 degrees above zero to 5 degrees below zero.

Some person or persons stole from the Hanover creamery on Friday, \$9.50 in cash. Entrance is supposed to have been effected through a window. A closer search on the part of the thieves would have netted them \$60.

The good book has among its many divine injunctions, no plainer, no better nor more emphatic one than the passage: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord." This is the season of the year to make an investment which will return interest a thousand-fold.

Mrs. Helen Motter, wife of Col. John L. Motter, of Emmittsburg, died suddenly on Tuesday morning of last week. She had retired the evening before in her usual good health, and Mr. Motter who had gotten up first in the morning found her dead.

How to CURE A COLD—Simply take Otto's Cure. It will stop a cough quicker than any other known remedy. Get a sample bottle free from E. C. Livingston. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. (1)

The Pennsylvania Agricultural works, York, shipped recently a car load of plow material to Montevideo, South America; a car load of farming implements to Buenos Ayres, South America; a car-load of saw mill machinery to North Carolina; a car-load of engines and boilers to South Fork, Pa.

Ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of York, on Monday of last week filed suit in equity for an injunction against the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, and others to prevent the payment of \$77,000 to William S. Grant, for payment of moneys due since 1861. Mr. Maish says that as attorney for Grant he is entitled to a fee of one-eighth of the total sum, which is \$9,743.97, and alleges that the present attorneys of Grant intend to defraud him out of that amount.

By request we take the following from the Hanover Herald of Thursday, Feb. 8rd.—The old established dry goods firm of Carver & Little was changed Wednesday to N. B. Carver & Sons, T. J. Little retiring, and the senior partner taking into partnership his sons, Daniel S. Carver, and E. Fred Carver. Mr. Little will remain with the new firm for a time, until he decides in what business he will engage. This well known house is doing a large business in dry goods and clothing, and it is only reasonable to hope that this will continue with the combination of new and old partners. Mr. Carver has been in this business for over a quarter of a century, and is master of its details, while his sons are energetic and capable young men, who will do their part in pushing the business.

John H. Brough, who has been salesman and bookkeeper in this store for over twenty years, has resigned his position, to take effect at an early date. He has not yet decided just what he will do in the future. He is a careful and efficient business man, and will doubtless be successful in whatever he may venture.

China Swindler in this Vicinity.

That swindler, who gave his name as J. M. Seal and who operated in the northern part of York county recently, has an abundance of nerve. After victimizing a number of people in one part of the county during the fore-part of the week, he jumped into an entirely different part on Thursday and successfully worked his little bunco game on several innocent country maidens. Yesterday he was working in the vicinity of Hanover and Spring Grove. He went to the home of a man named Arnold at Spring Grove, and informed Mr. Arnold's daughter that for the small sum of \$4 he would teach her the art of painting on china. That was the last seen of him around the Arnold household. He also operated successfully at the home of Mr. Zorbaugh in Nashville.—Gazette.

102 Years Old.

Abram Staley, died suddenly at his home at New Baltimore, near Chambersburg, aged 102 years. Staley came to this country from England in 1800. By trade he was a well digger, but in his leisure time he was an ardent sportsman. In politics he was a Democrat, and until some years ago would walk nine miles to each election. He had nine children, and 11 great great grand children. He was always temperate, but used tobacco until 20 years ago. His father lived to the age of 107 years.

James McIndoo, of Madelia, Minn., is 13 years old, is 6 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 303 pounds. He wears a No. 24 shoe, a No. 8 hat and drinks a gallon of water at a time to quench his thirst. He is well proportioned and is very powerful. He is still growing very fast.

W. A. Staub, of Pitt St., our "boss" game chicken breeder, last week sold 4 game cocks to Gettysburg Sports for \$10. The Gettysburg Sports know a good thing when they see it. "Billy" always keeps good stock. P.

During last year there were 18 passengers killed and 19 injured on the street railways of the state of Pennsylvania. Grade crossings were responsible for most of these accidents.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

For Rent.

The E. Roth property, on Carlisle St., New Oxford. The property consists of a large brick house, nice grounds and garden, hog pen, &c., and a large shop, suitable for a carpenter or other tradesman. Possession can be given on Feb. 17th, 1898. Apply to W. R. Stambaugh, Farmers P. O., York county, Pa.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE IN NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

Assignee's Sale.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1898.
The undersigned, Assignee of Conrad Cramer, of the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams county, Pa. (now deceased) in trust for the benefit of creditors, acting under and by virtue of an Order of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, will offer at public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, the following real estate:
Tract No. 1. A Lot of Ground, situate on the corner of Main and Fifth Streets, in said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by Main street, on the east by Fifth street, on the north by North Alley, and on the west by land of Lewis Cramer, containing in width on Main street 100 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 193 feet, more or less; improved with a 1 1/2-story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Shop, Frame Stable and necessary buildings.—There is a hay scales in good condition on the premises.
No. 2. A Lot of Ground, situate in said Borough of McSherrystown, on the corner of North and Fifth street, bounded on the north by North street, on the east by Fifth street, on the south by North Alley, and on the west by an alley along property of John A. Post and heirs, containing in width on North street 350 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 165 feet, more or less.
No. 3. A Lot of Ground, situate on the north side of North street, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by North street, on the east by lands of John H. Krieger and C. D. Smith, on the west by lands of John A. Post and Vincent O'Hold, and on the west by lands of Francis P. Small and Emma J. Hagerman, containing 5 Acres, more or less. There are two limekilns and a limestone quarry on the said premises.
The above described tracts will be sold as a whole or in parts to the best interests of the estate.
Sale to begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms—15 per cent, cash on day of sale, 10 per cent, on confirmation of sale and the balance April 1st, 1898, upon delivery of deed and possession.
C. D. SMITH, Assignee.

GO TO J. I. WEIKERT

FOR YOUR
PATENT MEDICINES AND
JEWELRY!
REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention.
CALL TO SEE ME IN THE
LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING,
CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

—AN ENTIRE STOCK OF— New FURNITURE!

The undersigned, having completely closed out his stock of furniture last fall, wishes to inform the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that he has again started in the furniture business, and has just received an entirely new, full and complete line of
Homemade and City Furniture.
The stock is strictly up-to-date in every particular, and embraces the latest things and designs in PARLOR and BEDROOM SUITS, TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c., and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call to see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.
UNDERTAKING
in all its branches continued as heretofore. Calls attended promptly day or night. Charges reasonable.
GEORGE F. WITTER,
New Chester, Pa.
The wise person subscribes for The Item

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME
by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what aches have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Adminis raor's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. Emmert, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, Administrator.

Go to the NEW OXFORD Monumental Works FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.
E. G. LOUGH,
Proprietor

MRS. D. I. SEASELY,

FASHIONABLE
MILLINER AND
DRESS-MAKER,

NEW OXFORD, PA.,
has opened a millinery store in the house lately vacated by Mrs. Frank Miller, on Philadelphia street, to which the public is invited to inspect goods and learn prices.

GEO. F. RABINE,
Practical Barber and Hairdresser

EAGLE HOTEL BUILDING,
Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber shop in the above-named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Give me a call

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

Established, 1871.

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs,
Howard and Franklin Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

FLOUR AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION HOUSE.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the Cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

REMNANTS!

Cambrie, in all colors, 2c. per yard.
Ginghams, 3c. per yard.
The best calicos, 4c. per yard.
Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.
All colors of cambrie by the pound at 6c. per pound.
50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

1898! 1898!

DONE WITH THE OLD!

ON WITH THE NEW!

We open the New Year with:
2000 yds. Bleached Muslin, 6 1/4c., value 8c.
2000 yds. of Muslin, 5c., value 7c.
1000 yds. Standard Prints, 4c. and 5c.

Also Special Sale:

Cambric Embroideries.
Muslin Underwear.
Winter Stock Reduction.

THE LEADERS,
G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA

Big Cut in Prices

on Ladies' Coats and Capes—must be sold. Gingham Remnants 3c. per yard.

Do you know that Muffs are quite stylish? We have them at very low figures.

SHEELY & BRO.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.
A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.
JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1893.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

FEBRUARY.

22nd.—Tuesday, personal property of the es-
tate of the late Mrs. Sarah Emmert, New Ox-
ford.

26th.—Saturday, Edw. Emlet, Tyrone town-
ship, stock and implements.

MARCH.

3rd.—Thursday, Mary A. Mumma, on the
Geo. Emlet farm, Oxford township, stock and
implements.

10th.—Thursday, Mary A. Knight, on the
Harbold farm, Reading township, stock and
implements.

12th.—Saturday, John S. Weaver, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements.

15th.—Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements, house-
hold goods, etc.

18th.—Friday, J. U. Ruff New Oxford, stock
and implements.

21st.—Monday, Harvey Wehler, Sam'l Weh-
ler and H. G. Wehler, on farm of P. H. Stru-
biner, Hamilton township, stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, Hanson Hersh, Oxford twp.,
farm stock and implements.

26th.—Saturday, Wm. Winand, Oxford twp.,
stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, W. P. Smith, near Bonneau-
ville, stock and implements.

30th.—Wednesday, Herbert S. Weikert, Mt.
Pleasant twp., stock and implements.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

St. Valentine's Day, next Monday.

A dangerous counterfeit of the \$2 sil-
ver certificate is out.

David McStewart, of York Springs,
has been granted a pension of \$6 a month.

A pension of \$6 a month has been
granted to Vincent H. Adams, of Mc
Sherrystown.

That noted remedy for all diseases of
stock: "Beaker's Blood Medicine," for
sale at Hamilton's drug store.

Theo. R. Helb, brewer, Tuesday issued
execution against James A. Ocker, pro-
prietor of the City Hotel, York, for
\$2,000.

Three legal holidays this month.—Sat-
urday, Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday; Tues-
day, Feb. 15, election day; and Tuesday,
Feb. 22, Washington's birthday.

We don't furnish Hot Baths, as would
seem from last week's issue, but we do
sell that Household Necessity, "A Hot
Water Bottle," at Hamilton's Drug Store.

The hind axle on the wagon of N. B.
Carns, baker, of Abbottstown, broke
while delivering bread to his customers
in this place on Tuesday.

When you cast your vote on election
day don't let party blind your eyes, but
vote for the man best qualified for office,
no matter whether he be a Democrat or
a Republican.

Miss Rose Timmins, daughter of Mrs.
Mary Ann Timmins, of Mt. Rock, will be
married to a gentleman from Columbia,
next week. Miss Timmins has been mak-
ing her home in that borough.

Harry Breighner, son of Henry Breigh-
ner, of Mt. Rock, and Miss Mae, daugh-
ter of John Neider, of Brunshtown, were
married Tuesday morning at Conewago
Chapel, by Rev. Father O'Leary.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the
best thing for the baby! It is sold under
a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug
store.

Mr. Jacob Myers, residing with his son
in Reading township, was stricken with
paralysis on last Tuesday, and at last ac-
counts was not expected to recover.

J. D. Kindig, of Sell's Station, killed a
porker a few days ago, that weighed 600
pounds. C. A. Sell, of the same place,
killed one that tipped the beam at 686
pounds.

Mr. Michael Harbold, of Hampton, aged
about 70 years, who had been blind for
some time, had a successful operation per-
formed upon his eyes for cataract. The
operation was performed several weeks
ago at the York Hospital and Dispensary
by Dr. J. F. Klinedinst, oculist of York.
Mr. Harbold now rejoices in the restora-
tion of his sight.

Daniel Culp, a highly respected citizen
and the oldest resident of Gettysburg,
died on Sunday afternoon. He was a na-
tive of Gettysburg, having been born in
that place on April 19, 1809, and had he
lived to April 19th next, he would have
been 89 years old.

Thermometer 72 degrees below zero at
Circle City, Alaska; strawberries in
bloom in Florida! Where else is there so
great a country as this? Nowhere!

Henry Jacobs, the champion sheep
raiser, in the neighborhood of East Ber-
lin, has 21 lambs from his flock of eleven
ewes, three of which weigh 50 pounds a
piece.

Persons contemplating purchasing
Jewelry of any description, will do well
to carefully note "Hamilton's Space,"
this week.

St. Paul's Lutheran congregation of
Littlestown are considering the propriety
of having a pipe organ, and also of re-
modeling the main audience room of the
church.

The merchant who for the sake of econ-
omy would refuse to light up his store
after dark is on a par with one who for
the same reason refuses to advertise his
wares.

At the meeting of the Telephone Com-
pany recently held in Gettysburg, it was
decided to build a line to Bonneauville
and Hunterstown, the construction of
which was entrusted to the executive
committee.

Ex-Representatives Theodore McAlis-
ter and Wm. H. Tipton together with
Walter M. Lefevre represented Adams
county at the conference of the Business
Men's Republican League, held last week
at the Bourse in Philadelphia.

Miss Serepta Johnson, a school teacher,
was fined 15 cents, with \$11 costs, by a
Cumberland magistrate, for chastising a
boy for striking matches in school. The
grand jury hauled the magistrate over
the coals and ordered him to return costs.

Mrs. Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg,
died at the hospital at Carlisle on Sat-
urday at 12 o'clock. She had undergone an
operation there for a tumor on Thursday,
and on Friday was reported much bet-
ter, but on Saturday she gradually sank
till the end came.

David Cluck, a young man aged about
18 years, a son of Conrad Cluck, of Cum-
berland township, fell from the wagon
while driving out the Emmittsburg road
last Tuesday, and broke a bone near the
ankle on the right leg and injured the
left leg. He fell between the horses and
might have had an uglier accident.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup
cures when all others fail, or dealers re-
fund the money. For sale at Wehler's
drug store.

Rosa Lingg, of McSherrystown, was
arrested Saturday morning by Officer
Dougherty, on a charge of assault and
battery, on oath of Daisy Little. The
defendant gave bail for her appearance
at court.

Howard M. Gardner, of Latimore town-
ship, has been appointed Keeper of the
old men's department at the Almsbouse,
and Ex-Director John Hall was appoint-
ed Superintendent of the insane depart-
ment.

President McKinley and probably some
members of his cabinet will attend the
memorial day services at Gettysburg on
May 30th, if public business does not in-
tervene to prevent them. The President
so informed a delegation who called on
him Friday to extend the invitation.
Hon. Webster Davis, the Assistant Sec-
retary of the Interior, will be the orator
of the occasion.

One of the postmasters of Adams Co.
has done a rather unusual thing. Post-
master Kauffman, of East Berlin, has given
notice that the postoffice at that place
will be open hereafter from 5 to 6 o'clock
Sunday evening. No outside mail is re-
ceived at that office on Sunday, and the
new arrangement is just for the conven-
ience of the public who wish to mail let-
ters then.

Constable Wilson, of Gettysburg, ar-
rived at Harrisburg Friday evening, with
Harry A. Grothe, of Littlestown, whom
he captured at Philadelphia, Friday,
where he had taken several prisoners to
the penitentiary that were sentenced re-
cently by Judge Swope. Grothe is want-
ed on a serious charge. He was locked
in jail for safe keeping and was taken to
Gettysburg Saturday.

On Wednesday, 9th inst., Mr. Lewis P.
Weaver, of near town, celebrated the
72nd anniversary of his birth, and on
Thursday, 10th, his brother, Mr. David
Weaver, residing with his son, J. S.
Weaver, Hanover street, celebrated the
80th anniversary of his birth. Both gen-
tlemen are hale and hearty, and display
as much activity as many of not half
their age.

On Monday evening death again vis-
ited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
Tschop, of East Berlin, taking from a
home so lately made sad by the death of
the only boy, the only daughter, Ethel
Grace, aged 2 years, 9 months and 16 days.
Just two weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Tschop
with sad hearts laid their baby boy to
rest and now to give up the only child
left, makes the bereavement sad indeed.—
News.

FOR SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants,
at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run
school house, Hamilton township.

PERSONAL.

H. D. Becker, wife and son, of Hano-
ver, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
McC. Gilbert, Center Square, on Satur-
day.

Mrs. Charles Sheely, of this place, spent
a few days last week with Mrs. A. Eck-
ert, at Hunterstown.

Prof. C. A. Decker, who is teaching
school at Fountain Dale, spent a few days
with his parents and friends near town.

Misses Rhoda and Bessie Fissel, of Get-
tysburg, were the guests of Mrs. Geo. C.
Sheely, Philadelphia St.

Mrs. Mumma and nephew, of Balti-
more, spent some time with her son, Da-
vid Mumma and family, of Oxford twp.

Miss Mary A. Elder, of Emmittsburg,
Md., is at Edge Grove, collecting data of
the early Catholic residents and Mission-
aries of Conowago.

Al Melhorn, of the Hotel Barker, spent
Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Mel-
horn, of West High Street.

Scalded to Death.

William Stough, aged 40 years, of
Jackson twp. York Co., met death in a
horrible form Thursday at Spring Grove.

Mr. Stough was employed as a laborer
in the Gladfelter paper mills in that place,
and about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon
he crawled into a large boiler, or tank, for
the purpose of cleaning it. He was in the
upper part of the boiler, when, by
some unexplained accident, hot water
was turned into the boiler in which he
was at work. The steam from the hot
water rose to the top, and Stough's
screams were drowned by the noise of the
hissing steam. In this extremity the un-
fortunate man dropped down into the
hot water, knowing that it was his only
means of getting out of the boiler, and
opened the valve himself, which allowed
the water to run out, when his terrible
situation was discovered by some fellow
workman, who removed him from the
boiler. He was removed to the home of
Mrs. Hale, in Spring Grove, and Dr. Hoke
summoned, who responded at once, and
did all that medical skill could for the
man, whose lower limbs and abdomen
were terribly cooked and scalded. He
suffered great pain until half past 4
o'clock Friday morning, when death re-
lieved him of his sufferings.

Mr. Stough leaves a wife and three
children, the eldest of whom is 15 years
of age.

Mr. Stough is well known in this vi-
cinity having resided on different farms
in the neighborhood, and several years
ago had charge of the team of the late
Jacob Smith, dec'd, near town.

Why not Organize Here.

Throughout the State nearly every
town of any pretensions is making strong
efforts to induce capitalists to locate with-
in its borders, and some of them have
been very successful. Of course those
towns whose citizens make the greatest
effort will receive the greatest reward in
the way of increased manufacturing fa-
cilities. The people of this place could
as well share some of the boom now be-
ing enjoyed by other towns, as not. All
it takes is a little push, vim and concert
of action among the people. We should
act as one family in our endeavors to
build up a flourishing town, and there
is not a particle of doubt but what the
people residing therein will reap a rich
harvest for their trouble.

Entertained Friends.

Mrs. C. E. Diehl, of Carlisle street,
Monday evening entertained at her pleas-
ant home the Young Ladies' Reading
Club. The evening was spent in reading
and discussing the topics of the day un-
til nearly ten o'clock when the guests
were invited to the dining room, where
a repast of ice cream, cakes, candies, and
fruit was served and greatly enjoyed.
The guests then left for their homes hop-
ing for their genial hostess many equally
pleasant evenings.

Swallowed Two Boxes of Pills.

Harry, a young son of Harry Doll, Sr.,
of Centerville, near Stewartstown, says
the News, of that place, swallowed the
contents of two boxes of liver pills on
Monday. Dr. J. F. Lutz was summon-
ed and after working about three hours
with the little patient succeeded in re-
moving the fifty little regulators. Rather
a large dose for a tiny liver, and if they
would not have been removed, little Har-
ry's soul would have been gently wafted
over the river via the liver pill route. He
has no appetite for liver pills since.

Thomas Dasher, of Wrightsville, aged
about 63 years, who has been an inmate
of the insane department of the York
county almshouse since September of last
year, made an attempt at suicide last
Monday. He drove a fork three inches
deep into his left side with the stool upon
which he was sitting at the supper table,
but did not strike the heart, as he intend-
ed. The fork perforated the intestines,
however, and the wound will most likely
prove fatal.

COURT ITEMS.

In the case of the Com. vs Joseph
Meads, larceny and receiving stolen goods
Marks Jordan prosecutor, sentenced Nov.
9, '97, to 6 months in jail, the sentence
was reduced last week, to 2 mos. and 22
days from Nov. 9, '97.

Soldiers peddler's license was granted
to Reuben Minter.

COMMON PLEAS.

Bond of Littlestown Borough under
act of Assembly of May 25, 1887, to appro-
priate land for water purposes for the
Borough of Littlestown, with resolution
of Town Council, was filed and approved
and Geo. S. Cump, John A. Shorb, George
Z. Gitt, S. D. Mehling and Henry S. Boy-
er were appointed viewers.

Petition of the Baltimore and Harris-
burg R. W. Co., relating to the acquisi-
tion of land for a switch in Oxford twp.
from the main line to quarry of John R.
Bittinger, was filed.

A Horse Climbs the Stairs.

The Herald says: A horse running up
a steep flight of stairs, is not a frequent
occurrence, but that is what the dark bay
horse of Dr. R. N. Meisenhelder did on
Wednesday evening. The colored host-
ler was in the act of placing a bridle on
the horse, when the animal got away
from him and dashed up the steps lead-
ing to the hay mow above. Some of the
steps were damaged, but the horse was
not hurt. The puzzling part of the situa-
tion, was how to get the horse down
again. A number of men were summon-
ed, and with ropes and pulleys, the ani-
mal was left down from the hay loft to
the stable.

Outlook for a Big Meeting.

The 30th annual convention of the
Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian As-
sociation will meet in York Thursday,
Feb. 17, and close Sunday, Feb. 20.

The day sessions of the convention
will be held in Zion's Reformed Church
and the evening sessions in Christ Evan-
gelical Lutheran Chapel.

Over five hundred delegates are expect-
ed from the various sections of the State,
these will be entertained by the congre-
gations of the different churches.

Injured His Hand.

Frank Colgan, of Irishtown, an em-
ployee of the Hanover Foundry and Ma-
chine Company, had the misfortune of
mashing the little finger and badly bruising
two other fingers of his left hand, by
having a heavy piece of iron fall on his
hand at the foundry, on Saturday.

J. Weems Neely, of near Bowlder, has
had the ore analyzed which has been
found on his farm near that place. The
Prof. who analyzed it gave following re-
sult: Magnetic oxide of iron 93.90 per
cent. Silica, insoluble in acids, 6.03 per
cent. Total 99.93. This sample of ore
contains 93.90 percent of pure iron out of
which the oxygen has been taken. The
93.90 per cent. is the percentage of mag-
netic oxide. The chemist says: "This
is a pure ore and its freedom from sul-
phur and phosphorus greatly enhances
its value, and makes it a very desirable ore
for the manufacture of the best grades
of iron.

Oil Company's New Line.

The Standard Oil Company is hard at
work laying another pipe line through
York County. Last week twenty teams
were hauling pipe from railroad stations
to points along the old line which cross-
es the Susquehanna 1 1/2 miles from New
Holland. This line starts from a point
near New Holland and runs through Star-
view to Forge Hill, to Fousttown, through
Weiglestown to Dover, from Dover it
crosses to Adams County, where it runs
close to East Berlin, and through to Mary-
land. As soon as the weather permits
over 200 men will be employed to dig
trenches and complete the line. The
pipes are eight inches in diameter and
each section is sixteen feet long. It will
require nearly the whole summer to put
the line in working condition.

The cofferdam will not be laid across
the river until the water reaches its low-
est stage, which will probably be some-
time in July. Then the connection will
be made between the Lancaster and York
County sides, as quickly as possible.

A CLEVER TRICK.—It certainly looks
like it, but there is really no trick about
it. Anybody can use it who has lame
back and weak kidneys. Malaria or ner-
vous troubles. We mean he cures himself
right away by taking Electric Bitters. This
medicine tones up the whole system. acts
as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is
a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures
Constipation, Headache, Fainting, Spasms,
Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is pure
ly vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores
the system to its natural vigor. Try Elec-
tric Bitters and be convinced that they are
a miracle worker. Every bottle guaran-
teed. Only 50 cents a bottle at Randolph
Wehler's Drug Store.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All Druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. 25c.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
evening at 7 o'clock; Epworth League
at 6 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.
Rev. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock; Sun-
day school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6
p. m.; catechetical class Saturday at 2 p.
m.; Sunday school lesson Saturday 7 p. m.
Rev. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's
Lutheran church Sunday morning at 10
o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; Junior
C. E. at 2 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.;
catechetical class Saturday at 2 p. m.
Rev. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.
Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

For many years science has studied
liquors. Result, the whole world uses
whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant
and does not injure nerves and tissues
like coco wines and other drugged com-
pounds. And HARPER Whiskey is the
ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman,
New Oxford, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$0.92
No. 2 ".....87
Rated ".....45
Rye.....43 @ 45
Corn.....25 @ 28
Oats.....18 @ 22
Clover seed, per lb.....5 @ 6
Timothy seed.....1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay.....5.80 @ 6.00
Rye straw.....5.00 @ 6.00

MARRIED.

Jan. 8, at residence of minister, by Rev.
J. A. Harlacher, Mr. Solomon E. Weaver,
of Reading township, to Miss Ada C.
Troste, of Latimore township.

Feb. 2, at Littlestown, by Rev. Geo. P.
Stem, Mr. Milton Kindig, to Miss Minnie
Rebert, both of Littlestown.

Feb. 1, at this place, by Rev. G. J.
M. Ketner, Mr. Joseph H. Weaver, of
Straban township, to Miss Katie Miller,
of Oxford township.

Jan. 30, in Gettysburg, by Rev. Father
H. I. Christ, Mr. C. Emory Steunou, of
Gettysburg, to Miss Carrie V. Hoffman,
of Fairfield.

Feb. 1, at Bonneauville, by Rev. Father
W. E. Martin, Mr. John Redding, of
Straban township, to Miss Susan Red-
ding, of Cumberland township.

Feb. 3, at York Springs, by Rev. J. W.
Reese, Mr. David M. Dettler, to Miss
Georgie Annie Trimmer, both of East
Berlin.

Feb. 1, at York Springs, by Rev. L. M.
Gardner, Mr. Amos Gochenour, of Heid-
lersburg, to Miss Ida Reigle, of York
Springs.

Feb. 3, at the Mountjoy parsonage, by
Rev. W. G. Minnick, Mr. Henry D.
Spangler, of Mountjoy township, to Miss
R. Catharine Currens, of Cumberland
township.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, wakes, &c., 5 cents a line

Feb. 7, in Straban township, Henry
Bucher, aged 69 years, 8 months and 23
days.

Feb. 7, in Cumberland township, Mrs.
Annie, wife of George Bushman, aged
about 87 years.

Jan. 31, near Harney, Md., infant son
of Thomas and Frances Champion, aged
2 weeks.

Feb. 6, in Gettysburg, Daniel Culp,
aged 88 years, 9 months and 17 days.

Feb. 3, at Carlisle, Mrs. Louisa G., wife
of Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg, aged
36 years.

Feb. 2, Mrs. Eva, wife of W. Peter
McCavitt, of Gettysburg, aged 36 years.

Feb. 3, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Joseph Top-
per, aged 55 years, 7 months and 25 days.

HAMILTON'S SPACE.

We have purchased the Jewelry De-
partment from Mr. Dicks, and are get-
ting in an invoice of New Goods, to com-
plete the stock. Every thing is marked
down to meet the hard times. We now
think we have as nice a line of Jewelry
as can be found anywhere, and persons
wishing to purchase any thing in this
line will do themselves an injustice by
purchasing before they have called and
examined our complete stock. We have
bought them right and will sell low.

Repairing of all kinds promptly at-
tended to.

W. D. HAMILTON, M. D.,

Druggist,

New Oxford, Pa.

DISOLUTION NOTICE.

The copartnership heretofore existing
between the undersigned, under the firm
name of Gilbert & Himes has been this
day dissolved by mutual consent. The
business will be continued by J. McC.
Gilbert and William Gilbert under the
title of Gilbert & Son. All persons in-
debted to Gilbert & Himes will make set-
tlement with the new firm.

J. McC. GILBERT.
A. W. HIMES.
New Oxford, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1898.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF THOMAS D. SMITH, Deceased.—
I, J. H. Smith, Administrator of the estate of
the late THOMAS D. SMITH, of the Borough of New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted
letters of administration, hereby gives notice to
all persons indebted to said estate to make im-
mediate payment, and those having claims to
present them properly authenticated for settle-
ment to the undersigned residing in New Ox-
ford, Adams county, Pa.

GEORGE W. SMITH,
Administrator.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1898.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

FEBRUARY.

22nd.—Tuesday, personal property of the es-
tate of the late Mrs. Sarah Emmert, New Ox-
ford.

26th.—Saturday, Edw. Emlet, Tyrone town-
ship, stock and implements.

MARCH.

3rd.—Thursday, Mary A. Mumma, on the
Geo. Emlet farm, Oxford township, stock and
implements.

4th.—Friday, Solomon Brown, Oxford twp.,
stock and farm implements.

10th.—Thursday, Mary A. Knight, on the
Harbold farm, Reading township, stock and
implements.

12th.—Saturday, John S. Weaver, Oxford
twp., farm stock and implements.

15th.—Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements, house-
hold goods, etc.

18th.—Friday, J. U. Ruff, New Oxford, stock
and implements.

21st.—Monday, Harvey Wehler, Sam'l Weh-
ler and H. G. Wehler, on farm of P. H. Stru-
biner, Hamilton twp., stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, Hanson Gersb, Oxford twp.,
farm stock and implements.

26th.—Saturday, Wm. Winand, Oxford twp.,
stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, W. P. Smith, near Bonneau-
ville, stock and implements.

30th.—Wednesday, Herbert S. Weikert, Mt.
Pleasant twp., stock and implements.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

St. Valentine's Day, next Monday.

A dangerous counterfeit of the \$3 sil-
ver certificate is out.

David McStewart, of York Springs,
has been granted a pension of \$6 a month.

A pension of \$6 a month has been
granted to Vincent H. Adams, of Mc
Sherrystown.

That noted remedy for all diseases of
stock: "Becker's Blood Medicine," for
sale at Hamilton's drug store.

Theo. R. Helb, brewer, Tuesday issued
execution against James A. Ocker, pro-
prietor of the City Hotel, York, for
\$2,000.

Three legal holidays this month.—Sat-
urday, Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday; Tues-
day, Feb. 15, election day; and Tuesday,
Feb. 22, Washington's birthday.

We don't furnish Hot Baths, as would
seem from last week's issue, but we do
sell that Household Necessity, "A Hot
Water Bottle," at Hamilton's Drug Store.

The hind axle on the wagon of N. B.
Carns, baker, of Abbottstown, broke
while delivering bread to his customers
in this place on Tuesday.

When you cast your vote on election
day don't let party blind your eyes, but
vote for the man best qualified for office,
no matter whether he be a Democrat or
a Republican.

Miss Rose Timmins, daughter of Mrs.
Mary Ann Timmins, of Mt. Rock, will be
married to a gentleman from Columbia,
next week. Miss Timmins has been mak-
ing her home in that borough.

Harry Breighner, son of Henry Breigh-
ner, of Mt. Rock, and Miss Mae, daugh-
ter of John Neider, of Brushtown, were
married Tuesday morning at Conewago
Chapel, by Rev. Father O'Leary.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the
best thing for the baby! It is sold under
a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug
store.

Mr. Jacob Myers, residing with his son
in Reading township, was stricken with
paralysis on last Tuesday, and at last ac-
counts was not expected to recover.

J. D. Kindig, of Sell's Station, killed a
porker a few days ago, that weighed 600
pounds. C. A. Sell, of the same place,
killed one that tipped the beam at 686
pounds.

Mr. Michael Harbold, of Hampton, aged
about 70 years, who had been blind for
some time, had a successful operation per-
formed upon his eyes for cataract. The
operation was performed several weeks
ago at the York Hospital and Dispensary
by Dr. J. F. Klinedinst, oculist of York.
Mr. Harbold now rejoices in the restora-
tion of his sight.

Daniel Culp, a highly respected citizen
and the oldest resident of Gettysburg,
died on Sunday afternoon. He was a na-
tive of Gettysburg, having been born in
that place on April 19, 1809, and had he
lived to April 19th next, he would have
been 89 years old.

Thermometer 70 degrees below zero at
Circle City, Alaska; strawberries in
bloom in Florida. Where else is there so
great a country as this? Nowhere!

Henry Jacobs, the champion sheep
raiser, in the neighborhood of East Ber-
lin, has 21 lambs from his flock of eleven
ewes, three of which weigh 50 pounds a
piece.

Persons contemplating purchasing
Jewelry of any description, will do well
to carefully note "Hamilton's Space,"
this week.

St. Paul's Lutheran congregation of
Littlestown are considering the propriety
of having a pipe organ, and also of re-
modeling the main audience room of the
church.

The merchant who for the sake of econ-
omy would refuse to light up his store
after dark is on a par with one who for
the same reason refuses to advertise his
wares.

At the meeting of the Telephone Com-
pany recently held in Gettysburg, it was
decided to build a line to Bonneauville
and Hunterstown, the construction of
which was entrusted to the executive
committee.

Ex-Representatives Theodore McAlis-
ter and Wm. H. Tipton together with
Walter M. Lefevre represented Adams
county at the conference of the Business
Men's Republican League, held last week
at the Bourse in Philadelphia.

Miss Serepta Johnson, a school teacher,
was fined 15 cents, with \$11 costs, by a
Cumberland magistrate, for chastising a
boy for striking matches in school. The
grand jury hauled the magistrate over
the coals and ordered him to return costs.

Mrs. Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg,
died at the hospital at Carlisle on Sat-
urday at 12 o'clock. She had undergone an
operation there for a tumor on Thursday,
and on Friday was reported much bet-
ter, but on Saturday she gradually sank
till the end came.

David Cluck, a young man aged about
18 years, a son of Conrad Cluck, of Cum-
berland township, fell from the wagon
while driving out the Emmittsburg road
last Tuesday, and broke a bone near the
ankle on the right leg and injured the
left leg. He fell between the horses and
might have had an uglier accident.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup
cures when all others fail, or dealers re-
fund the money. For sale at Wehler's
drug store.

Rosa Lingg, of McSherrystown, was
arrested Saturday morning by Officer
Dougherty, on a charge of assault and
battery, on oath of Daisy Little. The
defendant gave bail for her appearance
at court.

Howard M. Gardner, of Latimore town-
ship, has been appointed Keeper of the
old men's department at the Almshouse,
and Ex-Director John Hall was appoint-
ed Superintendent of the insane depart-
ment.

President McKinley and probably some
members of his cabinet will attend the
memorial day services at Gettysburg on
May 30th, if public business does not in-
tervene to prevent them. The President
so informed a delegation who called on
him Friday to extend the invitation.
Hon. Webster Davis, the Assistant Sec-
retary of the Interior, will be the orator
of the occasion.

One of the postmasters of Adams Co.
has done a rather unusual thing. Post-
master Kauffman, of East Berlin, has given
notice that the postoffice at that place
will be open hereafter from 5 to 6 o'clock
Sunday evening. No outside mail is re-
ceived at that office on Sunday, and the
new arrangement is just for the conven-
ience of the public who wish to mail let-
ters then.

Constable Wilson, of Gettysburg, ar-
rived at Harrisburg Friday evening, with
Harry A. Grothe, of Littlestown, whom
he captured at Philadelphia, Friday,
where he had taken several prisoners to
the penitentiary that were sentenced re-
cently by Judge Swope. Grothe is want-
ed on a serious charge. He was locked
in jail for safe keeping and was taken to
Gettysburg Saturday.

On Wednesday, 9th inst., Mr. Lewis P.
Weaver, of near town, celebrated the
72nd anniversary of his birth, and on
Thursday, 10th, his brother, Mr. David
Weaver, residing with his son, J. S.
Weaver, Hanover street, celebrated the
80th anniversary of his birth. Both gen-
tlemen are hale and hearty, and display
as much activity as many of not half
their age.

On Monday evening death again vis-
ited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
Tschop, of East Berlin, taking from a
home so lately made sad by the death of
the only boy, the only daughter, Ethel
Grace, aged 2 years, 9 months and 16 days.
Just two weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Tschop
with sad hearts laid their baby boy to
rest and now to give up the only child
left, makes the bereavement sad indeed.—
News.

For SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants,
at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run
school house, Hamilton township.

PERSONAL.

H. D. Becker, wife and son, of Hano-
ver, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
McC. Gilbert, Center Square, on Satur-
day.

Mrs. Charles Sheely, of this place, spent
a few days last week with Mrs. A. Eck-
ert, at Hunterstown.

Prof. C. A. Decker, who is teaching
school at Fountain Dale, spent a few days
with his parents and friends near town.

Misses Rhoda and Bessie Fissel, of Get-
tysburg, were the guests of Mrs. Geo. C.
Sheely, Philadelphia St.

Mrs. Mumma and nephew, of Balti-
more, spent some time with her son, Da-
vid Mumma and family, of Oxford twp.

Miss Mary A. Elder, of Emmittsburg,
Md., is at Edge Grove, collecting data of
the early Catholic residents and Mission-
aries of Conowago.

Al Melhorn, of the Hotel Barker, spent
Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Mel-
horn, of West High Street.

Scalded to Death.

William Stough, aged 40 years, of
Jackson twp. York Co., met death in a
horrible form Thursday at Spring Grove.

Mr. Stough was employed as a laborer
in the Gladfelter paper mills in that place,
and about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon
he crawled into a large boiler, or tank, for
the purpose of cleaning it. He was in
the upper part of the boiler, when, by
some unexplained accident, hot water
was turned into the boiler in which he
was at work. The steam from the hot
water rose to the top, and Stough's
screams were drowned by the noise of the
hissing steam. In this extremity the un-
fortunate man dropped down into the
hot water, knowing that it was his only
means of getting out of the boiler, and
opened the valve himself, which allowed
the water to run out, when his terrible
situation was discovered by some fellow
workman, who removed him from the
boiler. He was removed to the home of
Mrs. Hale, in Spring Grove, and Dr. Hoke
summoned, who responded at once, and
did all that medical skill could for the
man, whose lower limbs and abdomen
were terribly cooked and scalded. He
suffered great pain until half past 4
o'clock Friday morning, when death re-
lieved him of his sufferings.

Mr. Stough leaves a wife and three
children, the eldest of whom is 15 years
of age.

Mr. Stough is well known in this vi-
cinity having resided on different farms
in the neighborhood, and several years
ago had charge of the team of the late
Jacob Smith, dec'd, near town.

Why not Organize Here.

Throughout the State nearly every
town of any pretensions is making strong
efforts to induce capitalists to locate with-
in its borders, and some of them have
been very successful. Of course those
towns whose citizens make the greatest
effort will receive the greatest reward in
the way of increased manufacturing fa-
cilities. The people of this place could
as well share some of the boom now be-
ing enjoyed by other towns, as not. All
it takes is a little push, vim and concert
of action among the people. We should
act as one family in our endeavors to
build up a flourishing town, and there
is not a particle of doubt but what the
people residing therein will reap a rich
harvest for their trouble.

Entertained Friends.

Mrs. C. E. Diehl, of Carlisle street,
Monday evening entertained at her plea-
sant home the Young Ladies' Reading
Club. The evening was spent in reading
and discussing the topics of the day un-
til nearly ten o'clock when the guests
were invited to the dining room, where
a repast of ice cream, cakes, candies, and
fruit was served and greatly enjoyed.
The guests then left for their homes hop-
ing for their genial hostess many equally
pleasant evenings.

Swallowed Two Boxes of Pills.

Harry, a young son of Harry Doll, Sr.,
of Centerville, near Stewartstown, says
the News, of that place, swallowed the
contents of two boxes of liver pills on
Monday. Dr. J. F. Lutz was summon-
ed and after working about three hours
with the little patient succeeded in re-
moving the fifty little regulators. Rather
a large dose for a tiny liver, and if they
would not have been removed, little Har-
ry's soul would have been gently wafted
o'er the river via the liver pill route. He
has no appetite for liver pills since.

Thomas Dasher, of Wrightsville, aged
about 60 years, who has been an inmate
of the insane department of the York
county almshouse since September of last
year, made an attempt at suicide last
Monday. He drove a fork three inches
deep into his left side with the stool upon
which he was sitting at the supper table,
but did not strike the heart, as he intend-
ed. The fork perforated the intestines,
however, and the wound will most likely
prove fatal.

COURT ITEMS.

In the case of the Com. vs Joseph
Meads, larceny and receiving stolen goods
Marks Jordan prosecutor, sentenced Nov.
9, '97, to 6 months in jail, the sentence
was reduced last week, to 2 mos. and 23
days from Nov. 9, '97.

Soldiers peddler's license was granted
to Reuben Minter.

COMMON PLEAS.

Bond of Littlestown Borough under
act of Assembly of May 25, 1887, to appro-
priate land for water purposes for the
Borough of Littlestown, with resolution
of Town Council, was filed and approved
and Geo. S. Cump, John A. Shorb, George
Z. Gitt, S. D. Mehling and Henry S. Boy-
er were appointed viewers.

Petition of the Baltimore and Harris-
burg R. W. Co., relating to the acqui-
sition of land for a switch in Oxford twp.
from the main line to quarry of John R.
Bittinger, was filed.

A Horse Climbs the Stairs.

The Herald says: A horse running up
a steep flight of stairs, is not a frequent
occurrence, but that is what the dark bay
horse of Dr. R. N. Meisenhelder did on
Wednesday evening. The colored host-
ler was in the act of placing a bridle on
the horse, when the animal got away
from him and dashed up the steps lead-
ing to the hay mow above. Some of the
steps were damaged, but the horse was
not hurt. The puzzling part of the situa-
tion, was how to get the horse down
again. A number of men were summon-
ed, and with ropes and pulleys, the ani-
mal was left down from the hay loft to
the stable.

Outlook for a Big Meeting.

The 30th annual convention of the
Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian As-
sociation will meet in York Thursday,
Feb. 17, and close Sunday, Feb. 20.

The day sessions of the convention
will be held in Zion's Reformed Church
and the evening sessions in Christ Evan-
gelical Lutheran Chapel.

Over five hundred delegates are expect-
ed from the various sections of the State,
these will be entertained by the congre-
gations of the different churches.

Injured His Hand.

Frank Colgan, of Irishtown, an em-
ployee of the Hanover Foundry and Ma-
chine Company, had the misfortune of
mashing the little finger and badly bruising
two other fingers of his left hand, by
having a heavy piece of iron fall on his
hand at the foundry, on Saturday.

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had the ore analyzed which has been
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York County. Last week twenty teams
were hauling pipe from railroad stations
to points along the old line which cross-
es the Susquehanna 1½ miles from New
Holland. This line starts from a point
near New Holland and runs through Star-
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catechetical class Saturday at 2 p. m.
Rev. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.
Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

For many years science has studied
liquors. Result, the whole world uses
whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant
and does not injure nerves and tissues
like coco wines and other drugged com-
pounds. And HARPER Whiskey is the
ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman,
New Oxford, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat.....	\$0.92
No. 2 ".....	87
Ranked ".....	45
Rye.....	43 1/2
Corn.....	25 1/2
Oats.....	18 1/2
Clover seed, per lb.....	5 1/2
Timothy seed.....	1.00 1/2
Timothy hay.....	5.50 1/2
Rye straw.....	5.00 1/2

MARRIED.

Jan. 8, at residence of minister, by Rev.
J. A. Harlacher, Mr. Solomon E. Weaver,
of Reading township, to Miss Ada C.
Trostle, of Latimore township.

Feb. 2, at Littlestown, by Rev. Geo. P.
Stem, Mr. Milton Kindig, to Miss Minnie
Robert, both of Littlestown.

Feb. 1, at this place, by Rev. G. J.
M. Ketner, Mr. Joseph H. Weaver, of
Straban township, to Miss Katie Miller,
of Oxford township.

Jan. 30, in Gettysburg, by Rev. Father
H. I. Christ, Mr. C. Emory Stouinour, of
Gettysburg, to Miss Carrie V. Hoffman,
of Fairfield.

Feb. 1, at Bonneauville, by Rev. Father
W. E. Martin, Mr. John Redding, of
Straban township, to Miss Susan Red-
ding, of Cumberland township.

Feb. 3, at York Springs, by Rev. J. W.
Reese, Mr. David M. Dettler, to Miss
Georgie Annie Trimmer, both of East
Berlin.

Feb. 1, at York Springs, by Rev. L. M.
Gardner, Mr. Amos Gochenour, of Heli-
bersburg, to Miss Ida Reigle, of York
Springs.

Feb. 3, at the Mountjoy parsonage, by
Rev. W. G. Minnick, Mr. Henry D.
Spangler, of Mountjoy township, to Miss
R. Catharine Currens, of Cumberland
township.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, voices, &c., 5 cents a line.

Feb. 7, in Straban township, Henry
Bueher, aged 69 years, 8 months and 23
days.

Feb. 7, in Cumberland township, Mrs.
Annie, wife of George Bushman, aged
about 87 years.

Jan. 31, near Harney, Md., infant son
of Thomas and Frances Champion, aged
2 weeks.

Feb. 6, in Gettysburg, Daniel Culp,
aged 88 years, 9 months and 17 days.

Feb. 3, at Carlisle, Mrs. Louisa G., wife
of Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg, aged
36 years.

Feb. 2, Mrs. Eva, wife of W. Peter
McCavit, of Gettysburg, aged 36 years.

Feb. 3, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Joseph Top-
per, aged 55 years, 7 months and 25 days.

HAMILTON'S SPACE.

We have purchased the Jewelry De-
partment from Mr. Dicks, and are get-
ting in an invoice of New Goods, to com-
plete the stock. Every thing is marked
down to meet the hard times. We now
think we have as nice a line of Jewelry
as can be found anywhere, and persons
wishing to purchase any thing in this
line will do themselves an injustice by
purchasing before they have called and
examined our complete stock. We have
bought them right and will sell low.
Repairing of all kinds promptly at-
tended to.

W. D. HAMILTON, M. D.

Druggist.

New Oxford, Pa.

DISOLUTION NOTICE.

The copartnership heretofore exist-
ing between the undersigned, under the firm
name of Gilbert & Himes has been this
day dissolved by mutual consent. The
business will be continued by J. M. C.
Gilbert and William Gilbert under the
title of Gilbert & Son. All persons in-
debted to Gilbert & Himes will make pay-
ment to the undersigned residing in New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

J. M. C. GILBERT
A. W. HIMES.
New Oxford, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1898.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF THOMAS D. SMITH, Deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of
Thomas D. Smith, late of the Borough of New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been gra-
nted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice
to all persons indebted to said estate to make
immediate payment, and those having claims
against the same to present them properly au-
thenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing in New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

GEORGE W. SMITH
Administrator.

Colorado as passed California and taken first rank as a gold bearing state.

The halo of monarchy still shines. A drawing room of Louis XV, consisting of a sofa, six armchairs and some old Beauvais tapestry, has just been sold in Paris to a dealer from dingy London for \$70,000.

England's food bill payable to foreign countries is \$10,000,000 monthly. In other words, for nine months ending September 30, total imports of all articles of food and drink into the United Kingdom represented a value of \$88,000,000.

The inhabitants of Boise City, Idaho, are now supplied with hot water by nature. The water is led from wells to the city by mains, to which service pipes are connected, leading the water into the building, where it is made to pass through the coils, similar to steam heaters. Rates are charged on the basis of the size of waste, and are but very little higher than coal. Nearly all large buildings and many dwellings use it exclusively for heating. The water is highly mineralized, and unfit for table purposes, though excellent for bathing.

John Fox, Jr., writes in sorrowful protest to Harper's Weekly about the advertisement of his story, The Kentuckians, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for November. The advertisement says of Mr. Fox, "No one else has told so graphically the story of the family feuds that were formerly so common in the Blue-Grass regions," but Mr. Fox declares that one of his chief purposes in writing Kentucky stories has been "to relieve the Blue-Glass region of a prevalent slander that the feuds of the mountains are common to it." "There are no feuds in the Blue-Glass," he writes; "there never have been." "It is quite true," adds the Weekly, "that in The Kentuckians he has emphasized and made very clear and comprehensible that the Kentuckians of the mountains, where the feuds have flourished, though of kindred stock with Blue-Glass people, developed very differently, and, after three or four generations of rude and isolated life, were primitive and almost semi-barbarous people, whereas the Blue-Glass folk are at least as far along in civilization as their neighbors of the North and East."

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THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy forward march!
Though the rugged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has loneliness grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink:
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us.

A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger man keeps the pace.
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

By the Doctor's Order.

"Hop-picking," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who disported themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house if you will honor us by becoming our guest tonight."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

"The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take them, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Durable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great

cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Iced tea and cold chicken were on the table; forced hothouse peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate entrees, breaded and fried in egg; were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his cup of iced tea. Evidently this was entirely a new view of the matter.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"Yes, but a poor girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale, fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And I—love her."

The old squire shook his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as the flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight pure features and soft dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel," he cried, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hothouse grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile. "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve in the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me the other day that you liked flowers."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, you are surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling," he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel?"

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's order, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clanciff hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But hop-picking has done me a great deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because—"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hoppers.—London Hearthstone.

The winter of Sitka is milder than that of many European capitals.

CRUELTY TO TURTLES.

HOW TORTOISE SHELL IS OBTAINED OFF THE MOSQUITO COAST.

Flies Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House He Lives in—Many Turtles Do Not Survive Their Treatment.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use, constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands, about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. El Roncador is nothing more nor less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow; and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass, which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is, perhaps, the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk's bill. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about seventy. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep, and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach, they rush forth and turn them over on their back with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are thirteen in number, eight of them being flat and the other five somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as twelve inches long and seven inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs; then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth.

The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of thirteen segments, it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is about all a man of northern breeding wants of it; and if the helpless reptile had the power of voicing their sufferings under it, their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in.—New York Post.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

The wind is fair,
The leaves are men—
They are blown along for a little space,
And then
A few emerge and tumble ahead,
Over and over and over again,
In a maddening race,
And here and there
One lodges and clings in a lonesome place,
Until, at last, but a single leaf
Whirls onward into the far Somewhere.

And the many leaf-men that are left behind
Gather in clusters here and there,
And are whirled about by the wilful wind,
And, at last, when the great white quilt is spread,
And all is over and done
Then silently lie and slowly rot,
Each on the barren little spot
Where its troubles were begun.

—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

Every man who has been engaged before, tells his fiancée how glad he is he discovered his mistake in time.

"You are not friendly with Mrs. FitzDucats?" "No. I hate the sight of her. She rented the pew we wanted in church."

Dental Student—Sweetheart, before I start back to college won't you let me pull one of your molars, just to remember you by?

"Harry, is Mrs. Beverly's drawing-room furnished artistically?" "Yes, indeed; a sash and a lace collar on every chair in the room."

Miss Gotrox—Jack is up to date. Her Friend—What do you mean? Miss Gotrox—Last night he asked me to be his Klondike.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—That's nothing. We've got a new papa at ours.

Wealthy Girl—Colonel de Biff acts so like proposing when we are alone, I verily believe he is in love. Other Girl—Perhaps he is in debt.

Don't be mean enough to think when your wife becomes unusually affectionate that it's a new dress she wants. It may be only a hat.

"What is your idea of a strong-minded woman?" "Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without saying, 'Oh!—how cute!'"

"Why is it that Chumpley always buys another new gun at the opening of the game season?" "Because the one he had the year before never killed anything."

Mr. Absentmind—It is pretty cold in here. Barber—Yes, sir; it is chilly this morning. Mr. Absentmind—If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Jack—What is the trouble between Josie and Claude? I hear the engagement is broken. Penelope—Yes, Claude called when she was expecting Clarence, and she had on the wrong engagement ring.

He—What a homely girl that is, over in the corner. She—That is my sister. He—Is it possible! Still, I'm not surprised. You must have been granted a monopoly of the beauty that was set apart for your family.

Collins, the Crook—Here's an account of a feller wot took eighty ounces of gold out'n one pocket, in Alaska. Petey, the Pickpocket—I shu'd tink de feller he touched would've missed all dat weight out of his clothes.

Wayworn Watson—I feel sorry for them rich men's sons that has exhausted everything in life, don't you? Perry Pattetic—You bet I do. W'y, just think of you and me. When everything else has been tried we can go and take a bath.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have made a discovery." "I hope it isn't anything about athletics," replied her husband, apprehensively. "It is, though. I now know why nature does not put any hair on the heads of young children. It is to keep them from becoming football players too early in life."

An Innovation in Wild Fowling.

An innovation on the grass mats used as a blind for wild fowling has been introduced by a New Yorker at a point in Georgia where snipe and waders are plenty and the beach is hard and smooth. This is a grass blind built around a rubber-tired tricycle in which he sits and quietly pedals from point to point where he has placed stakes, calling as he goes. If birds alight or are seen at a distance, he very slowly drifts down to them, and in this way is reported to be making excellent bags.—New York Sun.

Right vs. Nerve.

"Do you think a man has a right to open his wife's letters?"

"Well, he may have the right; but I don't see how he could have the courage."—Chicago Record.

Colorado as passed California and taken first rank as a gold bearing state.

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When it's stubborn and sturdy forward
March!

Though the rugged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shrink,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

By the Doctor's Order.

"Hop-picking," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hopfields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who disported themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house if you will honor us by becoming our guest tonight."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

"The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take them, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop-pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great,

cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Iced tea and cold chicken were on the table; forced hothouse peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg; were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his cup of iced tea. Evidently this was entirely a new view of the matter.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"Yes, but a poor girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale, fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And I—love her."

The old squire shook his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as the flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight pure features and soft dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel," he cried, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hothouse grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile.

"But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve in the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me the other day that you liked flowers."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, you are surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and —"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling," he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel!"

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's order, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clenduff hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But hop-picking has done me a great deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because —"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hoppers. —London Hearthstone.

The winter of Sitka is milder than that of many European capitals.

CRUELTY TO TURTLES.

HOW TORTOISE SHELL IS OBTAINED OFF THE MOSQUITO COAST.

Fires Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House. He Lives In—Many Turtles Do Not Survive Their Treatment.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use, constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands, about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay got its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. El Roncador is nothing more nor less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow; and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass, which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is, perhaps, the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk's bill. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about seventy. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep, and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach, they rush forth and turn them over on their back with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are thirteen in number, eight of them being flat and the other five somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as twelve inches long and seven inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs; then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth. The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of thirteen segments, it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is about all a man of northern breeding wants of it; and if the helpless reptiles had the power of voicing their sufferings under it, their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in. —New York Post.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

The wind is fate,
The leaves are men—
They are blown along for a little space,
And then
A few emerge and tumble ahead,
Over and over and over again,
In a maddening race,
And here and there
One lodges and clings in a lonesome place,
Until, at last, but a single leaf
Whirls onward into the far Somewhere.

And the many leaf-men that are left behind
Gather in clusters here and there,
And are whirled about by the wilful wind,
And, at last, when the great white quilt is spread,
And all is over and done
Then silently lie and slowly rot,
Each on the barren little spot
Where its troubles were begun.

—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

Every man who has been engaged before, tells his fiancée how glad he is he discovered his mistake in time.

"You are not friendly with Mrs. FitzDucaats?" "No. I hate the sight of her. She rented the pew we wanted in church."

Dental Student—Sweetheart, before I start back to college won't you let me pull one of your molars, just to remember you by?

"Harry, is Mrs. Beverly's drawing-room furnished artistically?" "Yes, indeed; a sash and a lace collar on every chair in the room."

Miss Grotrox—Jack is up to date. Her Friend—What do you mean? Miss Grotrox—Last night he asked me to be his Klondike.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—That's nothing. We've got a new papa at ours.

Wealthy Girl—Colonel de Biff acts so like proposing when we are alone, I verily believe he is in love. Other Girl—Perhaps he is in debt.

Don't be mean enough to think when your wife becomes unusually affectionate that it's a new dress she wants. It may be only a hat.

"What is your idea of a strong-minded woman?" "Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without saying, 'Oh!—how cute!'"

"Why is it that Chumpley always buys another new gun at the opening of the game season?" "Because the one he had the year before never killed anything."

Mr. Absentminded—It is pretty cold in here. Barber—Yes, sir; it is chilly this morning. Mr. Absentminded—If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.

The Calman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Jack—What is the trouble between Josie and Claude? I hear the engagement is broken. Penelope—Yes, Claude called when she was expecting Clarence, and she had on the wrong engagement ring.

He—What a homely girl that is, over in the corner. She—That is my sister. He—Is it possible! Still, I'm not surprised. You must have been granted a monopoly of the beauty that was set apart for your family.

Collins, the Crook—Here's an account 'f a feller wot took eighty ounces of gold 'out'n one pocket, in Alaska. Petey, the Pickpocket—I sh'n'd t'ink de feller he touched would've missed all dat weight out 'f his clothes.

Wayworn Watson—I feel sorry for them rich men's sons that has exhausted everything in life, don't you? Perry Pattetic—You bet I do. Why, just think of you and me. When everything else has been tried we can go and take a bath.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have made a discovery." "I hope it isn't anything about athletics," replied her husband, apprehensively. "It is, though. I now know why nature does not put any hair on the heads of young children. It is to keep them from becoming football players too early in life."

An Innovation in Wild Fowling.

An innovation on the grass mats used as a blind for wild fowling has been introduced by a New Yorker at a point in Georgia where snipe and waders are plenty and the beach is hard and smooth. This is a grass blind built around a rubber-tired bicycle in which he sits and quietly pedals from point to point where he has placed stakes, calling as he goes. If birds alight or are seen at a distance, he very slowly drifts down to them, and in this way is reported to be making excellent bags. —New York Sun.

Right vs. Nerve.

"Do you think a man has a right to open his wife's letters?"

"Well, he may have the right; but I don't see how he could have the courage." —Chicago Record.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To Clean Ivory.

Make a paste of sal volatile, prepared chalk and machine oil. Apply to the ivory; when dry add a second coat and allow to remain on overnight. Rub off and polish with a dry cloth.

To Keep Blankets Fresh.

Blankets cannot be too frequently or thoroughly exposed to the fresh air. Even those made of the finest wools, if constantly used without careful airing, will cease to afford that delicious warmth and to be the luxurious covering that they are when new. When washed they should be dried as soon as possible, and the nap raised by going over them with a fine and short-toothed wool card.

Eggs May Be Kept Fresh for 3 Months.

"It is impossible in some sections of the country to get perfectly fresh eggs during the winter season," says Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To guard against this in summer time, when they are cheap, pack them in lime water, and they will keep in good condition for three months. Pour one gallon of boiling water over a pound of lime; when settled and cold pour it carefully over the eggs which you have packed, small ends down, in a stone jar, and stand in a cool, dark place. Eggs may also be packed in salt; anything that will close the pores of the shell and prevent evaporation will preserve eggs."

Household Accounts.

Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not of necessity, still of the greatest wisdom. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs the satisfaction of knowing at the end of each year how the family funds have gone is the amplest compensation. One especial satisfaction gained from the keeping of household accounts is the ability when, or if, necessity arises, to reduce expenditures on the outlay for luxuries and unnecessary. The money spent for food, for medicines or for fuel is capable of far less reduction than that for amusements, for wages or for clothing, and a system of accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

Homemade Candies.

Homemade candies are much nicer and cheaper than those bought at the confectioner's. Following are some recipes that I know to be excellent. Says "Aunt Harriet" in the American Agriculturist:

Hobart Candy—Into the whites of two eggs stir as much confectioner's 4 x sugar as will make a soft dough. Mix into this chopped walnuts, almonds or filberts; press out flat on a molding board and cut in squares. Use any flavoring desired.

McKinley Candy—One cup sugar, one-third cup water, one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar, butter the size of an egg; boil fifteen minutes. Do not stir till taken from the fire, then add one cup chopped walnuts and flavor to suit taste.

Taffy—Three cups sugar, one cup vinegar, butter size of a walnut, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Cook till it begins to harden when dropped in cold water. Do not stir. When done pour out into shallow buttered pans. This makes quite a large quantity. The recipe can be changed so as to make less.

Brownies—Three cups white sugar, one-half cup water, cook rapidly for twenty minutes, turn out on a buttered platter and with a spoon stir till cool. Butter the fingers and form into balls. Stick upon a large pin and dip into chocolate which has been set over a steamer till melted. Then lay upon a buttered plate to dry.

Chocolate Candy—Three cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one-half cup butter, one-half cup grated chocolate, two teaspoonfuls of flour. Boil the molasses, butter, flour and sugar for fifteen minutes. Stir the chocolate into the milk and pour into the boiling syrup. Boil all together till done. Add one teaspoonful vanilla just before it is poured out. Cool in buttered pans.

No Sunday in the Klondike.

A young man named Heater, who left his father's farm in Braxton county, W. Va., about a year ago for the purpose of working in a sawmill in Alaska, has written home that he has struck it rich in the Klondike, and as a proof of his statements he remitted \$2000 in cash to his sisters to send them to school. He says that in one evening's tramp over his property he picked up \$400 in gold nuggets. He says there is no Sabbath day in the Klondike, though the workmen rest one day out of every seven.

Molecules in Gas.

It has been calculated that the number of moles in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of 70 miles a minute.

Austria has about half as many inhabitants as Germany.

LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Gambling and Shopping With Dust-Riches on Sulphur Creek.

The following letter has been received at Seattle, Wash., by C. W. Chamberlin of C. W. Chamberlin & Co. from Joseph Green, Colonel of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Washington, and an influential business man, who left Seattle in July last for the Klondike by way of Dyea and the Chilkoot Pass.

"I arrived here on August 23 in good shape, without any serious accident, though I had quite an experience. I ran my boat through the canon and portaged the White Horse Rapids, as my boat was not long enough to run through without great risk of getting everything wet. Nearly all who came up with me on the steamer Alki are now here, or will be in a few days. This is my first chance to send out a letter.

"This is a lively camp, and all who desire to do well are making money. Wages are \$10 a day for common labor, \$15 for mechanics, and \$15 at the mines; but grub is very high here now. Almost everybody carries a sack of gold dust, and passes it over to the clerk or dealer to take out the amount of purchase. Every kind of gambling game is running wide open. A man sits down to any kind of a game he desires, passes his sack to the dealer, and names the number of chips he desires and plays away. Games run pretty high, too—up into the three figures. Every one seems to have plenty of dust. Everybody looks alike so far as clothing is concerned. The richest mine owners will compare favorably, in wearing apparel, to the common tramps of Seattle.

"I haven't been idle since I arrived here, I can assure you. I have staked out a town lot in the resident portion of this fair city, 50x60 feet in size. On the second day after my arrival I went out on a stampede and staked out a claim on Sulphur Creek. This creek is forty-five miles from Dawson. It was only recently discovered. Every claim on it has been located. Only two claims have been worked any yet, but they are proving quite good. I saw two men with a rocker at work on one of them, and they took out \$125 in three hours. On the other claim, held by Whittemore, who used to be employed in the King County court house at Seattle, and three other men, they took out with sluice boxes in two weeks \$3000 and found one nugget, which I saw, which weighed \$9.15. The claim I staked is only a short distance down the creek from this one. I am certain that it will prove good. If my grub arrives soon I will put in nine months this winter working it. I will put in some work anyway on what grub I can buy in case the steamer don't arrive.

"Winter is now near and log houses are building all around my tent. I have the material all out for our cabin, and when my partner arrives from a creek to which he has gone, near Sulphur we will rush it up in a hurry.

"While out locating my claim we camped one night about thirty miles from here. When I awoke in the morning I found that my shoes were frozen stiff. Had I not had on very heavy socks I should have been in a pretty fix.

A Peculiar Tribe in the Land of Fire.

Quite distinct and peculiar is the Ona tribe, which inhabits the prairie region of Tierra del Fuego. The great island has the shape of a triangle, and is almost as large as the state of New York. Once upon a time it must have had a tropical climate, inasmuch as the bones of monkeys and parrots are found fossil there in great numbers. There is much excellent grazing land, and sheep-raising is a growing industry, the Onas being killed off as fast as possible incidentally to the process of fencing the land. Their children and women are captured, when possible, and practically enslaved, being employed as servants at the stations maintained by the Argentine government on the island, or else carried to Buenos Ayres. The Onas inhabit the part of Tierra del Fuego which Magellan first saw, and their habit of signaling to one another by means of fires caused the famous navigator to call the country "Land of Fire."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Take Her Back.

A Sheffield merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom it proved that she could not get on very well was much surprised some weeks ago to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings. The old man listened very attentively to her story and then went to his desk and wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would receive her kindly after this. The pair on reading the letter found in it the following notice:

DEAR SIR—Goods that have been selected of one's own free will at my establishment are not taken back again.

The young couple laughed heartily and were reconciled. —Pearson's Weekly.

The old hall in Lincolnshire, England, the "Locksley Hall" of Tennyson's poem, offered for sale with thirty-four acres of grass arable land, was withdrawn from sale at \$5300.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mild climate of the southern portion of Alaska is due to the Japanese current.

After several years of trial, pulleys covered with papier-mache are gaining in favor among British machinists. The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the murre. By experiment the darker colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo little change.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the age of the earth, since it cooled sufficiently to support life, is about 20,000,000 years within limits of error, perhaps ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. Eminent geologists, in discussing these figures recently, say that they think the true age is nearer 60,000,000 or 100,000,000 years.

The longevity of astronomers has often been noted. A French compiler finds that Fontenelle lived to 100, Carleone Herschel to 98, Cassini to 97, Sir Edward Sabine to 94, Moirant to 93, Santini and Sharpe to 91, Yates, Airy, Humboldt, Robinson and Long reached 90. The long list of those who lived 80 includes Halley, Newton, Herschel, Kant and Roger Bacon.

A Massachusetts man has patented an X-ray machine for examining jewels consisting of means of producing the rays, a support for the jewel opaque to light, but transparent to the Roentgen rays, a screen for converting the rays into light after the passage through the jewel, a mirror for reflecting the rays and eyepieces for examining the reflected image.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being hung on one end of a rope with a hollow air chamber and a number of weights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A singular effect of a bee sting is told by an English astronomer. The sting was not painful, but in about fifteen minutes the face of the victim, a lady, became violently flushed, and blains or white blisters appeared all over the body, arms and legs, and then, more seriously still, she developed a sharp attack of asthma. This yielded to some remedies, and the blisters turned from white to red, disappearing in a few hours.

More than half the streets of Berlin already are lighted with the best kind of gas glowlight—perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flame. Aug. 1 11,483 out of the 22,006 street lanterns were fitted up with the new light, and the remaining 10,523 lanterns are to follow during the next six months. This new light effects a large saving to the city. In future but 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas will be needed, against 17,000,000 before. A saving of a big sum per annum, with fivefold the illuminating power.

Various Kinds of Drug Habits.

Since many kinds of medicine began to be put into tablet form it is much easier to fall into the habit of giving yourself continuous treatment. The soda mint habit is the most common of all. You will find men nowadays who buy their tablets in quantities, and crave them as the cigarette smoker craves a smoke. The strong peppermint tablet is also in great demand. Then there are cloves and sharp stinging "breath sweeteners"—all intended to calm a disordered stomach or have a biting and warming effect.

A druggist told of one customer who maintained that he would die of dyspepsia were it not for the constant use of peppermint chewing gum. Others will have nothing but the spruce gum and the old-fashioned "rubber" gum.

Men and women who would not take an alcoholic stimulant under any circumstances keep their small pockets stuffed with roots and herbs. The calamus root or the "sweet flag" is the favorite nibble with the herb victims, although the lovage root is more stimulating.

There is a gentian habit and a ginseng habit. It often happens that some astringent root or herb is used as a substitute for tobacco, with the result that the tobacco habit is cured but is succeeded by a craving for the cure.

Kolafr tablets and other preparations containing the kola nut have lately come into use. The kola nut is a stimulant and tonic, and as it is more powerful than most of the dried roots and herbs, it is sure to be popular among the "fiends."—Chicago Record.

Her Specialty.

"She has a wonderfully forgiving nature," said one young woman. "I offended her, unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is a specialty of hers."

"What?"

"Overlooking the past. She says that she is only twenty-eight years of age."—Washington Star.

THE BROKEN PANE.

Johnnie Squared His Debt After Many Years.

Forty years ago a certain Cleveland family lived on Huron street, close to the corner of Miami street. Huron street was a leading thoroughfare then, and a number of prominent Clevelanders resided in the neighborhood. The lady of the house was a young bride; and she and her husband had arrived in Cleveland quite recently. In Miami street lived a family in very moderate circumstances, and among the numerous children that filled the tiny house was a boy called Johnnie. He was a bright, manly little fellow of perhaps eight years, and the Huron street bride took quite a fancy to him. He would come to her home every day and do her simple errands, and she always had something nice to give him. One day he was playing in front of the bride's home with some other boys, when he chanced to throw a stone that missed its mark and crashed through a parlor window. The bride happened to see the accident, and as the little fellow looked up and saw her, an agonized expression clouded his face, and he turned and took to his heels. He never came again to the Huron street house. Look as she might, the bride caught sight of him no more. A few weeks later Johnnie's family left the city, and Johnnie was soon only a faint memory.

The bride is now a grandmother, and lives in a handsome house in the suburbs. One day not long ago the maid brought her a caller's card. It bore the name of "John Robinson." She looked at it with a puzzled air. She had no acquaintance of that name.

But she went downstairs and confronted a fine looking, portly gentleman, well dressed, and bearing an unmistakable air of prosperity.

"You wished to see me?" inquired the lady as she looked again at the card.

"Yes, madam," he answered, "on a slight matter of business."

She looked up at him quickly and drew back a little.

"No," he smilingly observed, "I am not an agent. The fact is, madam, I have called to pay a debt that has been accumulating interest all these years, and which I have neglected to pay before because I have never since been in the neighborhood."

"A debt?" echoed the lady. "There must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, madam," said the stranger cheerily, and he reached his hand in his pocket. There was a gold coin in it as he drew it forth. "There, madam," he said, "I want to pay you for the window I broke in your house in Huron street one July day in 1857."

Then it all came back to her.

"And you—you are Johnnie?" she cried.

"Yes, madam," he answered, "I'm Johnnie." And their hands met in a tight clasp.

"And you remembered that little accident all these years?" she said. "Why, I had forgotten it long ago."

"Perhaps I had better cause to remember it," he smilingly said. "It was a dreadful affair for me. I saw the jail door opening; I heard the clank of chains. Then I somehow felt sure that you would come and tell my father, and he was not a gentle man, as you may remember. But as hour followed hour, and you did not come, I began to breathe a little again, and, oh, you cannot tell how grateful I was to you. I did not dare to go and see you, for fear of possible consequences, but when we went away I made up my mind that some day I would pay every penny it cost to mend that broken pane. And here I am."

The woman looked at him with glistering eyes. Somehow she seemed to see again the tireless manly little boy of that long-ago time.

"And you have prospered?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, smilingly. "I'm reckoned as one of the solid men of California. I live just outside of San Francisco, have what I am told is a charming home, a beautiful wife and two fine boys in the university. And when I have this little debt paid I shall possess a thoroughly clear conscience as well."

"Put away your money, John," said the woman. "It's worth a hundred times that to see you so well and happy."

"I found out about you before I came out here," said John. "I inquired with some fear and trembling—forty years bring many changes, you know. But I went direct to the fountain-head for information. I hunted up your husband at his office—I had a letter of introduction from the president of our road—and we were soon good friends. Bless you, he had never heard of Johnnie Robinson, but that didn't make any difference. In fact, he asked me to stay to dinner and promised to be home early."

When John Robinson left the house the next morning—his stay in the city was shortened by pressing business—he left behind him on the parlor mantel a box containing a dainty ornament of gold and jewels and this card:

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Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. (April 98)

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 Canal street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST.
Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.

Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. (June 98)

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. 19008

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveying, liens and collections.

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HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.
FRANK FLESHMAN, :: PROPRIETOR.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,
One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r.
New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, YORK, PA.
Adjoining the Court House.
John S. Baughman, Proprietor.

The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

GETTYSBURG, PA. . . .

CITY HOTEL.
Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35, including dinner.
J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor.

Globe Hotel,
ELIAS FISSEL, Prop'r.

York St., First Square,
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LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

GO TO----
Ceo. A. Klingel's Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Concocted at the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
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At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 6 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To Clean Ivory.

Maken a paste of sal volatile, prepared chalk and machine oil. Apply to the ivory; when dry add a second coat and allow to remain on overnight. Rub off and polish with a dry cloth.

To Keep Blankets Fresh.

Blankets cannot be too frequently or thoroughly exposed to the fresh air. Even those made of the finest wools, if constantly used without careful airing, will cease to afford that delicious warmth and to be the luxurious covering that they are when new. When washed they should be dried as soon as possible, and the nap raised by going over them with a fine and short-toothed wool card.

Eggs May Be Kept Fresh for 3 Months.

"It is impossible in some sections of the country to get perfectly fresh eggs during the winter season," says Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To guard against this in summer time, when they are cheap, pack them in lime water, and they will keep in good condition for three months. Pour one gallon of boiling water over a pound of lime; when settled and cold pour it carefully over the eggs which you have packed, small ends down, in a stone jar, and stand in a cool, dark place. Eggs may also be packed in salt; anything that will close the pores of the shell and prevent evaporation will preserve eggs."

Household Accounts.

Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not of necessity, still of the greatest wisdom. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs the satisfaction of knowing at the end of each year how the family funds have gone is the amplest compensation. One especial satisfaction gained from the keeping of household accounts is the ability when, or if, necessity arises, to reduce expenditures on the outlay for luxuries and unnecessary. The money spent for food, for medicines or for fuel is capable of far less reduction than that for amusements, for wages or for clothing, and a system of accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

Homemade Candies.

Homemade candies are much nicer and cheaper than those bought at the confectioner's. Following are some recipes that I know to be excellent, says "Aunt Harriet" in the American Agriculturist:

Hobart Candy—Into the whites of two eggs stir as much confectioner's sugar as will make a soft dough. Mix into this chopped walnuts, almonds or filberts; press out flat on a molding board and cut in squares. Use any flavoring desired.

McKinley Candy—One cup sugar, one-third cup water, one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar, butter the size of an egg; boil fifteen minutes. Do not stir till taken from the fire, then add one cup chopped walnuts and flavor to suit taste.

Taffy—Three cups sugar, one cup vinegar, butter size of a walnut, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Cook till it begins to harden when dropped in cold water. Do not stir. When done pour out into shallow buttered pans. This makes quite a large quantity. The recipe can be changed so as to make less.

Brownies—Three cups white sugar, one-half cup water, cook rapidly for twenty minutes, turn out on a buttered platter and with a spoon stir till cool. Butter the fingers and form into balls. Stick upon a large pin and dip into chocolate which has been set over a steamer till melted. Then lay upon a buttered plate to dry.

Chocolate Candy—Three cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one-half cup butter, one-half cup grated chocolate, two teaspoonfuls of flour. Boil the molasses, butter, flour and sugar for fifteen minutes. Stir the chocolate into the milk and pour into the boiling syrup. Boil all together till done. Add one teaspoonful vanilla just before it is poured out. Cool in buttered pans.

No Sunday in the Klondike.

A young man named Heater, who left his father's farm in Braxton county, W. Va., about a year ago for the purpose of working in a sawmill in Alaska, has written home that he has struck it rich in the Klondike, and as a proof of his statements he remitted \$2000 in cash to his sisters to send them to school. He says that in one evening's tramp over his property he picked up \$400 in gold nuggets. He says there is no Sabbath day in the Klondike, though the workmen rest one day out of every seven.

Molecules in Gas.

It has been calculated that the number of moles in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of 70 miles a minute.

Austria has about half as many inhabitants as Germany.

LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Gambling and Shopping With Dust—Riches on Sulphur Creek.

The following letter has been received at Seattle, Wash., by C. W. Chamberlin of C. W. Chamberlin & Co. from Joseph Green, Colonel of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Washington, and an influential business man, who left Seattle in July last for the Klondike by way of Dyes and the Chilkoot Pass.

"I arrived here on August 23 in good shape, without any serious accident, though I had quite an experience. I ran my boat through the canon and portaged the White Horse Rapids, as my boat was not long enough to run through without great risk of getting everything wet. Nearly all who came up with me on the steamer Alki are now here, or will be in a few days. This is my first chance to send out a letter.

"This is a lively camp, and all who desire to do well are making money. Wages are \$10 a day for common labor, \$15 for mechanics, and \$15 at the mines; but grub is very high here now. Almost everybody carries a sack of gold dust, and passes it over to the clerk or dealer to take out the amount of purchase. Every kind of gambling game is running wide open. A man sits down to any kind of a game he desires, passes his sack to the dealer, and names the number of chips he desires and plays away. Games run pretty high, too—up into the three figures. Every one seems to have plenty of dust. Everybody looks alike so far as clothing is concerned. The richest mine owners will compare favorably in wearing apparel, to the common tramps of Seattle.

"I haven't been idle since I arrived here, I can assure you. I have staked out a town lot in the resident portion of this fair city, 50x60 feet in size. On the second day after my arrival I went out on a stampede and staked out a claim on Sulphur Creek. This creek is forty-five miles from Dawson. It was only recently discovered. Every claim on it has been located. Only two claims have been worked any yet, but they are proving quite good. I saw two men with a rocker at work on one of them, and they took out \$125 in three hours. On the other claim, held by Whittemore, who used to be employed in the King County court house at Seattle, and three other men, they took out with sluice boxes in two weeks \$3000 and found one nugget, which I saw, which weighed \$9.15. The claim I staked is only a short distance down the creek from this one. I am certain that it will prove good. If my grub arrives soon I will put in nine months this winter working it. I will put in some work anyway on what grub I can buy in case the steamer don't arrive.

"Winter is now near and log houses are building all around my tent. I have the material all out for our cabin, and when my partner arrives from a creek to which he has gone, near Sulphur we will rush it up in a hurry.

"While out locating my claim we camped one night about thirty miles from here. When I awoke in the morning I found that my shoes were frozen stiff. Had I not had on very heavy socks I should have been in a pretty fix.

A Peculiar Tribe in the Land of Fire.

Quite distinct and peculiar is the Ona tribe, which inhabits the prairie region of Tierra del Fuego. The great island has the shape of a triangle, and is almost as large as the state of New York. Once upon a time it must have had a tropical climate, inasmuch as the bones of monkeys and parrots are found fossil there in great numbers. There is much excellent grazing land, and sheep-raising is a growing industry, the Onas being killed off as fast as possible incidentally to the process of fencing the land. Their children and women are captured, when possible, and practically enslaved, being employed as servants at the stations maintained by the Argentine government on the island, or else carried to Buenos Ayres. The Onas inhabit the part of Tierra del Fuego which Magellan first saw, and their habit of signaling to one another by means of fires caused the famous navigator to call the country "Land of Fire."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Take Her Back.

A Sheffield merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom it proved that she could not get on very well was much surprised some weeks ago to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings. The old man listened very attentively to her story and then went to his desk and wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would receive her kindly after this. The pair on reading the letter found in it the following notice:

DEAR SIR—Goods that have been selected of one's own free will at my establishment are not taken back again.

The young couple laughed heartily and were reconciled. —Pearson's Weekly.

The old hall in Lincolnshire, England, the "Locksley Hall" of Tennyson's poem, offered for sale with thirty-four acres of grass arable land, was withdrawn from sale at \$5300.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mild climate of the southern portion of Alaska is due to the Japanese current.

After several years of trial, pulleys covered with papier-mache are gaining in favor among British machinists.

The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the murre. By experiment the darker colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo little change.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the age of the earth, since it cooled sufficiently to support life, is about 20,000,000 years within limits of error, perhaps ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. Eminent geologists, in discussing these figures recently, say that they think the true age is nearer 60,000,000 or 100,000,000 years.

The longevity of astronomers has often been noted. A French compiler finds that Fontenelle lived to 100, Carle Herschel to 98, Cassini to 97, Sir Edward Sabine to 94, Moirant to 93, Santini and Sharpe to 91, Yates, Airy, Humboldt, Robinson and Long reached 90. The long list of those who lived to 80 includes Halley, Newton, Herschel, Kant and Roger Bacon.

A Massachusetts man has patented an X-ray machine for examining jewels consisting of means of producing the rays, a support for the jewel opaque to light, but transparent to the Roentgen rays, a screen for converting the rays into light after the passage through the jewel, a mirror for reflecting the rays and eyepieces for examining the reflected image.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being hung on one end of a rope with a hollow air chamber and a number of weights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A singular effect of a bee sting is told by an English astronomer. The sting was not painful, but in about fifteen minutes the face of the victim, a lady, became violently flushed, and blains or white blisters appeared all over the body, arms and legs, and then, more seriously still, she developed a sharp attack of asthma. This yielded to some remedies, and the blisters turned from white to red, disappearing in a few hours.

More than half the streets of Berlin already are lighted with the best kind of gas glowlight—perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flame. Aug. 1 11,483 out of the 22,006 street lanterns were fitted up with the new light, and the remaining 10,523 lanterns are to follow during the next six months. This new light effects a large saving to the city. In future but 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas will be needed, against 17,000,000 before, a saving of a big sum per annum, with fivefold the illuminating power.

Various Kinds of Drug Habits.

Since many kinds of medicine began to be put into tablet form it is much easier to fall into the habit of giving yourself continuous treatment. The soda mint habit is the most common of all. You will find men nowadays who buy their tablets in quantities, and crave them as the cigarette smoker craves a smoke. The strong peppermint tablet is also in great demand. Then there are cloves and sharp stinging "breath sweeteners"—all intended to calm a disordered stomach or have a biting and warming effect.

A druggist told of one customer who maintained that he would die of dyspepsia were it not for the constant use of peppermint chewing gum. Others will have nothing but the spruce gum and the old-fashioned "rubber" gum.

Men and women who would not take an alcoholic stimulant under any circumstances keep their small pockets stuffed with roots and herbs. The alumnus root or the "sweet flag" is the favorite nibble with the herb victims, although the lovage root is more stimulating.

There is a gentian habit and a ginseng habit. It often happens that some astringent root or herb is used as a substitute for tobacco, with the result that the tobacco habit is cured but is succeeded by a craving for the cure.

Kolafra tablets and other preparations containing the kola nut have lately come into use. The kola nut is a stimulant and tonic, and as it is more powerful than most of the dried roots and herbs, it is sure to be popular among the "fiends."—Chicago Record.

Her Specialty.

"She has a wonderfully forgiving nature," said one young woman. "I offended her, unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is a specialty of hers."

"What?"

"Overlooking the past. She says that she is only twenty-eight years of age."—Washington Star.

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Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

ROMANCE OF A PRISON.

Matron Secured a Convict's Release and Then Married Him.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 9.—Prescilla L. Corpio, whose late father, Mr. Prescilla Corpio, was a millionaire and ex-postmaster general of Mexico, and Mrs. Mattie U. Peebles, of Dispatch, Kan., a widow, were married in this city yesterday.

In the early 80's Corpio, who went under the name of Camilo Lopez, killed Sam Dodson at Wichita, in self defense, but was convicted and sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. Lopez could not talk English, and did not know how to go about making a defense.

Feeling positive that Lopez was innocent, Mrs. Peebles, then matron of the penitentiary, set about to prove so to the governor. It was three years ago this month that Mrs. Peebles began to interest herself in Lopez's behalf, and on Jan. 19 of this year he was pardoned by Governor Leedy.

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Baltimore, Feb. 8.—Flour quiet and steady. Wheat firm; spot and month, \$1.75@1.85; March, \$1.85@1.95; May, \$1.95@2.05; steamer No. 2 red, \$1.85@1.95; southern, by sample, 9 1/2@10; do. on grade, \$1.15@1.25. Corn firm; spot and month, 33 1/2@35c; March, 33 1/2@35c; steamer mixed, 23 1/2; southern, white, 22@24c; do. yellow, 22@24c. Oats firmer; No. 2 white, 20@22c; No. 2 mixed, 20@22c. Rye firmer; No. 2 nearby, 54c; No. 2 western, 53c. Hay steady; choice timothy, \$13. Grain freights quiet, but easy; steam to Liverpool, per bushel, 3 1/2d; March; Cork, for orders, per quarter, 3s. 3d., February; 3s. 1 1/2d. @ 3s. 4 1/2d., March. Sugar strong and unchanged. Cheese steady and unchanged. Lettuce, \$1.25@1.50 per basket.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by I. R. Wehler.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office west side of Baltimore street, 3rd door from Centre Square.

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We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

COUCHES.

They are handsome! It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

Our SIDEBOARDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. THE PRICES? You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISER, PHIADELPHIA STREET, New Oxford, Pa.

TRY NAYLOR'S

IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to

NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS

and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN,

and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

Clement Lingg, SURVEYOR, NEW OXFORD PENN Charges moderate.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY, C. J. HOFFMAN, Proprietor. HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

Fresh Tread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand. Breads, Cakes, and Gatherings of all kinds, furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

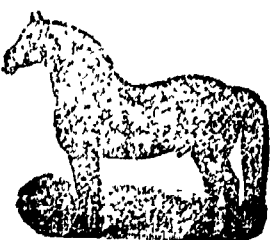
without the knowledge of the patient. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. It is safe, sure and reliable. Ten thousand testimonials, and particulars in plain envelope, for two-cent stamp. STAR CHEMICAL CO., 214 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE ITEM. Only \$1

THIRD SALE OF THE SEASON.

—FINE—

OHIO HORSES.



THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1898,

the subscriber will sell at public sale at his Sale Stables, Abbottstown, Two Car Loads of Fine Ohio Horses and Mares, 5 to 7 years old, well broken, one-half are good leardet, the other half are fine drivers. This lot contains the best horses of the season. 48 hours' trial given and all horses guaranteed as represented. All horses offered will positively be sold without a reserved bid. I will buy at this sale two car loads of fat, smooth and blocky horses. Sale will commence at 13 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

F. K. HAFER.

Business Change.

We have purchased the business of Carver & Little, and have decided to close out much of their stock below cost.

A big lot of OVERCOATS and SUITS will be sold at once at prices much below their real value.

Special low prices on Ticking, Sheeting, Calico, Gingham, and Muslin.

Thanking you kindly for favors to the old firm and soliciting your further patronage, we are

Respectfully, yours,

N. B. CARVER & SONS, No. 8 Baltimore Street, HANOVER PA

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH— P & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. P. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville and Hanover, and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

ALTIMORE & HAGERSTOWN DIVISION

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

DOWN				STATIONS.		UPWARD.				
DO.	RD.	NO.	TIME.			DO.	RD.	NO.	TIME.	
6	15			Le Willms't Ar		8	20			
2	07	7	02	Ar gerstown		12	15		8	00
2	38	7	32	Ar Edg'mont Le		11	45		7	34
1	25	6	00	Le Ship'nsg Ar					8	55
1	50	6	31	Chambersburg Ar		12	36		8	28
2	19	7	07	Ar Edg'mont Le		12	02		7	51
2	38	7	30	Ar Edg'mont Le		11	45		7	35
2	41	7	36	Le Edg'mont Ar		11	42		7	31
2	56	7	50	Ar Highfield Le		11	28		7	19
2	56	7	50	Le Highfield Ar		11	25		7	16
3	24	8	16	Fairfield Ar		10	56		6	4
3	33	8	24	Ortanna Ar		10	45		6	7
3	38	8	28	McKnightstown Ar		10	40		9	2
3	42	8	32	Seven Stars Ar		10	37	P. M.	9	2
3	46	8	36	Gettysburg Ar		10	34	12	9	2
4	16	9	06	New Oxford Ar		10	03	12	51	5
4	20	9	10	Berlin Junction Ar		9	59	12	48	9
4	33	9	23	Hanover Ar		9	46	12	37	5
4	45	9	35	Porters Ar		9	32	12	25	5
4	49	9	39	Sinsheim Ar		9	23	12	21	5
5	01	9	54	Green Ridge Ar		9	15	12	10	5
5	03	9	56	Glenville Ar		9	13	12	08	5
5	12	10	04	Lineboro Ar		9	05	12	00	5
5	20	10	11	Alesia Ar		8	58	11	53	4
5	31	10	21	Green Mount Ar		8	47	11	38	4
5	35	10	25	Hampstead Ar		8	43	11	34	4
5	42	10	32	Ar Acadia		8	36	11	32	4
5	54	10	44	W Odensburg Ar		8	26	11	21	4
6	59	10	49	Ar Em'ry Gro Le		8	22	11	17	4
6	00	10	46	Le Em'ry Gro Ar		8	20	11	15	4
6	57	11	29	Ar Baltimore Le		7	22	10	17	3
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p. m., Berlin Jc. 5 40 p. m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p. m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p. m.

Leave East Berlin at 8 00 a. m., Abbottstown at 8 15 a. m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a. m., and Hanover at 8 50 a. m.

HANOVER JUNCTION.—Leave Porters 12 29 p. m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a. m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p. m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 50 a. m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a. m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Chariton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a. m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5 57 and 10 10 a. m., and 5 05 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt. H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div. JOSEPH LEIB, Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE. HANOVER, PA.

Telephone call, 173.

LIVINGSTON'S BARGAIN STORE.

WARRANTED!

A new lot of Embossed Copper-Body, Nickel Plated Ware—no imitation, and a thousand times more durable than silver ware, at prices to suit the times.

Yours With Respect,

F. G. LIVINGSTON.

Go to Plymire's Store, CENTER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

FOR

RAISINS, 5c. per lb.

PRUNES, 5c. per lb.

PEACHES, 3 lbs for 25c.

APRICOTS, 2 "

CANNED GOODS, &c.

OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM always on hand.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher, MILLER'S BUILDING, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

Furniture!

We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

AT 113 BALTIMORE ST., HANOVER,

where you will find at all times a very large and complete line of all the various styles of PARLOR AND CHAMBER

SUITS, TABLES of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BEDSTEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN, 113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

FRESH COWS WANTED!

I will pay the highest market price for FRESH COWS, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds.—Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time.

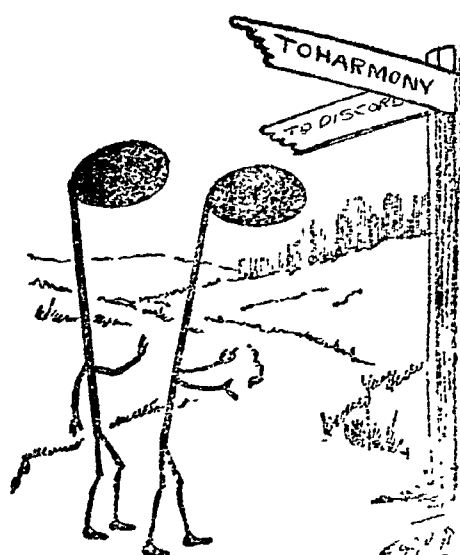
HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.

F. G. & W. L. McKINNEY, (Successors to ALBRIGHT & ALLEWELT.) DEALERS IN

SHOES AND STATIONERY HANOVER, PA.

In consequence of our strictly CASH system we are enabled to sell at surprisingly low figures.

Call and be convinced of the saving we can make you in the purchasing of your Footwear.

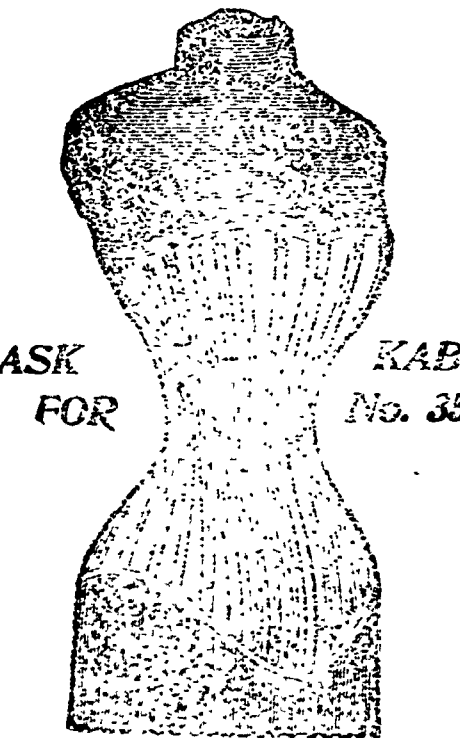


STRAY NOTES

are not found in our pianos and organs. Every chord can be struck with certainty that it will produce the desired sound—clear, beautiful and melodious. There are no false, no tuneless notes.

The pleasure of playing on a perfect instrument can be realized at much less expense than you might anticipate. Come in and learn how easily a piano or organ can be obtained.

Spangler's Music Room, Gettysburg.



We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00

Sheely & Bro.

There is one DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent. It is

BALL'S PEERLESS.

All lengths; all colors.

Sheely & Bro.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure means of drawing trade. Rates low.

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A. S. FEISER,
PHIADELPHIA STREET,
New Oxford, Pa.

TRY NAYLOR'S IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to

NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS

and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN,

and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR,
SOLE PROPRIETOR.

Clement Lingg,
SURVEYOR,
NEW OXFORD PENN
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Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand.
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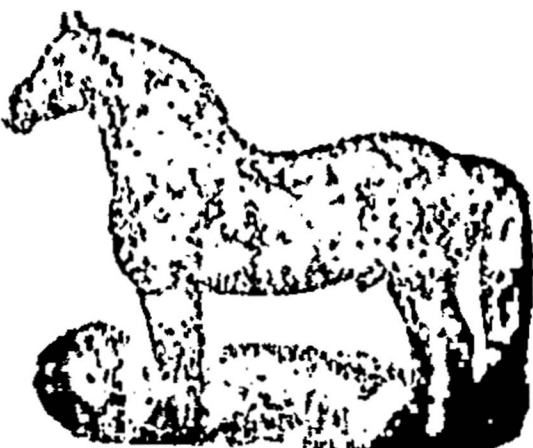
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THIRD SALE OF THE SEASON.

—FINE—

OHIO HORSES.



THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1898,

the subscriber will sell at public sale at his Sale Stables, Abbottstown, Two Car Loads of Fine Ohio Horses and Mares, 5 to 7 years old, well broken, one-half are good leardet, the other half are fine drivers. This lot contains the best horses of two seasons. 48 hours' trial given and all horses guaranteed as represented. All horses offered will positively be sold without a reserved bid. I will buy at this sale two car loads of fat, smooth and blocky horses. Sale will commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

F. K. HAFER.

Business Change.

We have purchased the business of Carver & Little, and have decided to close out much of their stock below cost.

A big lot of OVERCOATS and SUITS will be sold at once at prices much below their real value.

Special low prices on Ticking, Sheeting, Calico, Gingham, and Muslin.

Thanking you kindly for favors to the old firm and soliciting your further patronage, we are

Respectfully, yours,

N. B. CARVER & SONS,
No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER PA

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. P. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; P. & M. R. R. at Bruceville and Hanover, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.
ALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

DOWN			STATIONS.			UPWARD		
DO.	READ.	A. M.	DO.	READ.	A. M.	DO.	READ.	A. M.
2 07	6 15		Le Williamsport	12 15	8 20			
2 08	7 02		Le Hagerstown	12 15	8 00			
2 38	7 32		Le Edgmont	11 45	7 34			
1 25	6 00		Le Ship'sburg	12 36	8 55			
1 50	6 31		Le Chambersburg	12 36	8 28			
2 19	7 07		Le Waynesboro	12 02	7 51			
2 39	7 30		Le Edgmont	11 45	7 35			
2 41	7 38		Le Edgmont	11 42	7 31			
2 56	7 50		Le Highfield	11 28	7 19			
2 56	7 50		Le Highfield	11 25	7 16			
3 24	8 16		Le Fairfield	10 56	6 31			
3 33	8 24		Le Pottsville	10 45	6 20			
3 38	8 29		Le Middletown	10 45	6 10			
3 42	8 32		Le Gettysburg	10 37	6 00			
3 53	8 43		Le Gettysburg	10 28	5 51			
4 16	9 06		Le New Oxford	10 03	5 12			
4 20	9 10		Le Berlin Junction	9 59	4 48			
4 33	9 23		Le Hanover	9 46	4 37			
4 45	9 38		Le Porters	9 32	4 25			
4 49	9 42		Le Shippensburg	9 28	4 21			
5 01	9 54		Le Green Ridge	9 15	4 10			
5 03	9 56		Le Glenville	9 13	4 08			
5 12	10 04		Le Lineboro	9 05	4 00			
5 20	10 11		Le Alesia	8 58	3 53			
5 31	10 21		Le Green Mount	8 47	3 42			
5 35	10 25		Le Hampstead	8 43	3 38			
5 42	10 31		Le Arcadia	8 36	3 32			
5 54	10 41		Le W. Greenburg	8 26	3 21			
6 08	10 45		Le A. M. Gro. Lo	8 22	3 17			
6 00	10 46		Le Emory Gro. Ar	8 20	3 15			
6 07	11 29		Le Baltimore	7 22	10 17			
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.			P. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p. m., Berlin Jc. 5 40 p. m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p. m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p. m.
Leave East Berlin at 6 00 a. m., Abbottstown at 6 15 a. m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a. m., and Hanover at 8 50 a. m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12 29 p. m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a. m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p. m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 50 a. m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a. m.
POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a. m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 8 57 and 10 10 a. m., and 6 05 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, B. H. GRISWOLD, General Manager, Gen'l Passenger Agt.
H. D. SCOTT, JOSEPH LEIB, Supt. B. & H. Div., Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class, drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE.
HANOVER, PA.
Telephone call, 173.

LIVINGSTON'S BARGAIN STORE.

WARRANTED!

A new lot of Embossed Copper-Body, Nickel Plated Ware—no imitation, and a thousand times more durable than silver ware, at prices to suit the times.

Yours With Respect,

F. G. LIVINGSTON.

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FOR

RAISINS, 5c. per lb.
PRUNES, 5c. per lb.
PEACHES, 3 lbs for 25c.
APRICOTS, 2 "
CANNED GOODS, &c.
OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM
always on hand.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher,
MILLER'S BUILDING,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

Furniture!

We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

AT 113 BALTIMORE ST., HANOVER.

where you will find at all times a very large and complete line of all the various styles of PARLOR AND CHAMBER

SUITS, TABLES of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BEDSTEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN,
113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

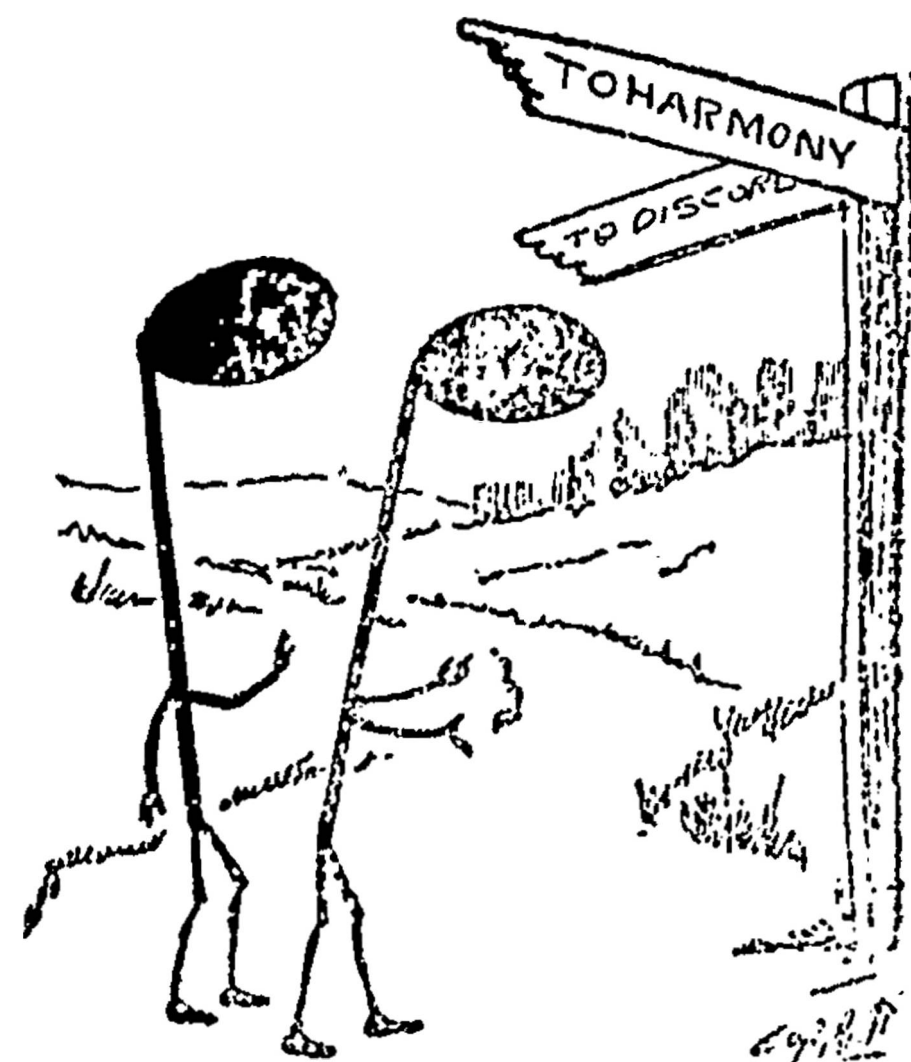
FRESH COWS WANTED!

I will pay the highest market price for FRESH COWS, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds.—Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time.
HOWARD J. SPALDING,
Littlestown, Pa.

F. G. & W. L. MCKINNEY,
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DEALERS IN
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In consequence of our strictly CASH system we are enabled to sell at surprisingly low figures.

Call and be convinced of the saving we can make you in the purchasing of your Footwear.

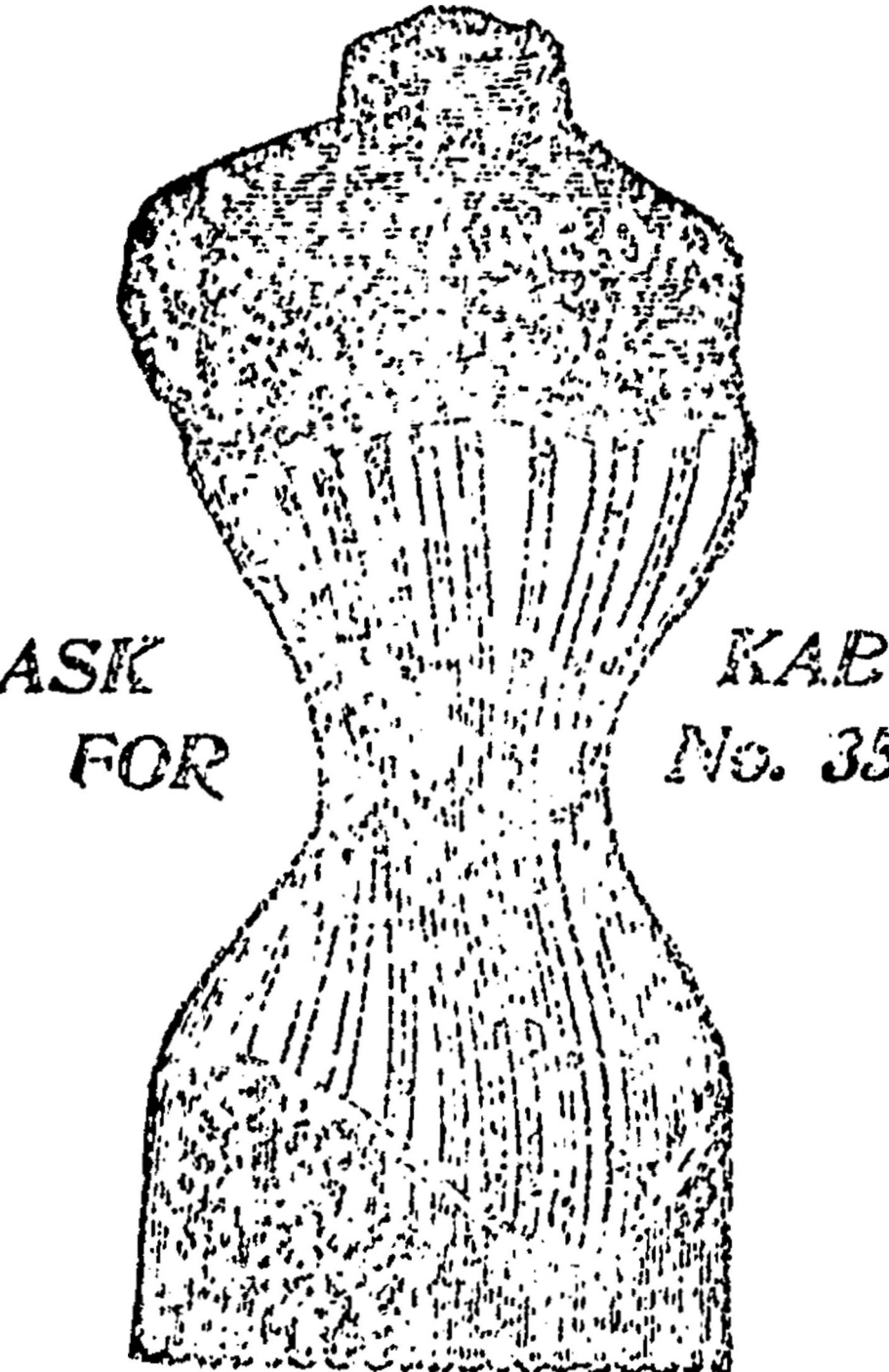


STRAY NOTES

are not found in our pianos and organs. Every chord can be struck with certainty that it will produce the desired sound—clear, beautiful and melodious. There are no false, no tuneless notes.

The pleasure of playing on a perfect instrument can be realized at much less expense than you might anticipate. Come in and learn how easily a piano or organ can be obtained.

Spangler's Music Room, Gettysburg.



We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00

Sheely & Bro.

There is one DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent.

It is

BALL'S PEERLESS.

All lengths; all colors.
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New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Volume XIX.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Feb. 11 1898.

Number 40



"Why Women Cannot Sleep."

The highly organized, finely-strung nervous system of women subjects them to terrors of nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate. The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which is necessary for happy womanhood is only possible when the sensitive feminine organism is in a perfectly healthy condition. If there be any weakness or derangement in this respect no remedy in the world so completely restores womanly health, nervous vigor and capability as the wonderful "Favorite Prescription" invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. It purifies, heals and strengthens; insures functional regularity; provides physical reinforcement and sustaining power at periods of special weakness and depression.

It is the only medicine which makes the coming of baby safe and comparatively easy. In a personal letter to Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Marguerite Collin, of Cutler, Algoma Co., Ont., says:

"I was a sufferer and was cured by Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. When I commenced the medicine I could neither eat nor sleep. My hands and feet were constantly cold; I had a wasting, troublesome drain for three months, and my monthly periods were never regular. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it cured me. I feel well. I thank the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

A VALUABLE PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers his desirable property in Mount Pleasant township, at Swift Run School House, on the Carlisle road, about 1 mile from the York & Gettysburg pike, and about 2 miles from New Oxford, at private sale. The property contains about 5 acres, improved with a good house and a barn and necessary outbuildings. There is a thriving orchard on the property, and fruit of all kinds. Terms reasonable.

JOHN BROWN.

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FINE HORSES

on hand at all times
—FOR—
Sale or Exchange
—AT—
C. J. SMITH'S
Sale and Exchange
Stables, HANOVER, PA.

I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have just received a lot of nice
DRIVING & WORK HORSES,
some of them good leaders.

C. J. SMITH,
Chestnut St., opposite Brodbeck's warehouse,
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Mrs. Wm. B. GITT. E. J. CONYAD.
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Central Hotel Block, Fountain Square, HANOVER.

Greater, Larger and Better THAN EVER.

is the stock in this great Boot and Shoe Store.

The right goods at the right prices is bringing us greater success than ever this season.

Thanking you kindly for your past favors, and soliciting your patronage for this season, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

GITT & CONRAD,
Central Hotel Block, Fountain Square, HANOVER, PA.

The S-C. PAINT

is the proper paint to put on your house.

It will cover as good as any, will cost you less and is guaranteed for three years.

Lots are using it.

Moul Bros.,
CENTRE SQUARE, - HANOVER, PA.

When in HANOVER and in need of a HOTEL, drop in the

Hotel Abell.
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.
—RESTAURANT ATTACHED.

T. L. ABELL, PROP'R.

MARTIN'S MAN KILLERS.

Trial of Deputies Who Engaged in the Shooting at Lattimer.

One Deputy Sheriff James Martin was charged with the murder of the strikers last September. The taking of the trial was adjourned on Thursday of last week.

In his opening address on Thursday Attorney McGahan, for the prosecution, asserted that it would be proven that the deputies had threatened the lives of the strikers.

John Siva was the first witness. The defense endeavored to show that this witness had been engaged in terrorizing men to join the strikers; but Siva made a good witness for the prosecution.

John Mahala, the chosen leader of the Harwood strikers, testified to his reading the instructions issued by the national union to avoid violence or "disorder." He detailed the unwarranted interference with the strikers, and the shooting without warning.

Rev. Richard Aust, who conducted the funeral services of many of the victims, could not describe the nature of the wounds received.

Rev. Carl Hauser testified that he had examined several of the wounded, and all were shot in the side or back.

The most important witness of the day was Charles Guscott, principal of the Lattimer school. He heard an unusual noise, and going to the window noticed some 80 deputies alighting from an electric car. Miss Coyle, his assistant, also watched them. They lined up by the side of the road, with rifles ready. Soon the strikers appeared, marching in a quiet and orderly manner. They were halted by the sheriff.

He did not hear the sheriff say anything or see him read any paper. One of the deputies started to advance alone, where another shouted: "If you don't come back we will shoot you, too."

The man jumped back, and almost immediately came a shot, then two others, and then a volley. The strikers started and ran in all directions, but 16 fell within a few feet. He saw one man shot while running a hundred yards from the road. He assisted several of the wounded to the schoolhouse and dressed their wounds.

On Friday Schoolmaster Guscott completed his testimony and identified a number of the deputies.

Dr. H. M. Kellar, who attended many of the wounded, said that of 46 wounds on 39 men 5 were shot directly in front, 9 indirectly in front, 15 directly in the side, 3 directly in the rear and 6 indirectly in the rear. Two of the men had wounds that could have been inflicted only while the man was running at full speed.

Rev. S. E. Stafflett, of Hazleton, told of seeing the paraders en route to Lattimer, and of their peaceable and orderly demeanor.

Miss Grace Coyle, Mr. Guscott's assistant teacher, was the star witness on Friday. She detailed the events leading to the shooting, corroborating Mr. Guscott, and insisting that the strikers were peaceable and orderly.

After the shooting she helped many of the wounded to the schoolhouse and dressed their wounds as best she could. There was blood all over the schoolhouse floor, she said, and she described it as a horrible sight. She continued:

"I helped about 12 or 15 of the wounded, and did not see any weapons on any of them. While I was helping them a deputy named Hess laughed at me as he walked about smoking a cigar. I said, 'You ought to go to Cuba.' Deputy Clark laughed, and I said to him, 'Do you think you've done a glorious deed today?' I called two more of them bums."

Miss Coyle stated that when she learned the strikers were coming she dismissed the class, deeming it best that they should be at home. This is seized upon by the defense as important testimony for their side, indicating fear of the strikers.

Dr. John J. Corrigan was the next witness, but his testimony developed nothing new.

Then the commonwealth called to the stand S. T. Adams, a traveling man, by whom it hoped to prove that some of the deputies while journeying to the scene of the shooting made threats that they would kill some of the strikers. The witness said he could not identify any of the deputies on the car, and objection being raised his evidence was ruled out.

On Saturday there was a controversy between the opposing counsel regarding bail. The defendants' bail expired in November last, but through inadvertence was not renewed. Mr. Garman insisted that bail should be renewed immediately or the defendants committed to jail. Judge Woodward, however, allowed the defendants until today to furnish bail.

Michael Nicholson was the first witness on Saturday. He testified, among

other things, when he denounced the shooting as a scandalous piece of work Deputy Alfred Hess said to him: "You shut up, or I'll treat you the same way." On motion his evidence was stricken out.

John Egler, secretary of the Harwood Union of the United Mine Workers, was the only other witness Saturday. His testimony was corroborative of that already introduced.

On Monday of this week Judge Woodward severely denounced newspapers that published sensational accounts of the trial, and declared that "if the astounding falsehoods and misrepresentations continue the representatives of the papers will find the door of the court closed to them." He also rebuked opposing attorneys who engaged in wordy warfare after Saturday's adjournment, threatening punishment for contempt.

The witnesses on Monday were George Yeager, a Slavonian, who required an interpreter; Thomas Hall, a hotel clerk, and Christopher Brehen, a miner, and John Costello. Yeager recognized a number of the deputies who had done shooting, and also a number of others who he said were among the deputies. He weakened his evidence by recognizing among the armed deputies John Hampton, who was in Hazleton at the time of the shooting. Hall declared he had heard Deputy John Turner declare after the shooting: "I shot nine of them, and killed five." Brehen declared he had been urged by Deputy Bornheiser to join the deputies in order to "go out and shoot the strikers." A few days before the shooting Deputy Dodson said to him: "We ought to get so much a head for shooting down these strikers. I would do it for a cent a head, and make money at it." Cross examination failed to shake Brehen's testimony. Costello's testimony was interrupted by an argument and adjournment.

On Tuesday of this week Judge Woodward announced that he had received a threatening anonymous letter, and vigorously denounced the sender.

When court adjourned Monday John Costello had the stand, and objection had been taken by the defense to the admission of his evidence. He declared that Deputy Hess, in reply to his protest against the shooting, said: "Shut up, or I'll treat you the same way." When court opened Tuesday Judge Woodward sustained the defense, and this testimony was stricken out. Costello finished his evidence, saying he had seen eight wounded and three dead men lying along the road. He attended them, but found no weapons on them.

John Lynch testified that he heard one deputy say before the shooting, "I could get a bead on that fellow." Another said, "I'll get even with the — at Lattimer." Deputy Ferry told a man who was sympathizing with a striker that if he did not shut up he would blow his head off.

Herman Pottenger testified that Deputy Henry Deihl threatened to "blow my brains out if I did not get off the road." He heard Deputy Hall say, "I'd like to get a pop at them." Another deputy said, "I bet I drop six of them when I get over there."

John Fortschek, who required an interpreter, said that he was at West Hazleton with the strikers, and saw the sheriff threaten to shoot down several men. He stated that the strikers had no clubs or weapons of any kind, and that one of the deputies pulled the American flag and tore it.

Simon Kowalski said that when the sheriff stopped the strikers at Lattimer he asked where they were going. "To Lattimer, to see our fellow workmen," he replied. "Then he grabbed a man by the collar, pulled him out of line and pushed his revolver against his throat. The next moment there was a shot, and I ran as fast as I could. When I came back Mr. Dodson, a deputy, came over as I was helping a wounded man, and said: 'You run away, or I'll shoot you, too.'"

Walter Pekerski gave important evidence, saying that Sheriff Martin fired his revolver first, and immediately the deputies began shooting.

OUR MINISTER TO SWEDEN.

Mr. Thomas Greeted With Marked Honor by King Oscar.

Stockholm, Feb. 9. William W. Thomas, the new American minister to Sweden and Norway, was received in special audience by King Oscar for the purpose of presenting his credentials. This is the third time Mr. Thomas has represented the United States as minister to Stockholm, something unprecedented in the history of the Swedish court, and the reception accorded him yesterday reflects honor upon Minister Thomas and upon the United States. Mr. Thomas was conveyed to the royal palace in the king's own carriage—the celebrated "Seven Glass Carriage," as it is called. This magnificent equipage was drawn by four richly caparisoned horses. The coachman and footmen wore the blue and silver livery of the king. In advance galloped an outrider, mounted on a black stallion. At the palace Mr. Thomas was received with special honors, and in reply to the minister's address King Oscar warmly complimented Mr. Thomas.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thousands of sheep have perished from cold and starvation in western Wyoming.

George H. Earle, receiver of Philadelphia's failed bank, expresses the opinion that no one need lose anything.

The report that Great Britain had, on the demand of Russia, "backed down" on the question of making Tientsin-Wan a free port of entry, is officially denied.

At a meeting of over 400 Pennsylvania business men in Philadelphia Senator Quay's methods were denounced, and Hon. John Wanamaker was urged as a candidate for governor.

At points in Maine and Vermont yesterday the temperature was 40 degrees below zero.

A bill prohibiting the marriage of chronic invalids has been introduced in Ohio's legislature.

Colonel Rend, who testified before the Ohio senate trust committee, said he thought the senate trust might bear investigation.

Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, says that he was forced into the anti-Hanna fight because he was told that he must support the senator. Now that it is over he harbors no malice.

One of the passenger trains caught in the blizzard on Long Island was stuck in the snow for two days.

The immigration bill will be taken up in congress with caution, owing to the political antagonism it may arouse.

Seven men were killed and 36 others injured in a collision on the Glasgow and Southwestern railway, near Troon, Scotland.

Private letters received at San Francisco tend to contradict the story of Captain Ray, U. S. A., that no new placers have been discovered along the Yukon.

By the fall of a roof during a fire in Boston six brave firemen were killed and four injured.

Unless the telegraph and telephone wires in Chicago and placed in subways by March they will be cut down by the city.

Highland Park hotel at Augusta, Ga., the famous winter health resort, was destroyed by fire yesterday. There were no fatalities.

Bricklayer John Purdy fell eight stories from a building in West Thirty-eighth street, New York city, but escaped death.

A cow derailed a train on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern railway, at Hematite, Mo., resulting in the death of Engineer Francy and Fireman Childs.

Lord William Nevill will be tried at London on Wednesday on an indictment charging forgery.

The Austrian government has closed all the colleges until March 21, owing to the disorders among the students.

Michael Varrish, who died in Bridgeport, Conn., is believed to have been poisoned by horse meat sausages.

De Wolf Hopper and John Philip Sousa are going to Europe to give American comic opera and band music.

Several women fainted during the services in a Poughkeepsie church, and a panic almost ensued among the congregation.

In Brooklyn Mrs. William W. Place murdered her 17-year-old stepdaughter, cut her husband with an ax and then attempted suicide. Jealousy the cause.

St. Louis police report that Mrs. J. O. West, of New York, has been robbed of \$7,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

Another case of consumption in New York has been cured, it is said, by the serum discovered by Professor Muraglano.

Two thousand students of Rush college, Chicago, had a desperate fight with police. They were finally repulsed, and many arrests made.

The captain and 16 men of the Norwegian bark B. D. Metcalf, which foundered in midocean, were taken to New York by the steamer Burgundia.

Counsel for Charles O. Kaiser, the Norristown wife murderer, will make no further effort to delay the execution of the law. One of the attorneys advises him to confess.

Military Plot in Montevideo. Montevideo, Feb. 9.—Several officers have been arrested for complicity in a military plot and others have been cashiered for refusing to pledge their support to the president ad interim, Senor Cuestas. The proclamation of a dictatorship is daily expected, Cuestas is losing popularity, owing to his indecision, and many people are leaving the city in order to escape enrollment in the national guard.

Lighthouse Demolished by Ice. New York, Feb. 9.—Appropriations for all departments of the government of New York, with the exception of the department of education, have been apportioned by the board of estimate and apportionment. The final grand total will be about \$87,097,000.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4.—Owing to the fact that State Democratic Chairman John M. Gorman is engaged at a dinner in the trial of Sheriff Martin, a caucus, called in this city for Wednesday next, has been postponed until Feb. 11.

Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 3.—Elizabeth Flanders and Fannie Eaglehorn, Indian girls, who tried to burn the girl building at the Indian school here yesterday pleaded guilty and were sentenced to one year and six months. They said they were homesick, and wanted Captain Pratt to send them home.

Harrisburg, Feb. 5.—Governor Hastings has granted a pardon to William C. Moreland, ex-city solicitor of Harrisburg, who is serving a three years' sentence in the Western penitentiary for embezzling city funds. The pardon condition of Moreland's health was the governor's motive for signing the pardon.

Meadville, Pa., Feb. 5.—Ex-Governor Thomas J. Osborne, of Kansas, died at the Commercial hotel yesterday afternoon, after a short illness, of hemorrhage of the stomach. Governor Osborne was born in this city in 1838. In 1858 he went to Topeka, Kan., where he has since resided. He was lieutenant governor of Kansas for one term, and served two terms as governor. He was at one time minister to Brazil and Chile. He was to have married in April to Mrs. Margaret Richmond, a widow of this city.

Philadelphia, Feb. 7.—Jacob Leinhard, Jr., was granted a divorce on Saturday from his wife Abbie, who entered no defense. It was shown that the couple had utterly failed to live happily together. Seven years ago the couple were married, against the vigorous opposition of his family. When his mother died she left \$1,000,000 apiece to her other two children, expressly stating in her will that she disinherited Jacob because of his marriage. The divorce may be followed by a reconciliation with his father.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—The conference of anti-Quay Republican manufacturers and business men of Pennsylvania, which was held in the Bourse yesterday, was attended by over 400 men from all parts of the state. Every county in the state except six was represented in the gathering. General W. H. Koontz was elected temporary chairman. Resolutions were adopted denouncing Senator Quay and his methods, and with a hurrah ex-Postmaster General John Wanamaker was urged to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. A permanent organization for one year was formed, with General Koontz as president.

Canonsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—This town is in a ferment of excitement over the death on Thursday evening of Mrs. J. O. Whiteside, an old and highly respected member of this community. The old lady died in convulsions while being attended by faith curists, who, it is alleged, refused to call in a regular physician. A burial permit was refused by the authorities until the doctor had investigated the case. After a long and thorough investigation the coroner's jury last night brought in a verdict charging gross neglect against Rev. C. H. Pridgen, Miss Ella M. Chapman and Mrs. Flora Holliday, who were in charge of the deceased, and recommending that they be made to answer in court for their neglect. Rev. Pridgen is pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of this place, and a pronounced faith curist. Arrests are expected soon, and as all connected with the affair are prominent in social and religious circles great interest is manifested in the outcome.

Harrisburg, Feb. 5.—Attorney General McCormick yesterday sought a preliminary injunction to restrain capitol building commission from awarding the contract for the erection of a capitol at its meeting next Monday. The petition for the injunction was sent to the Dauphin county court. The petition was combated by counsel for the commission, who insisted it was an interference with the right of the legislature, and might make possible the construction of a capitol time for the next session of the legislature. The court remarked that it is a matter of grave importance to state, and one which would ultimately come before the supreme court, which counsel assented. After consultation it was agreed, without issuing a preliminary injunction, that the matter should be argued next Wednesday morning, meanwhile the commission will receive bids, but will not award a contract. The petition sets forth that the commission purposes building a state house in violation of the act providing for such a structure.

New York's Appropriation Bills. New York, Feb. 9.—The lighthouse on the Delaware river at the mouth of Salem river was undermined Monday night by the ice which was floating down the river, and collapsed. The keeper was ashore when the collapse came. This is the second time within ten years that the lighthouse at this point has been demolished by the ice.

In Japan loyalty to the Emperor and filial devotion are ranked above religion. The cornerstone of the whole social system is patriotism.

The fifty-one States and Territories are sub-divided into 2349 counties. There are 191 counties, divided among twenty-seven States, in which no newspapers are published.

The record of railway building in the United States last year shows the lowest point in twenty years. Railroad building is now getting down to a point where no roads are built except where there is a demand for them.

A lady of Nova Scotia, writing to the Boston Transcript, says that the Americans who visit Nova Scotia are almost without exception pleasant and well-mannered people. "We note some slight difference between their speech and ours. Their voices are higher and sharper, and they are more up to date as to slang. I am afraid that in our heart of hearts we feel ourselves a little superior in repose of manner; for the rollicking enjoyment of the ordinary American when on a holiday in Nova Scotia is, perhaps, too evident. But when the patience with which they endure many inconveniences, the zest with which they enter into any pleasures that come in their way, and the goodwill with which they are ever ready to help any charitable scheme which may be afoot in a place where they are staying, are put in the scale against the loudness which sometimes offends us, the trifling peculiarity kicks the beam."

Henry Labouchere suggests that the dispute between England and Venezuela be submitted to Japan for arbitration. The idea is picturesque and startling, as are not a few evolved by the vivacious editor of Truth, and it is not likely to be taken into very serious consideration by anybody, but it has other qualities as well. In the first place, the selection of Japan for this high office would be a conclusive recognition of her entrance into the family of civilization—a recognition which the Japanese would certainly appreciate at its full value, and which they would use every effort to justify and repay by rendering an absolutely just decision. That they have sufficient intelligence for undertaking the task cannot be doubted. They are, too, perhaps the only people thus equipped who could approach the matter in a completely disinterested spirit. Of course, the natural arbiter in this controversy is the United States, but we have not insisted on exercising the function, and is there any reason why it should not be intrusted to the great and good Emperor Mutsuhito?

According to the New York Advertiser the Venezuela imbroglio has resulted in the most absurd misstatements on the subject of New York City. Nothing can exceed the anger of naval officers stationed on the Atlantic coast at the way in which it is taken for granted that the British, in the event of war, could lay New York in ashes. Of course our naval men are not allowed to say a word on the subject, but they keenly feel the apparent lack of confidence felt in them by the Nation. It is a well known fact that our navy is one of the very best and most severely trained in the world. The bravery of its personnel has never been impeached. In addition to the question of New York's defense in case of war has been most carefully considered. Every possible emergency has been provided for. The navy never betrays its secrets. No one outside of the officers in the secret—and they are few—knows the extent to which the harbor of the metropolis has been secretly defended. The utmost care has been taken to render these defenses effective. Not only that, but the War College for over five years made a special study of New York topography, and solved the problems of its defense. The very thing upon which the entire navy has prided itself, in fact, has been its ability to protect our metropolis against fearful odds. It is a great blow to these men to find that the country takes no stock in them. Anyhow, New York above Forty-second street would be safe. Nor could the British effect a landing at this point. They could not seize a vantage point in the face of our resistance.

THE "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.

We are "so out of date," they say, Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.
We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom."
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.
Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospects be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.
Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times we know—
Ned and I.
—E. Matherson, in Chambers's Journal.

THE POOR DUCHESS.

It was really very hard on the poor Duchess, especially after all the toil and labor she had ungrudgingly expended on her unattractive progeny. Her lot had always been hard enough ever since she had been a Duchess; even before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties, brutal difficulties which required all her strength of mind to face; and now, when a good share of those difficulties were laid to rest with her husband, the late Duke, in the family vault at Longlands; now, when she had just managed to retrieve the shattered dual fortunes by bringing off the engagement of her ugly, dissipated son, the present Duke, to Claudia Putnam, the richest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her anguish was that it had fallen at Longlands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing might be hushed up and hustled into oblivion without any one being any the wiser. She had gone to Longland to recruit after her superhuman expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Claudia Putnam, her son's fiancée, with whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime.

But the moment was robbed of all its savor by this horrible catastrophe; this—what else could she call it?—this drivelling idiocy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainly daughters. She would have kept the hateful story entirely to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence, besides Claudia had her fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the Duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter-in-law.

"I'm afraid, Claudia, dear," she began, "that we are going to have serious trouble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the Duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who wore impossible clothes and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever.

"Dear me!" she replied, "I'm sorry to hear it; I hope she's not sick."
"Sick!" repeated the Duchess, "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself entangled in a most unbecoming love affair."

Miss Putnam opened her blue eyes very wide, and set down her teacup with a jerk. "My!" she exclaimed, "and who on earth has been making love to Henrietta?"

The Duchess lowered her voice. "My dear," she said, impressively, "it is Mr. Gibson, the curate. She vows she will marry him; isn't it awful?"

"Rather awful for the curate," thought Claudia to herself; aloud she said: "Have I ever met Mr. Gibson?"

"Certainly not, dear. We do not invite him here. He's not a gentleman."

"Then where did Henrietta meet him?"

"Oh, in cottages, and at the school. You see, she likes parish work, and I encouraged her—it sets such a good example—and we've always had a married curate before; however, when Mr. Gibson came I never thought of chaperoning her, because, you see, he isn't a gentleman."

"But I suppose Henrietta thinks he will make her a suitable husband?"

"My dear," cried the Duchess, "she can't possibly think so. Why, his father keeps a saddler's shop! He hasn't been to the University. Oh, it's altogether dreadful, and she's as obstinate as a mule about it."

She broke off as the door opened to admit a young man in a shooting suit. He was a plain, insignificant looking

personage, with an air of extreme self-appraisal.

"I've just been telling Claudia about this stupid affair of Henrietta's," went on the Duchess.

"And what does Claudia think about it?" asked the plain young man, who was Claudia's accepted lover, and who deposited his long limbs on the sofa beside her and tried to bestow a festive caress on the hand nearest to him.

"I guess I'm pretty well taken by surprise," said Miss Putnam, drawing her hand out of her lover's reach.

"So'm I," said the Duke, placidly. "I'm dashed if I can imagine what he sees in Henrietta. She ain't pretty; t'other way about, rather; she's got no money, and she's years older than he is. I'm dashed if I'd marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoony on her."

Miss Putnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoony on him. She had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost.

"He must be an awfully susceptible chap," went on his Grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstinate, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought, perhaps, it was mostly ambition—her title and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my influence in the way of a leg-up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Funny thing, ain't it! Now, if it had been a girl like you, Claudia—"

"Duchess," cried Miss Putnam, suddenly interrupting her lover, "I have an inspiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho, or anywhere else, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll manage it."

She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact lay of the land. They might leave it all to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Lady Henrietta was packed off to a married cousin in South Wales.

The following day, at Lady Henrietta's customary hour, Miss Putnam walked into the village schoolroom. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little boys and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the school mistress, and so did Mr. Gibson, the curate, who was hearing the whole school in its church catechism.

"Good morning," said Miss Putnam, sweetly. "I am staying at the Towers. I have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know it."

She looked around the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the curate's frank, simple face.

"I hope," he began hesitatingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un—unforeseen."

"Guess not," said Miss Putnam. "She isn't ill, she never was better in her life, but the Duchess thinks a change will do her a world of good."

"Her Grace is very cruel," murmured the curate.

"I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly.

"I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her Ladyship is unable to come this morning, you will be deprived of the interesting object-lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."

"Oh, they shan't miss their object-lesson," said Claudia, still more blandly. "I've promised Lady Henrietta to give it to them for her."

The curate had been in the habit of staying for Lady Henrietta's object-lesson—to keep order for her, he would have said had the Duchess questioned him. So he stayed to keep order for Claudia, which was quite superfluous, for if her manner of administering instruction was not of a nature to keep the attention of restless children, there were her fascinating gown and her pretty trinkets, not to speak of the charm of her face, to hold her audience spellbound. And when the lesson was over he had got into the way of walking with her Ladyship along the school lane and through the park. He escorted Miss Putnam to-day, because he wanted to ask how long his liege Lady's banishment was to last.

"I don't know," was Miss Putnam's reply. "I suppose she won't come back till the Duchess chooses."

"The children will miss her sadly," moaned the curate.

"Guess she must make it up to them," said Claudia, graciously; "I've promised Henrietta to stand as much in the gap as possible."

He gave her a grateful look.

"When shall I come and give another object-lesson?" she went on—"to-morrow?"

"Oh, no," said the curate; "to-morrow's geography day. Her ladyship always gives a geography lesson on Thursday."

So Claudia put on another bewitching frock, varied her trinkets and did her best with a geography lesson on Thursday. On Friday she wrestled with sums, and by degrees she learned the whole school routine. She also visited, under Mr. Gibson's escort, one or two of Henrietta's old women,

who, he thought, would feel themselves neglected in her absence. Her fiancé laughed at her.

"I see what you are up to," he said; "of course, it's a clever move, but it's rather rough on a susceptible ass like Gibson."

"Why do you call him an ass?" asked Miss Putnam, sharply, "because his father is a saddler?"

"It's a splendid opportunity for you to make yourself popular in the parish, dear," said the Duchess. "Of course, when you are mistress here, you will like to be popular among the people."

"I suppose I shall," said Claudia, musingly.

But in spite of her incipient popularity she would not have the marriage hurried on; she was equally deaf to the Duke's impatience and the Duchess's hints.

"There are such heaps of things to do and to think of before anything can be fixed," she said vaguely when her fiancé urged the matter upon her.

"Well, get on with the heaps of things, then," he retorted, "and don't piddle away so much time at that confounded school."

And Lady Henrietta was still in banishment in South Wales.

Finally, Miss Putnam's stay at Longlands came to a rather unsatisfactory end, for she went away to London leaving the wedding day unfixed and the hangings for the new drawing room unchosen.

The day after her departure there were two letters for the Duchess, one from the curate, the other from Miss Putnam. She opened the former first, because she felt more curious as to its contents.

"Madam," it ran, "although Your Grace did not seriously entertain my proposal for the hand of Lady Henrietta, I feel myself in honor bound to let you know that my eyes have been opened to the folly and unsuitability of the marriage for which I would fain have had your sanction. I have written to Lady Henrietta explaining, as far as I can, the folly of our past, and begging her to forgive me if she be in any way a sufferer by our mistake. I am leaving Longlands at once, therefore the embarrassment of any further meeting will be avoided. Yours faithfully, W. Gibson."

The Duchess heaved a sigh of intense relief. This was Claudia's doing. Claudia was a right down clever girl. She had certainly spent a great deal of valuable time in treading in Henrietta's footsteps, but she had disenchanted Mr. Gibson, and lifted a horrible incubus off the family shoulders. She was really far too good for that stupid, muddle-headed son of hers; still she, the Duchess, supposed that a title was an infinite attraction to a born democrat, so things were, after all, not so uneven. Then she took up Claudia's letter. "Dear child," she murmured, as she broke the seal.

"My dear Duchess," she read, and with each succeeding line her dismayed astonishment increased; "I'm glad I came to stay at Longlands before I took the irrevocable step to the altar. I don't want to say anything nasty or mean, but, really, I never did care about the Duke; I only accepted him because I thought you'd make up your mind to have me for a daughter-in-law; I should have made him perfectly miserable if I had married him. Mr. Gibson finds, too, that he made a great mistake in thinking he cared for Henrietta. He explained it all to me, and I am quite satisfied. He and I are going to be married before Advent. I shan't mind having a saddler for a father-in-law. Yours always, CLAUDIA PUTNAM."

The Duchess threw the letter across the table to her son. "Read that, Southdown," she said; "we've got Henrietta out of her scrape most splendidly."

It really was too hard on the poor Duchess.—St. Paul's.

Origin of Some Geographical Names.

The Menominee, in Wisconsin, was named from a tribe of the same name. The word means "wild rice."

Massachusetts Bay was named from two Indian words, *Mass* and *Tschusag*, meaning "this side the hills."

The Catawissa River, in Pennsylvania, was named from an Indian word that means "getting fat."

The Cattaraugus, in New York, has its name from an Indian expression signifying "bad smelling banks."

The Platte River was originally named the Nebraska, from an Indian word meaning "shallow water."

The Housatonic, in Connecticut, was called by the Indians *Wussadenex*, the "stream beyond the mountains." The Delaware Bay gave its name to the State. The bay was named from Thomas West, Lord De La War.

The Chickahominy had its designation from an Indian word, *Chik-a-maw-hony*, "the place of turkeys."

Apalachie Bay, Florida, was variously termed *Apulachie*, *Abolachie*, *Apeolat*, *Palaxy*, *Palatohy*, and so on.

The Neversink was not named because its waters do not get low, but from the Indian *Na-wa-sink*, "ma-river."

The Pascagoula, in Mississippi, was named from the Indians called the Pascagoulas, or "the bread-making Nation."

Lake Champlain was named in honor of its discoverer. The Indians called it *Canaderi-Guarunte*, "the door of the country."

Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, was originally Charles River, afterward Cape Fear River, corrupted to Cape Fear.

Albemarle Sound was named after George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, one of the members of the original charter company.—Boston Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Prudence—In His Dictionary—She May Be Needed—Great Solicitude—Her Objection, Etc., Etc.

With these bacilli in a kiss, With caution rare, they say, She kept a spray of mistletoe To shoo the gurns away.
—Washington Star.

GREAT SOLICITUDE.

Wife—"Is that you, George?" Husband—"Yes, dear." Wife—"Oh, I'm so glad I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till you come."—Pick Me Up.

SHE MAY BE NEEDED.

Blobbs—"Miss Oldgirl would make a good soldier." Blobbs—"Used to powder, eh?" Blobbs—"Yes, and never deserts her colors."—Philadelphia Record.

IN HIS DICTIONARY.

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'butterine'?" asked the customer.

"The last syllable is silent," stiffly replied the grocer's clerk.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DAUGHTER'S PRECEDENCE.

Softleigh—"The Widow Passe proposed to me last night." Sapphead—"Really! What did you say?"

Softleigh—"Told her I'd be a son to her. You see, her daughter got there first."—Philadelphia Record.

WOULD HEED THE WARNING.

Old Quiverful—"And so you want to take our daughter from us; you want to take her from us suddenly without a word of warning?"

Young Goslow—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against I'm willing to listen."—Brooklyn Life.

HER OBJECTION.

Young Husband—"Why do you object to tobacco?"

Young Wife—"Because it's a poison."

Young Husband—"But it's a slow poison."

Young Wife—"That's my objection."—Lewiston Journal.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

"Some women," said Mr. Bickerton, "think that there's nothing too good for their husbands."

"Yes," was the answer in the cold accents of satire; "and it usually lasts until their husband get to thinking there is nothing good enough for them."—Washington Star.

PERILS OF A SMALL TOWN.

"You don't want to say anything against any one if you go to Hawville."

"Why not?"

"I spent the summer there once and I was licked twice before I discovered that everybody was related to everybody else!"—Chicago Record.

A POOR RELATION.

"Who is that new cashier? He doesn't look very trustworthy."

"I believe he is a very near relative of the President."

"Very near. Ah, indeed! Well, the President better have a care that his cashier doesn't become a distant relative!"—Fliegende Blätter.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

She—"Just think, Edgar, I ordered the dressmaker to make me a dress for the street and she has sent me a traveling costume instead."

He—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

She—"All we can do is to take a trip to Nice."—Fliegende Blätter.

A MAN'S WEAKNESS.

Who should know a man's weakness if not his lawful wife?"

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewn up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."—Pearson's Weekly.

HER REASON.

Mrs. Malaprop—"This horseless carriage is bound to be a great success."

Mrs. Cobwigger—"What makes you think so?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Why, just think of the number of persons there are in the world who can't afford to keep a horse!"—Puck.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

"What were you arguing so violently about with Smithers, Professor?"

"He called me a blooming jack-ass."

"You ought to have knocked him down."

"Oh, I didn't mind it, personally. It was the unscientific nature of his statement that annoyed me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mexico has worked off its stock of retired postage stamps on collectors for \$5000.

News Notes FOR WOMEN.

THE SHAPE OF SKIRTS.

There is but little change in the shape of skirts. The bulky and cumbersome linings are disappearing; ladies are pulling them out, tearing them out and throwing them away in sheer disgust. They are heavy and awkward, and sure to get out of place and make the skirt look unsymmetrical and ruffled. Many skirts are perfectly plain, others have trimming of various sorts. One model has a band of the material stitched on to form a pattern, and is finished with rows of small buttons. Another skirt has three bands of wide mohair braid; another has an eighth of a yard wide band of velvet at the hem. The seams of skirts are trimmed from waist line to hem with gimp, passementerie and braid of various sorts, but this does not seem to give as much satisfaction as the handsome, rich, plain skirt of material having sufficient consistency to keep it in at least approximately good shape. Many skirts are of comfortable walking length, otherwise are too long and must be held up, else they will soon be spoiled by contact with the street. For shopping, long walks, and the thousand and one occupations that the American woman finds herself called upon to engage in, the skirt is just long enough to clear the ground. It is made with a facing of linen canvas and a binding of velvet. A great many women buy the velveteen and make their own bindings. They are a trifle more expensive than those already made, but are of very much better quality, and one may make them whatever width she chooses. As a finish to the dress skirt they have become indispensable, and it is well worth while, in purchasing them, to get good material and have the job done in as nearly perfect a fashion as possible.

FURS ARE POPULAR.

Fur is the costliest of all trimming, but somehow everybody seems to get a little of it, says the Washington Star fashion writer. A menagerie wouldn't stand much of a show in a community where fur was scarce, for everything from cat skin to seal goes. Here are the names of some of the costliest furs: Fox, silver and blue; lynx, mink, chinchilla, ermine, otter, monkey, beaver, bear, Persian lamb and Thibet. Any of them will cost a small fortune made into the seasonable cape, and, oh, they are swell looking! Lynx is rather new, and cheaper than any of the others, and its yellow, paling into white, and the long, gray-flecked hairs, make a very pretty trimming for a black gown. Thibet is dyed any color you want.

A very pretty way of making one of the heavy Scotch friezes is to put two rows of fur at the foot, and edge the revers, collar and sleeves with the same. Make a waist of some one of the rich, dark plaids, and the puffs of the sleeves of the same. Trim a wide hat with loops of plaid ribbon and some feathers, wear a chamois under-vest, and as you go swinging down the avenue in all the bravery of your new "togs" you will challenge admiration and astonishment combined, and all the women in the city will be wondering how to keep warm. Confidentially, a chamois vest is really a great comfort, and you can make one yourself. It will save those wonderful sleeves from crushing under heavy capes or jackets.

Ermine is one of the "daylight" furs again. For years it has been applied to evening dresses and wraps. It is lovely for night wear, but in the full glare of day—well, have a care, you who have crows' feet and hollow skins, for ermine will double on the truth, and make you look haggard and worn.

GOSSIP.

Sappho is said by Greek writers to have been a blonde.
A "woman's edition" of a Honolulu newspaper is the latest.
Rosa Bonheur, the French painter, has worn bloomers for over fifty years.
The new Duchess of Marlborough has engaged a secretary to look after her charities.
Miss Alice Rothschild has a passion for flowers. Her collection of roses alone is worth \$50,000.
A woman auctioneer, the first of her kind, it is said, is achieving a large success in Newcastle, England.
The First National Congress of Colored Women in the United States convened during the Atlanta Exposition.
It cost a Maysville (Ky.) young woman one cent the other day to cowhide a young man who had been talking about her.
Mrs. Cleveland rarely fails to attend the regular church services, and is scrupulously exact in being present on all special days.
Mme. Hotoyama is the most remark-

able woman in politics in Japan. When her husband ran for Parliament she mounted the stump and made speeches in his interest.

The Queen Regent of Spain is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes, and seldom is without one. It is the great delight of the King, her little son, to light them for her.

Mrs. Mercy Thorndike, of Rockland, Me., has been a pilgrim here below for ninety-two years. She has moved her place of residence fifty-seven times, and isn't permanently settled even now.

A short time ago a publisher brought out a book entitled "Advice to Plain Women." Only one copy has yet been disposed of, and that was taken by the office boy to his mother for curl paper.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein who is Queen Victoria's daughter Helena, and her daughter Princess Victoria, are to sing solo parts in the "Messiah" at a church concert at Slough.

Two girls in Cumberland, Penn., have been heavily fined for disturbing public worship by chewing gum. The minister testified that when he remonstrated with one of the girls she made faces at him.

The acknowledged beauty of the Japanese court in the Princess Kitashirakawa, wife of the Emperor's cousin, a Major-General in the Imperial army. She is said to be tall, stately and passing fair.

The New York correspondent of the London Spectator says that the ladies of New York are sinfully extravagant in the matter of dress. He could name forty who spend over \$10,000 a year on their clothes.

The Congregational Church of Sedalia, Mo., is going to make a grand effort to bring the old sinners into the fold this year. Young women are to act as ushers in place of the young men hitherto acting in that capacity.

A young girl, Anna Stelzer by name, inherited a quarry of late. Now she not only bosses it, without any help, but works, too, practicing every day as a stone-cutter in the yard adjoining.

Many of the prizes at the poultry show in Kansas City were taken by Mrs. Kimmel. She is the wife of a physician and has been raising chickens for only two years, but she now possesses 100 prize buff Cochins, two of which are valued at \$50 each. Some of them have taken prizes at the Crystal Palace in London.

Mrs. Patty Vinton Richardson, widow of Godfrey W. Richardson, who when only sixteen years old participated in the battle of Bunker Hill and served in the Continental army under Washington, died on New Year's Day at her home at Bethel, Vt., at the age of ninety-five years. She drew a pension from the Government as the widow of a Revolutionary soldier.

FASHION NOTES.

Fan-plaited chiffon is the trimming of the hour.

Beaded velvet and printed velvet are high in favor.

Snake rings for women are supposed to bring good luck.

A bon of chiffon is frequently worn with low-necked gowns.

For carriage use or visiting the skirt if often of the same velvet or black satin.

At the modistes' the rumor that the bustle is again to be worn is fully corroborated.

With any skirts, the grebe excepted, there will be turn-back cuffs of the same when the velvet coat has bishop sleeves.

The use of contrasting side sections in skirts seems to be increasing. There are also fronts of entirely different material.

A woman may have a gown but five yards around at the bottom and still be quite in the modern style. The hem is shrinking visibly, the sleeve scarcely.

A handsome long coat is made of black broadcloth, suitable for outdoor wear. It is warmly lined with shot twilled silk and bordered with black Thibet goat.

In the way of fur combinations, seal and Persian lamb pull together harmoniously, and a chinchilla collar with sable tails is the very height of modish agony.

The ideal of the skirt of the short jacket is that it should stand straight out four or five inches from the figure, and in this it is materially aided, in extreme instances, by padded hips.

The furs used are sable, chinchilla, stone-marten, caracul and baby lamb, and occasionally will be seen a splendid vest and collar made of the silky breast of that curious duck, the grebe.

WISE WORDS.

Frenzy is the safety-valve of folly. How fast we learn in a day of sorrow. If thou desire rest unto thy soul; be just.

Nothing multiplies so much as kindness.

The fire of hate usually flashes in the pan.

Humility is the truest abstinence in the world.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

A sunbeam in the heart is bound to light the face.

Sometimes a man doesn't like justice when he gets it.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs.

It never does any good to talk religion with a snap like that of a steel trap.

It is easy to discharge a man who realizes that he is not entitled to anything.

The woman who marries a man to reform him is a noble example of wasted effort.

When you call a fellow a gentleman and he gets his back up it's a sign that you are lying.

The dignity of the law is interesting to contemplate. The men made the laws and then they represented justice by a woman with a bandage around her eyes. They have hoisted this travesty around on monuments and court-houses too much. Justice has been "going it blind" long enough.

An Enormous Tortoise.

There is reported from the Isles Egmont, in the Indian Ocean, not far from the Isle Maurice, the capture of an enormous male land tortoise, the largest thus far known. These islands are without fresh water, though one of them has a salt lake of considerable area. They have not been known hitherto as the resort of land tortoises, though the neighboring islands have them in abundance. This tortoise and his mate have been on the island recently at various times. Here are his chief dimensions:

	Inches.
Height when walking.....	29.52
Vertical circumference.....	126
Horizontal circumference.....	157.7
Length of back.....	65.23
Length of breast plate.....	39.37
Depth of concavity of breast plate.....	4
Length of tail.....	14.97
Length of hind foot.....	22.62
Circumference of hind foot.....	19.63
Length of fore foot.....	24.40
Circumference of head near the eyes.....	16.53
Length of neck.....	19.97
Weight, 529 pounds.	

A curious fleshy excrescence on each side of the shell is conjectured to be designed as a protection to the latter when the creature is in certain positions. It is not known in other land tortoises, though it may be a peculiarity of aged males. This tortoise is 126 pounds heavier than the one now living at Port Louis, Isle Maurice, recently known as the largest captured living.—Cosmos.

A Detective Mystery.

"The most mysterious affair I ever knew in detective circles," said a well known sleuth, "was a case in the West. A detective had become famous by reason of his success in ferreting out heavy robberies. It seemed that none of the professionals could escape when he once started upon their trails. After a time all such cases were placed in his hands. The first one that he could not discover the thief was a big bank robbery, then after a year or two another, then another; his reputation was suffering, but it was still good, as during the same period he was successful in other difficult cases. He was taken sick with fever, and while delirious told how he himself had perpetrated the robberies, describing every movement in detail. When he recovered, it was claimed that his failure to unravel the mysteries had caused the raving confessions, but other men were put upon them and they failed to find any clue whatever. The detective retired and lives in elegant style, but whether or not he was as successful in eluding law as in enforcing it will probably never really be known."—Washington Star.

Where Pennies are Coined.

It is not generally known that all the minor coins of base metal, such as pennies and nickles, are made at the Philadelphia mint, and that nearly 100,000,000 pennies are coined here every year. This large number is occasioned by the fact that thousands of pennies are lost annually, and that the Government has some difficulty in maintaining a supply. The profit of the Government on their manufacture is large. The blanks for making them are purchased for \$1 a thousand from a Cincinnati firm that produces them by contract. Blanks for nickles are obtained in the same way, costing Uncle Sam only a cent and a half apiece.

Gold is coined in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Not enough of it comes into the mint at New Orleans to make the coinage of it worth while. Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains \$20 worth of gold without counting the one-tenth part copper.—Scientific American.

AFTER A SLEEP.

Night—and the strong will stilled,
Night—and the fancy vanced,
Night—and the memory beggared,
Night—and the spirit drained
Like a stream with driftwood encumbered,
O'er a dumb and frozen land;
Like a flower that pales in the shadow
A bird that swoons in the hand!
Morn—and the faint will strengthen
Morn—and the fancy glows,
Morn—and the memory rich-laden
Morn—and the spirit flows
Like a bird with a carol upmounting,
Like a land in the showers of spring,
Like a flower in the sunlight smiling,
Like a stream when the floodgates swing!
—Edith M. Thomas, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.—Truth.

With all his experience the barber had to employ another man to shingle his roof.—Boston Transcript.

"Doctor, I work like an ox, eat like a bear, and am as tired as a dog."
"Consult a veterinary surgeon."—New York Times.

If it is true that women marry through motives of curiosity, as the men allege, why do so many of them marry the second time?—Athenian Globe.

"What! nothing but veal with green peas on the bill of fare." "Parson; by looking again you will find also veal without green peas."—Journal Amusant.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Tit-Bits.

"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No; we didn't like to do that; but we all resigned except Borely, and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

"Taking one thing with another," mused the burglar, adding the sleeper's watch and jewelry with the stock of miscellaneous plunder already in his capacious pocket, "business in my line is pretty good to-night."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Crusher—"You don't think the young man you are engaged to will be jealous of me, because I am paying you attention, do you?" Miss Daisy (after looking him over deliberately):—"No. I don't think there is any danger that he will."—Somerville Journal.

Willing to Wake Up: "Wake up, little girl," said a Bellefield mamma to her small daughter. The latter opened her eyes slowly, and then replied: "Well, I suppose I might as well. There's nothing very interesting going on in dreamland."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Wife—"I mentioned to dear Kittie, in my letter, about the dear Duchess calling upon us, and how sweet she was!" Husband—"I suppose you did not say that her Grace called for a charity subscription?" Wife—"Well, no. I did not think that sounded interesting."—Fun.

Not a hundred miles from St. Paul's there is suspended over a pile of dusty volumes in a second-hand bookseller's shop a chart showing the human skeleton, and underneath the following: "This is all that remains of the tradesman whose customers only looked."—Household Words.

"I don't think it's fair, Josiah," said Mrs. Chungwater, as the attendants bathed her sprained ankle with soothing lotions and wrapped bandages about it. "You're the one that always carries the accident insurance policies and I'm the one that's always getting hurt!"—Chicago Tribune.

She—"No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased." He (pleadingly)—"But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie." She—"Yes, I know; that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to."—Somerville Journal.

A Rare Copper Coin.

Fred D. McDonald, a druggist, of Kennett Square, has just sold an old copper coin for \$200. The coin is very rare. It is of the date of 1782, and on one side has the bust of Washington and the words "Washington and Liberty," and on the other "one cent." He took the coin in trade at his store for its face value, one cent.—Philadelphia Record.

At the Grand Restaurant.

Waiter—How will you have your claims—on the half-shell?
Westerner—No, sirree; I've got money enough to be as well as the next man. Give 'em to me on the whole shell or nothin', by gum!—New York World.

For a Clean, Easy Shave
or a Fashionable Hair Cut
—GO TO THE—
Center Square Tonsorial Parlor,
In the Eagle Hotel Building.
Harry Kehn, Barber.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. Capd33

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bango—No. 6, Carlisle street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 28Jun33ly

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J. L. KENDLEHART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately practicing in Philadelphia. Has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house, in the room recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swops. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

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WM. M'SHERRY, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

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HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor.
All modern conveniences. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Putt stables, convenient to depot. 24Jan90ly

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE SUNDAY, Proprietor.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling. 24Jan90ly

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg,
ELIAS FISKE, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refitted. Parlors on second floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel where everything in season will be furnished to gentlemen on the first floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler will take best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M. Depot, one square from P. & K.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
JAS. W. OCKER, Proprietor.
Centrally located, being on the northwest corner of the Diamond. Large sample rooms. Heated throughout. Terms moderate.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG,
Located on Centro Square, where McClallan House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Wheelmen. Headquarters of Capt. Jas. T. Long, guide and dilettante. Steam heat, electric light and call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg.
Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well-known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to jurors and those attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. MCGAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
Geo. W. Riffe of J. Proprietor.
At the railroad on Baltimore street. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all the business places. Large sample rooms. Good stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of
Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also
The Best Brand of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.,
Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p.m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GO TO—
Ceo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Concocted at the Lowest Price.
Shop at POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

A CHARACTER.

He sowed, and hoped for reaping—
A happy man and wise :—
The clouds—they did his weeping,
The wind—it sighed his sighs.

He made what Fortune brought him
The limit of desire :—
Thanked God for shade in summer days,
In winter time for fire.

When tempest, as with vengeful rod,
His earthly mansion cleft,
On the blank sod, he still thanked God
Life and the land were left!

Content, his earthly race he ran,
And died—so people say :—
Some ten years later than the man
Who worried his life away!

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

MRS. WEBSTER==SHOEMAKER

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

The old minister stood watching the shoemaker. The swift pegging and awl-holing and pulling of threads was mysterious to him, and the feverish rapidity with which it was done augured to him a certain nervousness in the worker. At last he spoke to her—for the shoemaker was a woman.

"You have certainly become expert at your trade, Mrs. Webster. Your husband never made better shoes. By the way, have you heard from him lately?"

The woman flashed a pair of great black eyes at him angrily. She did not answer for half a minute. When she did, there was a world of suppressed feeling behind her calm words.

"I haven't heard from him since he went away. That's three years. I believe he is alive—but he knows better than to let me hear."

"I—always thought your husband meant well," he hurried to say.

"Have you had a letter from him?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No."

"I thought maybe he wanted to come back and had sent you to prepare the way for him. That would be John Webster—he hasn't the courage of a mouse. I treated him well. I was a good wife to him. Just because debts were pressing, and I was sick, and there were four little ones—and the youngest was only three months old—his courage gave out. He left a letter. He said he couldn't 'endure' it any longer. Oh, he couldn't! And how was I to endure it, I'd like to know?—sick, only a dollar or two in the house, not a friend to turn to except the neighbors. I tell you, Mr. Mackenzie, I never can forgive him—never!"

The woman choked and had to wipe her eyes with her hand, blackened hand, but presently she fell to pegging again more passionately than ever. Just then a blue-eyed little girl appeared, carrying a tray of supper.

"Give me your handkerchief, Trotty," said the shoemaker. "There—set down my supper. I'll eat it pretty soon. Now you put the children to bed. This pair of shoes is promised for tonight."

The little seven-year-old maiden ran off obediently.

"I'm afraid I've hindered you," apologized the minister.

"No," she said, gently. "I've worked right along. Maybe pouring it out has done me good. I can't talk to the neighbors. I just work. The best thing John ever did was to teach me his trade when we were first married—and I've always helped him off and on. He said I had a knack at it—but we didn't think I should have to support the family with it sometimes. Maybe he went off to give me a chance," she added, bitterly.

"Perhaps he was not so much to blame as you think," the minister began after a pause, encouraged by her manner to continue. "He—"

"Now, Mr. Mackenzie," she burst forth, angrily, "you said something like this to me when he first went off. I know you always liked him, and he wasn't a bad man in some ways—but he has shamed me and my children, he has brought my pride down—cruelly," the strong thread snapped like a wisp in her fingers as she pulled it fiercely, "and I never wish to hear his name again."

Tears coursed slowly down her pale, handsome cheeks and dropped on the last in her lap.

"But you had said something to him," he began again.

"Not much. I may have been sharp with him, now and then—but who could blame me? It was no excuse for him."

John Webster had built a little shop for himself, several rods from the house, so that the noise of his hammering would not disturb his wife and the babies. In this quiet retreat the shoemaker could now talk without being overheard. She stopped suddenly, however, as she saw a dark-eyed boy of nine or ten pausing beside the half-open door and looking somewhat alarmed at the vigor of her tone.

The minister spoke to him kindly. "He looks like you," he remarked to the mother, "he and the second boy—but Trotty and the baby look like your husband."

"I wish they didn't," she muttered almost viciously.

"Well, I'm glad you are getting on so comfortably," he sighed, rising to go.

"Thank you," she said, with an air of dogged pride. "Six months ago I paid the last debt John left me. This pair of shoes will bring me in enough to keep us for days. I have work ordered ahead for weeks to come, and nobody finds any fault with what I do, I believe."

As he went out little Trotty came in to report that she had put the children to bed and to light her mother's lamp. She received the approving words of the minister with happy pride, as he praised her.

"He's a nice man, isn't he, mamma?" she said, as she closed the door. "Has—has he been talking about—about—papa?"

The shoemaker pretended not to hear.

"I wish," went on the child, timidly, "that I could see my papa again."

"What do you say that for, Trotty?" cried her mother, stopping her work to look at the child furiously. "You don't want to see him. None of us want to see him. He went off and left us, and, after doing such a wicked thing, you should never want to see him again."

The child looked scared, slipped from her chair and ran toward the house. Through the brilliantly lighted pane her mother could see her, as she moved about the small living room putting the furniture to rights.

"She's a nice little thing," the shoemaker murmured, choking as she spoke. "But she has exactly such ways as he had—no spirit—just a sort of a good-natured little mush, like. But it's just as well that most women should be that way I suppose."

The good old minister had, in all innocence, deceived his trusting parishioner. It was true that he had not received a letter from John Webster, but he had seen that individual in a neighboring town the day before and had been requested to find out, as his wife had hinted, how he might be welcomed in case he should return to his home.

"I know I oughtn't to have left her," the man pleaded, humbly, "but she harried me and taunted me—good, Christian woman though she was, till I couldn't tell just what I was doing. She was sick and so was I, and I hardly knew what I did for the first few days after I left her. Then I went all to pieces, and they took me to a hospital in the city. I stayed there six months. It had been so long then that I didn't dare to go back. But I grew strong pretty soon, and I've had good wages ever since, and now I've saved up a tidy little sum, and for months I've been wanting to go back, but she is right; I haven't courage. I'm a coward. I've let my whiskers grow, and several of my old neighbors have passed me in the streets here without knowing me. I suppose I could go home and not be recognized for some time—only by her. I couldn't fool her."

Now when the minister reached home after his visit to the little shop he sat down and wrote to John Webster (who called himself "James Johnson") and told him that he saw no hope for him.

"Your wife is very bitter against you," he began. "She would not receive you."

Then he told of the success of the shoemaker, of the health and promise of the children and of the sweet little girl, with her father's sunny hair and blue eyes.

For days the exile pondered over the situation. It was Thanksgiving time. He had dim thoughts of celebrating that home festival with his dear ones, but the minister's letter deterred him. Day by day he worked at his trade, saving every cent he could, and while he pegged and sewed the fire within him burned. He realized how keenly he had tried his proud wife. He had not onerous thought against her. He was only full of humble, penitent love, too humble, for he had had excuse enough for his conduct, ill as he had been. To be sure he should have tried to go back when his health had returned, but there his courage and not his will had faltered.

He knew a childless farmer living not far from his old home. This man and his good wife would keep "James Johnson's" secret. At least he could stay with them and go sometimes to gaze upon the faces of his own, from a distance if need be, and perhaps—perhaps—But he would not allow himself to think further, though he went to a store and filled a portmanteau with toys and sweets. He bought also a fine fur cloak—a woman's cloak—and a brooch of gold. Then he took a train, and in a short time he was walking the familiar streets which he had not seen since he had fled from them three years before.

Two or three evenings he strolled past his old home in the twilight. He looked through the windows so long as the shades were up. The sight of these longed-for faces, day by day, put something into his soul which he had not known before. Little by little his "despair" sublimed to power. One day he saw his wife leave the

house equipped for a walk. She was probably going shopping. Now was his time.

"Trotty," he said, appearing at the cottage door almost before the sound of her mother's footsteps had died away, "please come up into the shop with me."

The child was used to waiting on customers who came for shoe strings or some of the little stock of fancy goods which her mother kept in connection with her regular work and thought that this was some farmer who knew her, but whom she had forgotten. Small as she was, she took up the key unhesitatingly, and, without speaking to her brothers, who were making a wild noise in the woodshed at their play, she preceded him over to the shop.

There was snow on the ground, and the air was chilly, but a little fire was left in the shoemaker's tiny stove. The man stooped down and, taking a fresh stick of wood from the box, opened the stove and put it in. The child looked surprised at his familiarity. When he shut the stove door with a click, she waited for him to speak.

Then he said brokenly, "Trotty—my little Trotty—don't you know me?" and held out his arms to her.

"Are—are you my papa?" she cried, delightedly, and she flew to him, nestling happily against his shoulder.

"Yes," he sobbed, while she repeated over and over, "Papa—my papa," and stroked his shaggy beard.

"I'm glad you've come," she said, presently.

"But your mamma, Trotty? What will she think?"

The child remembered what her mother had said and shook her head doubtfully. Then she brightened.

"If you should put your arms around her and kiss her like this, I think, I think," but then she shook her head again, as she thought of what her mother had said.

His face grew sadder than ever.

"I want to come home and live with you all again, Trotty," he said, piteously. "How shall we manage it? What can I do?"

He went on to tell her of the Christmas presents which he had brought for them all—"and tomorrow is Christmas, but I dare not come and give them to you," he added.

"Oh, yes, you do. You dare do anything," she broke forth after gazing at him fixedly for a moment. Trotty was very human, and the thought of the Christmas presents may have aided her ingenuity.

The words seemed to pierce his soul. He put her down and began to walk the floor. His head was raised, and his step was firm.

"Yes, Trotty—I do dare," he said, presently. "Don't tell anybody—not even your brothers—that I have been here, but I will be back by and by."

Then he hurried away, and as he walked he kept saying to himself: "Yes, that is the only way. She despises me because I am a coward; I will be a coward no longer. I will show her that I am a brave man, I will own my fault, and I believe she will not resist me."

The supper was almost over that night when there was a knock at the door. Trotty had been listening for it, and she sprang up in an instant.

"Good evening," said John Webster, straightening his tall figure and stepping boldly over the threshold.

"Good evening, Harriet. I've come back. You must take me. I was sick, and I think that must have been the reason why I deserted you so basely. It was wrong, but I am sorry from my soul—and you must forgive me, Harriet. I cannot live any longer without you and the children. You must take me back."

In the woman's face the Christmas joy had been playing, but now she grew pale and stern. She had pictured her husband always as the cringing, weakly man who had left her three years before. This newcomer, in spite of his bearded face, recalled to her the lover of her youth—full of health and hope. She would not even own to herself how she was shaken.

"Go away," she said, waving her hand toward the door. "You chose another path from ours, and now you can walk in it. We do not need you. We don't want you. Go!"

The youngest child began to cry. Little Trotty came up beside her father and held tight to his coat tails, gazing at her mother with white face and wide, beseeching eyes.

"No, Harriet," he said, calmly, and retreating not a step, "the time for that is past. You must not shut me out. I was wrong, but you know well how much I had to try me, and I was hardly myself. I think I was a little crazy—for I was sick—sick for six months, Harriet. I was taken to a hospital, and when I got out I was like a ghost—but I grew strong and found steady work, and I have been saving ever since—saving for you and the children, Harriet, though I didn't dare to write to you nor see you. I hadn't grown strong enough for that. But now I cannot live alone any longer, and neither can you. You have worked too hard. I can support you all. You must let this poor, hardened hand," and he picked up her right hand, "with its callousness and grime, save you and the children, Harriet, though I didn't dare to write to you nor see you. I hadn't grown strong enough for that. But now I cannot live alone any longer, and neither can you. You have worked too hard. I can support you all. 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Weak Stomach

Indigestion Causes Spasms—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

"I have always been troubled with a weak stomach and had spasms caused by indigestion. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been troubled with spasms, and I advise anyone troubled with dyspepsia to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. Haxton, Prattburg, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion, biliousness.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Last February the Receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company decided to adopt the double conductor system for all excursion trains in order to reduce to a minimum the chances of an accident. One conductor under this plan is given entire charge of the running of the train while the other attends to the tickets and the comfort of the passengers. The experiment proved successful during the travel band from the inauguration of President McKinley, but during the past two or three months it has been thoroughly demonstrated that its adoption was very wise. From September 4th to November 28th inclusive the B. & O. handled 80,000 people on Sunday excursions between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Atlantic City, and owing to the care taken in the handling of trains not a single passenger was killed or injured. Fourteen thousand of this number were handled on September 4th.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

And is the cure for Chills, Frosts, Blisters, Damp, Swelling, Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Powder, a Powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle. Pisco's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine. F. M. AUSTIN, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The Art of Complimenting.

Compliments are the poetical touches which redeem the monotony of prosaic existence. In the intercourse of sympathetic people they have a natural place, and it is as pleasant to recognize by word or look the charms of our friends as it is to profit by them. Profit we do, undoubtedly, as all that makes life fairer makes it better, and a whole-some discernment of good traits must add to our faith in human nature and its capabilities. Rigid moralists declare that compliments are so akin to flattery that it is wrong to use praise in any way. This is "most intolerable, and not to be endured," for all need both to give and receive encouragement in this practical and hurrying world. And, reprehensible as hard natures find it, there is a charm in opening our eyes to the attractions of others and a warm, healthy glow accompanies the utterance of words which attest our admiration.

Young Womanhood.

Sweet young girls! How often they develop into worn, listless, and hopeless women because mother has not impressed upon them the importance of attending to physical development.

No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodical pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell every detail of her symptoms, surroundings and occupations. She will get advice from a source that has no rival in experience of women's ills. Tell her to keep nothing back.

Her story is told to a woman, not to a man. Do not hesitate about stating details that she may not wish to mention, but which are essential to a full understanding of her case, and if she is frank, help is certain to come!



INDIAN WAR BLANKET.

INTERESTING REMINDER OF THE TROUBLE WITH THE NEZ PERCES.

It illustrates an Indian Fight in Which the Artist Took Part—Story of the Battle Depleted With the Juice of Wild Berries—Wonderful Execution.

Colonel Frank J. Parker of Walla Walla, who served throughout the Nez Perces war of 1877, and was commissioned by the governor of Idaho as colonel, "for gallant service in the Nez Perces war of 1877," has in his possession a reminder of that war in the shape of an Indian war blanket, which is stated by Lieutenant Cushing, United States army, the ethnologist, as being the best he ever saw. Colonel Parker relates the story of the blanket as follows:

"In the summer of 1877 Captain S. G. Fisher, now Indian agent at Lapwai, Idaho, organized a company of fifty Bannock and Shoshone Indians and United States scouts and started from Fort Hall, Idaho, to assist General Howard's army against the hostile Nez Perces. Captain Fisher was well suited to lead such an expedition, being a frontiersman of many years' experience, brave, active and intelligent. He had been post trader among the Bannocks for years, and understood their language thoroughly. By rapid riding he soon formed a junction with Howard's command at Henry's lake, and with his Indians rapidly pushed ahead on the trail of the hostiles up the Firehole river, soon leaving the jaded and footsore soldiers far in the rear.

"When well up on the divide, between Yellowstone lake and the east fork of the Yellowstone, seven of Fisher's scouts started out in the night with the intention of getting around and in the rear of the Nez Perces camp, and possibly getting away with some of the enemy's horses. They tied their horses in some thick timber and proceeded ahead on foot. They hung on the outskirts of the hostile camp, and finally two of them entered it and succeeded in untying one of the war horses hitched near Chief Joseph's lodge, when the camp dogs raised the alarm.

"In an instant several warriors were on their feet, and the Bannocks made tracks for the Fisher camp, several miles back. The Nez Perces took after them and pressed so close that the Bannocks had to seek shelter in a little hollow, from which they shot defiance and lead at the Nez Perces warriors who surrounded them. Although outnumbered the Bannocks stood the enemy off for an hour after daylight, when the Nez Perces withdrew and followed their main camp, which by that time the squaws had broken, and struck out on their northern march.

"When the Bannock scouts returned to Fisher's camp they had no extra horses, and were lucky to get back with their lives. One of them, Tosi Colby Natsee, which means white-faced boy, afterward commemorated the event of their close call skirmish by painting it upon a piece of sheeting, using the juice of wild berries and such vermilion as he could crush out of the rocks to do the painting with. The execution is really wonderful, considering that the artist is a wild blanket Indian, who never had a lesson in painting or any other civilized calling. He shows the scene as he participated in it.

"To the left is the place where the Nez Perces lodges were, and leading from them are the tracks made by their war horses as they pursued the Bannocks, and also the tracks made by the warriors after dismounting. To the right you see a little bunch of Bannock scouts, closely corralled and standing off their enemies, and beside them lie heaps of cartridge shells which they have emptied. To their left lies a dead warrior. A fight of arrows is shown, but the arrow business in this case is imaginary, as none were used. It seems impossible for an Indian to depict such scenes without the old-time arrow gets in. Some of the warriors are mounted double, and decked out in gay colored war bonnets, these being the Nez Perces, while the war horses of the dismounted warriors are being held by herders close by. The artist's sheet was somewhat small, so the distance between the surrounding scouts and the Nez Perces should be judged on a scale of about a yard to the inch."—Spokane (Wash.) Review.

His Hand Patched With Opossum Skin. A new experiment in skin grafting was tried by Dr. W. M. Wilson of Paris, Ill. The patient is John Acklin, aged 25, who was run down by a cable car in Chicago several weeks since. Among other injuries sustained the skin was torn from the back of his right hand. The surgeon took several pieces from the back of a live opossum, which were applied to the wound and lightly bandaged. This process will be repeated daily until the wound is covered, provided the experimental graft bids fair to be successful. —Chicago Record.

Celery oil from the green herb is much superior to that distilled from the seed, according to best authorities. One part by weight of oil represents 1000 parts of the fresh herb.

FUNERAL--WEDDINGS.

The Strange Custom Observed by a Tribe of Farther India.

Among the Shan Karens of farther India funerals are made the occasions of grand wedding festivals, in which all the marriageable young men and women of the village are privileged to participate. As it is not always convenient to hold these interesting ceremonies at the exact time a villager may die, it is customary to deposit the corpse in some temporary resting place till the marriage market is favorable to giving it obsequies worthy of its former estate. Consequently six months or a year may frequently pass before the memory of the dead Karen receives the honor which is its due.

When a good time comes for weddings the remains are taken from their resting place and set upon a platform which has been prepared for them, and the eligible bachelors and marriageable young women are invited to come and compete in a marrying match. The "funeral service" is then begun with a chorus of men celebrating the beauties of Karen maidens in general. The girls respond in a drawing falsetto. The bachelors, each in his turn, begin usually for the sake of peace, with the most muscular maiden. If one of them is rejected, he waits till his turn comes again, and addresses, if he sees fit, some other girl.

The girls receive the proposals in perfect self-possession, and respond to them in phrases like those with which they have been addressed, the models of which have come down from old times. Rejections seldom occur, except when a man makes a mistake and applies to a girl who is known to be reserving herself for another. The "funeral service" goes on in this way till it is plain that no more alliances can be made, when it is closed, and the body of the deceased is buried. The matches thus made are binding, and no other way of making them is in favor.

Story of a Bullet.

Le Petit Journal of Paris relates a remarkable experience of M. Charles Jallerat, who was wounded in the war of 1870 while serving in the artillery. He was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and in spite of repeated attempts the surgeons were unable to extract it. They expressed the opinion, however, that the man might live for years with the bullet in his head. As a matter of fact, for twenty-seven years it did not trouble him in the least. Last May, however, the bullet, which had remained buried in the frontal tissues, moved up toward the brain and M. Jallerat became insane. For nearly a fortnight his mind remained unbalanced, but happily the bullet again shifted its position, and M. Jallerat recovered. He did not feel any more inconvenience until quite recently, when he experienced a curious sensation in the throat. He succeeded in forcing the obstruction into his mouth, and was very much surprised to discover that it was the bullet which he had carried in his head for over a quarter of a century.

He Weakened.

"John told me," said the farmer to the obituary writer, "that he wanted to put on his tombstone that he died out of debt—owing no man a cent, and told him I'd pay up his debts for him so it could be wrote down that way. Now, call out the amounts of them, har bills, if you please."

"John Jones, ten dollars."
"All right; I'll pay that."
"William Brown, fifteen dollars."
"Well, I'll settle that."
"Rufus Smith, twenty dollars."
"Gettin' steep, but I'll fix it."
"Amos Williams, thirty dollars."
"Sakes alive! but I'll settle it."
"Richard Scott, one hundred dollars."

"Stop right there!" exclaimed the excited farmer; "consarn John's old dictum! what did he mean, anyhow? 'est write a line or two an' say that he died happy—consarn him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wonderful Mineral.

There is a wonderful mineral found in Iceland that possesses the strange property of producing two images of a single object. On looking through it at a pencil, for instance, you will see two pencils, both of which will be clearly defined. The mineral is translucent and crystal-like and goes by the name of Iceland spar. The mine in which it is found is located on the eastern coast of Iceland and is controlled by the Danish government. The spar is exceedingly valuable, owing to its many uses in the sciences, particularly for the manufacture of optical instruments and for experiments in polarization.

Saved.

"I heard that Thompson once saved Miss Badd from a serious runaway, out when I spoke to her she seemed disinclined to talk about it."

"No wonder. He saved her from running away with a nobleman, who turned out afterward to be a valet out of a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army parade in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals—some of them extending over years—they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do. In different parts of the country we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of the various visits. The man who was there ten or twenty years ago, and who goes again this year, takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling.

And not only will Washington have no rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society, as well as politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country. In fact, Baltimore is glad to be so near Washington. —Baltimore American.

Beetles Ate the Lead.

That certain beetles are by no means frightened by lead foil has long been recognized, but it is rather discouraging to add one more to the number of these culprits. Ed Stieh of Naueheim reports that a box somewhat worm eaten was lined with lead. After a while holes one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and distinctly spiral, were noticed and traced to the beetle Tetroplum luridum, Linn., which was not yet on the list of lead eaters, or rather lead destroyers.

A cousin of this insect has been known to be destructive to lead chambers. There are, unfortunately, many insects and animals devoid of that sense for the sacred rights of property which we expect of everybody but ourselves. —Scientific American.

Advice to Klondikers.

"Be sure you are right then go ahead." The newspapers are filled with all sorts of statements regarding mining in the Yukon basin and schemes for the profit of the "stay at home" are more plentiful than icebergs in Dawson. The railways are trying to place before you reliable information as to the country and how to get there. The Northern Pacific as the pioneer in Alaska passenger traffic, running its trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Puget Sound and Portland, have by their recently issued map folder on Alaska, again demonstrated their right to first consideration. Send Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., 2-cents postage for the latest and best Alaska map published.

According to Secretary Cohn of the State Agricultural Department of Kansas, the total value of the field and live stock products of that State for the present year is \$230,000,000, which is a net increase as compared with the value of the crops of last year of over \$20,000,000.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A sharp-nosed Briton proposes that light buoys and bell buoys be provided with evil-smelling chemical mixtures as a means of warning sailors in a fog. The shipping world points out that, if the idea is adopted, the Board of Trade will have to establish an olfactory test.

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chills, and Swelling feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Maine factories sold \$250,000 worth of wood shoe pegs last year.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The Gaelic revival in Ireland is making remarkable progress.

HALL'S Vegetable
Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Gives new life and vigor to the roots of the hair. It's like water to a drooping plant. No gray hair. No baldness.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast COCOA
Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.
Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED." TRY

SAPOLIO

No. 208.
This quarter-sized oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

\$3.95
is our special price for this \$10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112-page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Tapestries, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Catalogue, showing carpets in color, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 2c in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-saver.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

Arrested a Whole Funeral.
It has long been the custom of funerals the world over to proceed slowly; not so, however, with funerals in the outskirts of Brooklyn. The other day in that city a funeral was spinning along when the hearse driver carelessly ran over a boy's bicycle and ruined it.

The policeman, who gave chase, overhauled the hearse, climbed up on the box and arrested the driver for his recklessness.

"All you people follow me!" the policeman shouted to the drivers of the carriages in the funeral cortege.

Thereupon he turned the horses toward the police station and started them at a trot. The hearse driver was dumb with astonishment. All the carriages dutifully trundled along behind. Imagine the astonishment of the citizens of Brooklyn upon seeing a whole funeral procession trotting toward the lockup. The unhappy occupants of the carriages, knowing nothing of the reason for the change in their itinerary, were full of indignation.

The sergeant refused to entertain the charge against the hearse driver, and he advised the boy to get a warrant for the driver if he wished to prosecute him. Thereupon the funeral procession resumed its journey toward the cemetery.

The misery of it is awful.

USE
ST. JACOBS
OIL TO CURE
SCIATICA

You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

PATENTS are Property. Represent Wealth. Can be Invented. Sold. Are Assignable. Invent improvements in tools, implements, household articles, etc. Apply to HAN, Patent Lawyer, Waverley Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

Life, Endowment and Tontine INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCER AND TUMOR PERMANENTLY CURED without knife, plaster or pain. All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free. NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH are result of Contracted Nostils. Drugs Cannot Cure. Send for KATAL INSPERATOR or 6-11 for pamphlet G. B. FARMER, Perth Ont., Canada.

P. N. U. 51 '97.
If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHOEVER HAS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. No After Effects. In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1898.

An 8-year old girl in Kansas weighs 269 pounds. This is the effect prosperity is having upon the populist children.

A quilt made by Miss Agnes Spears, of Rothsville, Lancaster county, contains 10,965 patches, none of them being larger than a three-cent piece. It required one year to make it.

The Frick Company, Waynesboro, Pa., has an order in hand for a 25 ton refrigerating plant for Manitoba, Canada, as well as one for Cape Town, South Africa. Why such a machine should be needed as far north as Manitoba, is one of the things hard to understand.

About seven weeks ago while engaged in threshing on the farm of Mrs. J. E. Martin, near Graceham, a six weeks old pig disappeared and they were unable to find out what had become of it until last Sunday evening, when it was found under the straw stack, where it had been imprisoned for six weeks and three days. The pig had strength enough left to stand up, and enjoys a good appetite.

Isaac Snell, 97 years old, died at his home in Jersey City, from old age. He had been married three times, his last venture being when 87 years old. He was the father of twenty-nine children, the oldest of whom lives in New Zealand. The youngest living child, Edward Snell, 32 years old, is a policeman in his native city.

The disease sweeping off thousands of Cubans is well named "misery" by the natives. It is caused by lack of food, shelter, medicine and all ordinary household comforts. In the Irish families a great number perished from a disease called "road fever." The starving victims wandered off aimlessly along the roads until they sink under their utter wretchedness and died beside the highway. The malady is identical with the "misery" of the Cubans, although less acute, for military inhumanity was not added to the suffering. Secretary Sherman has again called attention to the cry of affliction and distress from Cuba, and to the opportunity to forward supplies from this country. The appeal will meet with a prompt and earnest response.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Western Maryland Telephone Company, of Carroll county, in Westminster, Md., it was decided to build long distance lines for the purpose of connecting with other systems. One of these lines, which is to be built at once, is to connect Western Maryland with Baltimore, and the other lines will, it is understood, speedily follow. The company will issue bonds to the amount of \$8000 to aid in carrying forward the projected connections.

Finders not Keepers.

The old principle that finding a lost article gives no title to the finder against the owner, was reiterated by Judge Finletter, at Philadelphia, yesterday. A Baltimorean found a diamond ring at Atlantic City and refused to return it to the owner unless he received a reward. Instead of getting a reward he had to pay the costs and narrowly escaped having to answer a charge of larceny.

He Played the Devil in Church.

At Bourbon, Indiana, while Rev. Mr. Atkins, of the Bethel church, was picturing the actuality of the 'devil to a congregation, a figure in red, with horns, cloven hoofs and a long switching tail, suddenly appeared on the platform and said, breathing fire from his nostrils: "I am the Devil and I want you all." The audience became panic-stricken; men, women and children were hurled to the floor and trampled upon by the mad rush for the door. In the confusion the stove was upset and the building caught fire. Next morning, George Atkins, son of the pastor, confessed that he was the culprit.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY YET—W. M. Repline, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief" says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Randolph Wehler's Drug Store.

Mr. Adam Oaster, the venerable auctioneer, of McSherrystown, who celebrated the 82nd anniversary of his birth last week, had a bad fall on Sunday and is now confined to his room.

Mr. Latimer Danner, formerly of East Berlin, is now in California getting ready to start for the Kiondike gold region.

The weather on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings was the coldest of the winter in this vicinity, the thermometer ranging from 1 and 2 degrees above zero to 5 degrees below zero.

Some person or persons stole from the Hanover creamery on Friday, \$9.50 in cash. Entrance is supposed to have been effected through a window. A closer search on the part of the thieves would have netted them \$60.

The good book has among its many divine injunctions, no plainer, no better nor more emphatic one than the passage: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord." This is the season of the year to make an investment which will return interest a thousand-fold.

Mrs. Helen Motter, wife of Col. John L. Motter, of Emmittsburg, died suddenly on Tuesday morning of last week. She had retired the evening before in her usual good health, and Mr. Motter who had gotten up first in the morning found her dead.

How to CURE A COLD—Simply take Otto's Cure. It will stop a cough quicker than any other known remedy. Set a sample bottle free from E. C. Livingston. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. (1)

The Pennsylvania Agricultural works, York, shipped recently a car load of plow material to Montevideo, South America; a car load of farming implements to Buenos Ayres, South America; a car-load of saw mill machinery to North Carolina; a car-load of engines and boilers to South Fork, Pa.

Ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of York, on Monday of last week filed suit in equity for an injunction against the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, and others to prevent the payment of \$77,000 to William S. Grant, for payment of moneys due since 1861. Mr. Maish says that as attorney for Grant he is entitled to a fee of one-eighth of the total sum, which is \$9,743.97, and alleges that the present attorneys of Grant intend to defraud him out of that amount.

By request we take the following from the Hanover Herald of Thursday, Feb. 8rd.—The old established dry goods firm of Carver & Little was changed Wednesday to N. B. Carver & Sons, T. J. Little retiring, and the senior partner taking into partnership his sons, Daniel S. Carver, and E. Fred Carver. Mr. Little will remain with the new firm for a time, until he decides in what business he will engage. This well known house is doing a large business in dry goods and clothing, and it is only reasonable to hope that this will continue with the combination of new and old partners. Mr. Carver has been in this business for over a quarter of a century, and is master of its details, while his sons are energetic and capable young men, who will do their part in pushing the business.

John H. Brough, who has been salesman and bookkeeper in this store for over twenty years, has resigned his position, to take effect at an early date. He has not yet decided just what he will do in the future. He is a careful and efficient business man, and will doubtless be successful in whatever he may venture.

China Swindler in this Vicinity.

That swindler, who gave his name as J. M. Seal and who operated in the northern part of York county recently, has an abundance of nerve. After victimizing a number of people in one part of the county during the fore-part of the week, he jumped into an entirely different part on Thursday and successfully worked his little bunco game on several innocent country maidens. Yesterday he was working in the vicinity of Hanover and Spring Grove. He went to the home of a man named Arnold at Spring Grove, and informed Mr. Arnold's daughter that for the small sum of \$4 he would teach her the art of painting on china. That was the last seen of him around the Arnold household. He also operated successfully at the home of Mr. Zorbaugh in Nashville.—Gazette.

102 Years Old.

Abram Staley, died suddenly at his home at New Baltimore, near Chambersburg, aged 102 years. Staley came to this country from England in 1800. By trade he was a well digger, but in his leisure time he was an ardent sportsman. In politics he was a Democrat, and until some years ago would walk nine miles to each election. He had nine children, and 11 great great grand children. He was always temperate, but used tobacco until 20 years ago. His father lived to the age of 107 years.

James McIndoo, of Madelia, Minn., is 18 years old, is 6 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 303 pounds. He wears a No. 24 shoe, a No. 8 hat and drinks a gallon of water at a time to quench his thirst. He is well proportioned and is very powerful. He is still growing very fast.

W. A. Staub, of Pitt St., our "boss" game chicken breeder, last week sold 4 game cocks to Gettysburg Sports for \$10. The Gettysburg Sports know a good thing when they see it. "Billy" always keeps good stock. P.

During last year there were 18 passengers killed and 19 injured on the street railways of the state of Pennsylvania. Grade crossings were responsible for most of these accidents.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

For Rent.

The E. Roth property, on Carlisle St., New Oxford. The property consists of a large brick house, nice grounds and garden, hog pen, &c., and a large shop, suitable for a carpenter or other tradesman. Possession can be given on Feb. 17th, 1898. Apply to W. R. Stambaugh, Farmers P. O., York county, Pa.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE IN NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

Assignee's Sale.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1898.
The undersigned, Assignee of Conrad Cramer, of the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams county, Pa. (now deceased) in trust for the benefit of creditors, acting under and by virtue of an Order of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, will offer at public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, the following real estate:
Tract No. 1. A Lot of Ground, situate on the corner of Main and Fifth Streets, in said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by Main street, on the east by Fifth street, on the north by North Alley, and on the west by land of Lewis Cramer, containing in width on Main street 100 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 193 feet, more or less; improved with a 1 1/2-story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Shop, Frame Stable and necessary outbuildings. There is a hay scales in good condition on the premises.
No. 2. A Lot of Ground, situate in said Borough of McSherrystown, on the corner of North and Fifth streets, bounded on the north by North street, on the east by Fifth street, on the south by North alley, and on the west by land of John A. Post and others, containing in width on North street 350 feet, more or less, and extending in depth 155 feet, more or less.
No. 3. A Lot of Ground, situate on the north side of North street, in the said Borough of McSherrystown, bounded on the south by North street, on the east by lands of John H. Krichen and O. D. Smith, on the north by lands of John A. Post and Vincent O'Bold, and on the west by lands of Francis P. Small and Emma J. Hagerman, containing 5 Acres, more or less. There are two limekilns and a limestone quarry on the said premises.
The above described tracts will be sold as a whole or in parts to the best interests of the estate.
Sale to begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms—15 per cent. cash on day of sale, 10 per cent. on confirmation of sale and the balance April 1st, 1898, upon delivery of deed and possession.
C. D. SMITH, Assignee.

GO L. J. WEIKERT

FOR YOUR PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention. CALL TO SEE ME IN THE LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING, CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

AN ENTIRE STOCK OF New FURNITURE!

The undersigned, having completely closed out his stock of furniture last fall, wishes to inform the citizens of New Chester and the public in general that he has again started in the Furniture business, and has just received an entirely new, full and complete line of
Homemade and City Furniture.
The stock is strictly up-to-date in every particular, and embraces the latest things and designs in PARLOR and BEDROOM SUITS, TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c., and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call to see us whether you want to buy or not. Call trouble to show goods.
UNDERTAKING
in all its branches continued as heretofore. Calls attended promptly day or night. Charges reasonable.
GEORGE E. WITTEK, New Chester, Pa.
The wise person subscribes for The Item

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME
by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Adminis raor's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. EMMERT, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, Administrator.

Go to the NEW OXFORD

Monumental Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUCH, Proprietor

MRS. D. I. SEASELY, FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER,

NEW OXFORD, PA., has opened a millinery store in the house lately vacated by Mrs. Frank Miller, on Philadelphia street, to which the public is invited to inspect goods and learn prices.

GEO. F. RABINE, Practical Barber and Hairdresser EAGLE HOTEL BUILDING, Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber shop in the above-named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Give me a call

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

Established, 1871.

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs, Howard and Franklin Streets, BALTIMORE, MD.,

FLOUR AND PRODUCE COMMISSION HOUSE.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the Cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

REMNANTS!

Cambric, in all colors, 2c. per yard.

Ginghams, 3c. per yard.

The best calicos, 4c. per yard.

Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.

All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.

50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

1898! 1898!

DONE WITH THE OLD!

ON WITH THE NEW!

We open the New Year with:

2000 yds. Bleached Muslin, 6 1/4c., value 8c.

2000 yds. of Muslin, 5c., value 7c.

1000 yds. Standard Prints, 4c. and 5c.

Also Special Sale:

Cambric Embroideries.

Muslin Underwear.

Winter Stock Reduction.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Big Cut in Prices

on Ladies' Coats and Capes—must be sold. Gingham Remnants 3c. per yard.

Do you know that Muffs are quite stylish? We have them at very low figures.

SHEELY & BRO.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—
liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1898.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

FEBRUARY.

22nd.—Tuesday, personal property of the es-
tate of the late Mrs. Sarah Emmert, New Ox-
ford.

30th.—Saturday, Edw. Emmert, Tyrone town-
ship, stock and implements.

MARCH.

3rd.—Thursday, Mary A. Mumma, on the
Geo. Emmert farm, Oxford township, stock and
implements.

11th.—Friday, Solomon Brown, Oxford twp.,
stock and farm implements.

19th.—Thursday, Mary A. Keight, on the
Harbold farm, Reading township, stock and
implements.

12th.—Saturday, John S. Weaver, Oxford
twp., farm stock and implements.

15th.—Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements, house-
hold goods, etc.

18th.—Friday, J. U. Ruff, New Oxford, stock
and implements.

21st.—Monday, Harvey Wehler, Sam'l Weh-
ler and H. G. Wehler, on farm of P. H. Stru-
binger, Hamilton twp., stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, Hanson Bersh, Oxford twp.,
farm stock and implements.

26th.—Saturday, Wm. Vinand, Oxford twp.,
stock and implements.

22nd.—Tuesday, W. P. Smith, near Bonneau-
ville, stock and implements.

30th.—Wednesday, Herbert S. Weikert, Mt.
Pleasant twp., stock and implements.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

St. Valentine's Day, next Monday.

A dangerous counterfeit of the \$2 sil-
ver certificate is out.

David McStewart, of York Springs, has
been granted a pension of \$6 a month.

A pension of \$6 a month has been
granted to Vincent H. Adams, of Mc
Sherrytown.

That noted remedy for all diseases of
stock: "Beaker's Blood Medicine," for
sale at Hamilton's drug store.

Theo. R. Helb, brewer, Tuesday issued
execution against James A. Ocker, pro-
prietor of the City Hotel, York, for
\$2,000.

Three legal holidays this month.—Sat-
urday, Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday; Tues-
day, Feb. 15, election day; and Tuesday,
Feb. 22, Washington's birthday.

We don't furnish Hot Baths, as would
seem from last week's issue, but we do
sell that Household Necessity, "A Hot
Water Bottle," at Hamilton's Drug Store.

The hind axle on the wagon of N. B.
Carns, baker, of Abbotstown, broke
while delivering bread to his customers
in this place on Tuesday.

When you cast your vote on election
day don't let party blind your eyes, but
vote for the man best qualified for office,
no matter whether he be a Democrat or
a Republican.

Miss Rose Timmins, daughter of Mrs.
Mary Ann Timmins, of Mt. Rock, will be
married to a gentleman from Columbia,
next week. Miss Timmins has been mak-
ing her home in that borough.

Harry Breighner, son of Henry Breigh-
ner, of Mt. Rock, and Miss Mae, daugh-
ter of John Neider, of Brushstown, were
married Tuesday morning at Conewago
Chapel, by Rev. Father O'Leary.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the
best thing for the baby! It is sold under
a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug
store.

Mr. Jacob Myers, residing with his son
in Reading township, was stricken with
paralysis on last Tuesday, and at last ac-
counts was not expected to recover.

J. D. Kindig, of Sell's Station, killed a
porker a few days ago, that weighed 600
pounds. C. A. Sell, of the same place,
killed one that tipped the beam at 686
pounds.

Mr. Michael Harbold, of Hampton, aged
about 70 years, who had been blind for
some time, had a successful operation per-
formed upon his eyes for cataract. The
operation was performed several weeks
ago at the York Hospital and Dispensary
by Dr. J. F. Klinedinst, oculist of York.
Mr. Harbold now rejoices in the restora-
tion of his sight.

Daniel Culp, a highly respected citizen
and the oldest resident of Gettysburg,
died on Sunday afternoon. He was a na-
tive of Gettysburg, having been born in
that place on April 10, 1809, and had he
lived to April 10th next, he would have
been 89 years old.

Thermometer 70 degrees below zero at
Circle City, Alaska; strawberries in
bloom in Florida. Where else is there so
great a country as this? Nowhere!

Henry Jacobs, the champion sheep
raiser, in the neighborhood of East Ber-
lin, has 21 lambs from his flock of eleven
ewes, three of which weigh 50 pounds a
piece.

Persons contemplating purchasing
Jewelry of any description, will do well
to carefully note "Hamilton's Space,"
this week.

St. Paul's Lutheran congregation of
Littlestown are considering the propriety
of having a pipe organ, and also of re-
modeling the main audience room of the
church.

The merchant who for the sake of econ-
omy would refuse to light up his store
after dark is on a par with one who for
the same reason refuses to advertise his
wares.

At the meeting of the Telephone Com-
pany recently held in Gettysburg, it was
decided to build a line to Bonneauville
and Hunterstown, the construction of
which was entrusted to the executive
committee.

Ex-Representatives Theodore McAlis-
ter and Wm. H. Tipton together with
Walter M. Lefevre represented Adams
county at the conference of the Business
Men's Republican League, held last week
at the Bourse in Philadelphia.

Miss Serepta Johnson, a school teacher,
was fined 15 cents, with \$11 costs, by a
Cumberland magistrate, for chastising a
boy for striking matches in school. The
grand jury hauled the magistrate over
the coals and ordered him to return costs.

Mrs. Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg,
died at the hospital at Carlisle on Sat-
urday at 12 o'clock. She had undergone an
operation there for a tumor on Thursday,
and on Friday was reported much bet-
ter, but on Saturday she gradually sank
till the end came.

David Cluck, a young man aged about
18 years, a son of Conrad Cluck, of Cum-
berland township, fell from the wagon
while driving out the Emmittsburg road
last Tuesday, and broke a bone near the
ankle on the right leg and injured the
left leg. He fell between the horses and
might have had an uglier accident.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup
cures when all others fail, or dealers re-
fund the money. For sale at Wehler's
drug store.

Rosa Lingg, of McSherrytown, was
arrested Saturday morning by Officer
Dougherty, on a charge of assault and
battery, on oath of Daisy Little. The
defendant gave bail for her appearance
at court.

Howard M. Gardner, of Latimore town-
ship, has been appointed Keeper of the
old men's department at the Almshouse,
and Ex-Director John Hall was appoint-
ed Superintendent of the insane depart-
ment.

President McKinley and probably some
members of his cabinet will attend the
memorial day services at Gettysburg on
May 30th, if public business does not in-
tervene to prevent them. The President
so informed a delegation who called on
him Friday to extend the invitation.
Hon. Webster Davis, the Assistant Sec-
retary of the Interior, will be the orator
of the occasion.

One of the postmasters of Adams Co.
has done a rather unusual thing. Post-
master Kauffman, of East Berlin, has given
notice that the postoffice at that place
will be open hereafter from 5 to 6 o'clock
Sunday evening. No outside mail is re-
ceived at that office on Sunday, and the
new arrangement is just for the conven-
ience of the public who wish to mail let-
ters then.

Constable Wilson, of Gettysburg, ar-
rived at Harrisburg Friday evening, with
Harry A. Grothe, of Littlestown, whom
he captured at Philadelphia, Friday,
where he had taken several prisoners to
the penitentiary that were sentenced re-
cently by Judge Swope. Grothe is want-
ed on a serious charge. He was locked
in jail for safe keeping and was taken to
Gettysburg Saturday.

On Wednesday, 9th inst., Mr. Lewis P.
Weaver, of near town, celebrated the
72nd anniversary of his birth, and on
Thursday, 10th, his brother, Mr. David
Weaver, residing with his son, J. S.
Weaver, Hanover street, celebrated the
80th anniversary of his birth. Both gen-
tlemen are hale and hearty, and display
as much activity as many of not half
their age.

On Monday evening death again visit-
ed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
Tschop, of East Berlin, taking from a
home so lately made sad by the death of
the only boy, the only daughter, Ethel
Grace, aged 2 years, 9 months and 16 days.
Just two weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Tschop
with sad hearts laid their baby boy to
rest and now to give up the only child
left, makes the bereavement sad indeed.—
News.

FOR SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants,
at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run
school house, Hamilton township.

PERSONAL.

H. D. Becker, wife and son, of Hano-
ver, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
McC. Gilbert, Center Square, on Sat-
urday.

Mrs. Charles Sheely, of this place, spent
a few days last week with Mrs. A. Eck-
ert, at Hunterstown.

Prof. C. A. Decker, who is teaching
school at Fountain Dale, spent a few days
with his parents and friends near town.

Misses Rhoda and Bessie Fissel, of Get-
tysburg, were the guests of Mrs. Geo. C.
Sheely, Philadelphia St.

Mrs. Mumma and nephew, of Balti-
more, spent some time with her son, Da-
vid Mumma and family, of Oxford twp.

Miss Mary A. Elder, of Emmittsburg,
Md., is at Edge Grove, collecting data of
the early Catholic residents and Mission-
aries of Conowago.

Al Melhorn, of the Hotel Barker, spent
Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Mel-
horn, of West High Street.

Scalded to Death.

William Stough, aged 40 years, of
Jackson twp. York Co., met death in a
horrible form Thursday at Spring Grove.

Mr. Stough was employed as a laborer
in the Gladfield paper mills, in that place,
and about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon
he crawled into a large boiler, or tank, for
the purpose of cleaning it. He was in the
upper part of the boiler, when, by
some unexplained accident, hot water
was turned into the boiler in which he
was at work. The steam from the hot
water rose to the top, and Stough's
screams were drowned by the noise of the
hissing steam. In this extremity the un-
fortunate man dropped down into the
hot water, knowing that it was his only
means of getting out of the boiler, and
opened the valve himself, which allowed
the water to run out, when his terrible
situation was discovered by some fellow
workman, who removed him from the
boiler. He was removed to the home of
Mrs. Hale, in Spring Grove, and Dr. Hoke
summoned, who responded at once, and
did all that medical skill could for the
man, whose lower limbs and abdomen
were terribly cooked and scalded. He
suffered great pain until half past 4
o'clock Friday morning, when death re-
lieved him of his sufferings.

Mr. Stough leaves a wife and three
children, the eldest of whom is 15 years
of age.

Mr. Stough is well known in this vi-
cinity having resided on different farms
in the neighborhood, and several years
ago had charge of the team of the late
Jacob Smith, dec'd, near town.

Why not Organize Here.

Throughout the State nearly every
town of any pretensions is making strong
efforts to induce capitalists to locate with-
in its borders, and some of them have
been very successful. Of course those
towns whose citizens make the greatest
effort will receive the greatest reward in
the way of increased manufacturing fa-
cilities. The people of this place could
as well share some of the boom now be-
ing enjoyed by other towns, as not. All
it takes is a little push, vim and concert
of action among the people. We should
act as one family in our endeavors to
build up a flourishing town, and there
is not a particle of doubt but what the
people residing therein will reap a rich
harvest for their trouble.

Entertained Friends.

Mrs. C. E. Diehl, of Carlisle street,
Monday evening entertained at her pleas-
ant home the Young Ladies' Reading
Club. The evening was spent in reading
and discussing the topics of the day un-
til nearly ten o'clock when the guests
were invited to the dining room, where
a repast of ice cream, cakes, candies, and
fruit was served and greatly enjoyed.
The guests then left for their homes hop-
ing for their genial hostess many equally
pleasant evenings.

Swallowed Two Boxes of Pills.

Harry, a young son of Harry Doll, Sr.,
of Centreville, near Stewartstown, says
the News, of that place, swallowed the
contents of two boxes of liver pills on
Monday. Dr. J. F. Lutz was summon-
ed and after working about three hours
with the little patient succeeded in re-
moving the fifty little regulators. Rather
a large dose for a tiny liver, and if they
would not have been removed, little Har-
ry's soul would have been gently wafted
o'er the river via the liver pill route. He
has no appetite for liver pills since.

Thomas Dasher, of Wrightsville, aged
about 65 years, who has been an inmate
of the insane department of the York
county almshouse since September of last
year, made an attempt at suicide last
Monday. He drove a fork three inches
deep into his left side with the stool upon
which he was sitting at the supper table,
but did not strike the heart, as he intend-
ed. The fork perforated the intestines,
however, and the wound will most likely
prove fatal.

COURT ITEMS.

In the case of the Com. vs Joseph
Meads, larceny and receiving stolen goods
Marks Jordan prosecutor, sentenced Nov.
9, '97, to 6 months in jail, the sentence
was reduced last week, to 2 mos. and 23
days from Nov. 9, '97.

Soldiers peddler's license was granted
to Reuben Minter.

COMMON PLEAS.

Bond of Littlestown Borough under
act of Assembly of May 25, 1887, to appro-
priate land for water purposes for the
Borough of Littlestown, with resolution
of Town Council, was filed and approved
and Geo. S. Cump, John A. Shorb, George
Z. Gitt, S. D. Mehning and Henry S. Boy-
er were appointed viewers.

Petition of the Baltimore and Harris-
burg R. W. Co., relating to the acqui-
sition of land for a switch in Oxford twp.
from the main line to quarry of John R.
Bittinger, was filed.

A Horse Climbs the Stairs.

The Herald says: A horse running up
a steep flight of stairs, is not a frequent
occurrence, but that is what the dark bay
horse of Dr. R. N. Meisenholder did on
Wednesday evening. The colored host-
ler was in the act of placing a bridle on
the horse, when the animal got away
from him and dashed up the steps lead-
ing to the hay mow above. Some of the
steps were damaged, but the horse was
not hurt. The puzzling part of the situa-
tion, was how to get the horse down
again. A number of men were summon-
ed, and with ropes and pulleys, the ani-
mal was left down from the hay loft to
the stable.

Outlook for a Big Meeting.

The 30th annual convention of the
Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian As-
sociation will meet in York Thursday,
Feb. 17, and close Sunday, Feb. 20.

The day sessions of the convention
will be held in Zion's Reformed Church
and the evening sessions in Christ Evan-
gelical Lutheran Chapel.

Over five hundred delegates are expect-
ed from the various sections of the State,
these will be entertained by the congre-
gations of the different churches.

Injured His Hand.

Frank Colgan, of Irishtown, an em-
ployee of the Hanover Foundry and Ma-
chine Company, had the misfortune of
mashing the little finger and badly bruising
two other fingers of his left hand, by
having a heavy piece of iron fall on his
hand at the foundry, on Saturday.

J. Weems Neely, of near Bowlder, has
had the ore analyzed which has been
found on his farm near that place. The
Prof. who analyzed it gave following re-
sult: Magnetic oxide of iron 93.90 per
cent. Silica, insoluble in acids, 6.03 per
cent. Total 99.93. This sample of ore
contains 59.15 percent of pure iron out of
which the oxygen has been taken. The
93.90 per cent. is the percentage of mag-
netic oxide. The chemist says: "This
is a pure ore and its freedom from sul-
phur and phosphorus greatly enhances
its value, and makes it a very desirable ore
for the manufacture of the best grades
of iron."

Oil Company's New Line.

The Standard Oil Company is hard at
work laying another pipe line through
York County. Last week twenty teams
were hauling pipe from railroad stations
to points along the old line which crosses
the Susquehanna 1½ miles from New
Holland. This line starts from a point
near New Holland and runs through Star-
view to Forge Hill, to Foustown, through
Weigeltown to Dover, from Dover it
crosses to Adams County, where it runs
close to East Betlin, and through to Mary-
land. As soon as the weather permits
over 200 men will be employed to dig
trenches and complete the line. The
pipes are eight inches in diameter and
each section is sixteen feet long. It will
require nearly the whole summer to put
the line in working condition.

The cofferdam will not be laid across
the river until the water reaches its low-
est stage, which will probably be some-
time in July. Then the connection will
be made between the Lancaster and York
County sides, as quickly as possible.

A CLEVER TRICK.—It certainly looks
like it, but there is really no trick about
it. Anybody can use it who has lame
back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or ner-
vous troubles. We mean he cures himself
right away by taking Electric Bitters. This
medicine tones up the whole system, acts
as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is
a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures
Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells,
Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is pure-
ly vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores
the system to its natural vigor. Try Elec-
tric Bitters and be convinced that they are
a miracle worker. Every bottle guaran-
teed. Only 50 cents a bottle at Randolph
Wehler's Drug Store.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets
All Druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. 25c.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
evening at 7 o'clock; Epworth League
at 6 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.

Rev. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.
Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock; Sun-
day school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6
p. m.; catechetical class Saturday at 2 p.
m.; Sunday school lesson Saturday 7 p. m.

Rev. P. E. HEMMER, Pastor.
There will be preaching in St. Paul's
Lutheran church Sunday morning at 10
o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; Junior
C. E. at 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.;
catechetical class Saturday at 2 p. m.

Rev. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.
There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.

Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

For many years science has studied
liquors. Result, the whole world uses
whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant
and does not injure nerves and tissues
like coco wines and other drugged com-
pounds. And HAUPTER Whiskey is the
ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman,
New Oxford, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat	80 92
No. 2 "	87
Raked "	45
Rye	43 00 15
Corn	25 75 25
Oats	18 60 22
Clover seed, per lb	5 50
Timothy seed	1 00 1 25
Timothy hay	6 50 8 00
Rye straw	5 00 6 00

MARRIED.

Jan. 8, at residence of minister, by Rev.
J. A. Harlacher, Mr. Solomon E. Weaver,
of Reading township, to Miss Ada C.
Troste, of Latimore township.

Feb. 2, at Littlestown, by Rev. Geo. P.
Stem, Mr. Milton Kindig, to Miss Minnie
Rebert, both of Littlestown.

Feb. 1, at this place, by Rev. G. J.
M. Ketner, Mr. Joseph H. Weaver, of
Straban township, to Miss Katie Miller,
of Oxford township.

Jan. 30, in Gettysburg, by Rev. Father
H. I. Christ, Mr. C. Emory Steinhour, of
Gettysburg, to Miss Carrie V. Hoffman,
of Fairfield.

Feb. 1, at Bonneauville, by Rev. Father
W. E. Martin, Mr. Amos Goehner, of
Straban township, to Miss Susan Red-
ding, of Cumberland township.

Feb. 3, at York Springs, by Rev. J. W.
Reese, Mr. David M. Deter, to Miss
Georgie Annie Trimmer, both of East
Berlin.

Feb. 1, at York Springs, by Rev. L. M.
Gardner, Mr. Amos Goehner, of Heli-
lersburg, to Miss Ida Reigle, of York
Springs.

Feb. 3, at the Mountjoy parsonage, by
Rev. W. G. Minnick, Mr. Henry D.
Spangler, of Mountjoy township, to Miss
R. Catharine Currens, of Cumberland
township.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cents a line.

Feb. 7, in Straban township, Henry
Bucher, aged 69 years, 8 months and 23
days.

Feb. 7, in Cumberland township, Mrs.
Annie, wife of George Bushman, aged
about 87 years.

Jan. 31, near Harney, Md., infant son
of Thomas and Frances Champion, aged
2 weeks.

Feb. 6, in Gettysburg, Daniel Culp,
aged 88 years, 9 months and 17 days.

Feb. 3, at Carlisle, Mrs. Louisa G., wife
of Jerome Hemler, of Gettysburg, aged
36 years.

Feb. 2, Mrs. Eva, wife of W. Peter
McCavit, of Gettysburg, aged 36 years.

Feb. 3, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Joseph Top-
per, aged 55 years, 7 months and 25 days.

HAMILTON'S SPACE.

We have purchased the Jewelry De-
partment from Mr. Dicks, and are com-
pleting the stock. Every thing is marked
down to meet the hard times. We now
think we have as nice a line of Jewelry
as can be found anywhere, and persons
wishing to purchase any thing in this
line will do themselves an injustice by
purchasing before they have called and
examined our complete stock. We have
bought them right and will sell low.

Repairing of all kinds promptly at-
tended to.

W. D. HAMILTON, M. D.

Druggist.
New Oxford, Pa.

DISOLUTION NOTICE.

The copartnership heretofore exist-
ing between the undersigned, under the firm
name of Gilbert & Himes has been to-
day dissolved by mutual consent. The
business will be continued by J. M.
Gilbert and William Gilbert under the
title of Gilbert & Son. All persons in-
debted to Gilbert & Himes will make set-
tlement with the new firm.

J. M. GILBERT

A. W. HIMES.

New Oxford, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1898.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF THOMAS D. SMITH, Deceased.
I, J. L. Smith, Administrator of the estate
of THOMAS D. SMITH, late of the Borough of New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been ap-
pointed to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice
that all persons indebted to said estate to make
immediate payment, and those having claims
against the same to present them properly authenticated for set-
tlement to the undersigned residing in New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

GEORGE W. SMITH
Administrator.

Colorado has passed California and taken first rank as a gold bearing state.

The halo of monarchy still shines. A drawing room of Louis XV, consisting of a sofa, six armchairs and some old Beauvais tapestry, has just been sold in Paris to a dealer from dingy London for \$70,000.

England's food bill payable to foreign countries is \$10,000,000 monthly. In other words, for nine months ending September 30, total imports of all articles of food and drink into the United Kingdom represented a value of \$88,000,000.

The inhabitants of Boise City, Idaho, are now supplied with hot water by nature. The water is led from wells to the city by mains, to which service pipes are connected, leading the water into the building, where it is made to pass through the coils, similar to steam heaters. Rates are charged on the basis of the size of waste, and are but very little higher than coal. Nearly all large buildings and many dwellings use it exclusively for heating. The water is highly mineralized, and unfit for table purposes, though excellent for bathing.

John Fox, Jr., writes in sorrowful protest to Harper's Weekly about the advertisement of his story, The Kentuckians, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for November. The advertisement says of Mr. Fox, "No one else has told so graphically the story of the family feuds that were formerly so common in the Blue-Grass regions," but Mr. Fox declares that one of his chief purposes in writing Kentucky stories has been "to relieve the Blue-Glass region of a prevalent slander that the feuds of the mountains are common to it." "There are no feuds in the Blue-Glass," he writes; "there never have been." "It is quite true," adds the Weekly, "that in The Kentuckians he has emphasized and made very clear and comprehensible that the Kentuckians of the mountains, where the feuds have flourished, though of kindred stock with Blue-Glass people, developed very differently, and, after three or four generations of rude and isolated life, were primitive and almost semi-barbarous people, whereas the Blue-Glass folk are at least as far along in civilization as their neighbors of the North and East."

For several months a new system of trading has been in vogue in Washington, known as "the stamp plan." A customer going into a store which belongs to the association, relates the Chicago Record, is given a ten cent stamp with every dollar's worth of merchandise purchased. That stamp is accepted in payment for other merchandise purchased at a central agency conducted by the manager of the association. This system has become quite popular, but has been complained of by merchants who have not adopted it, and at their instigation the authorities arrested the manager and one of the most prominent merchants in town on the charge of conducting a gift enterprise in violation of an act of congress. The defendants were convicted and fined \$100 each, but their attorney gave notice of an appeal, and they were released upon bonds of \$500 until a test case may be carried to the upper courts to determine the constitutionality of the law. The counsel for the stamp company argued that the offering of a premium equally to all customers is not violation of the law, because the element of chance does not enter into the transaction—the merchant simply gives the customer a discount or a rebate upon the purchase price. He holds that if the stamp system is unlawful, the Rochdale system and all other co-operative enterprises are equally so, and that tea merchants and others who give away china and glassware and chromos are guilty of a violation of the law. Several soap companies and cigar dealers offer premiums for patronage in the same manner. The stamp system is in use in several other cities, and the manager claims its legality has never before been questioned. It will be several months before the court of appeals can hear the case, but the decision will be a matter of general interest.

THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy forward march!

Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has loneliness grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

By the Doctor's Order.

"Hop-picking," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hopfields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who disported themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house if you will honor us by becoming our guest tonight."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

"The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take them, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cherry rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop-pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great,

cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Lead tea and cold chicken were on the table; forced hothouse peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate entrees, breaded and fried in egg; were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his cup of iced tea. Evidently this was entirely a new view of the matter.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"Yes, but a poor girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale, fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And I—love her."

The old squire shook his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as the flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight pure features and soft dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel," he cried, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back.

"You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hothouse grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile.

"But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve in the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me the other day that you liked flowers."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, you are surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do—may, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling," he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel?"

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's order, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clanchiff hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But hop-picking has done me a great deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because—"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hoppers. —London Hearsthouse.

The winter of Sitka is milder than that of many European capitals.

CRUELTY TO TURTLES.

HOW TORTOISE SHELL IS OBTAINED OFF THE MOSQUITO COAST.

First Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House He Lives In—Many Turtles Do Not Survive Their Treatment.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use, constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands, about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the bay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This bay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. El Roncador is nothing more nor less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow; and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass, which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is, perhaps, the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk's bill. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about seventy. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep, and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach, they rush forth and turn them over on their back with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are thirteen in number, eight of them being flat and the other five somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as twelve inches long and seven inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs; then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth. The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of thirteen segments, it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is about all a man of northern breeding wants of it; and if the helpless reptile had the power of voicing their sufferings under it, their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in. —New York Post.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

The wind is fate,
The leaves are men—
They are blown along for a little space,
And then
A few emerge and tumble ahead,
Over and over and over again,
In a maddening race,
And here and there
One lodges and clings in a lonesome place,
Until, at last, but a single leaf
Whirls onward into the far Somewhere.

And the many leaf-men that are left behind
Gather in clusters here and there,
And are whirled about by the wilful wind,
And, at last, when the great white quilt is spread,
And all is over and done
Then silently and slowly rot,
Each on the barren little spot
Where its troubles were begun.
—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

Every man who has been engaged before, tells his fiancée how glad he is he discovered his mistake in time.

"You are not friendly with Mrs. FitzDucats?" "No. I hate the sight of her. She rented the pew we wanted in church."

Dental Student—Sweetheart, before I start back to college won't you let me pull one of your molars, just to remember you by?

"Harry, is Mrs. Beverly's drawing-room furnished artistically?" "Yes, indeed; a sash and a lace collar on every chair in the room."

Miss Gotrox—Jack is up to date. Her Friend—What do you mean? Miss Gotrox—Last night he asked me to be his Klondike.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—That's nothing. We've got a new papa at ours.

Wealthy Girl—Colonel de Biff acts so like proposing when we are alone, I verily believe he is in love. Other Girl—Perhaps he is in debt.

Don't be mean enough to think when your wife becomes unusually affectionate that it's a new dress she wants. It may be only a hat.

"What is your idea of a strong-minded woman?" "Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without saying, 'Oh!—how cute!'"

"Why is it that Chumpley always buys another new gun at the opening of the game season?" "Because the one he had the year before never killed anything."

Mr. Absentminded—It is pretty cold in here. Barber—Yes, sir; it is chilly this morning. Mr. Absentminded—If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair.

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Jack—What is the trouble between Josie and Claude? I hear the engagement is broken. Penelope—Yes, Claude called when she was expecting Clarence, and she had on the wrong engagement ring.

He—What a homely girl that is, over in the corner. She—That is my sister. He—Is it possible! Still, I'm not surprised. You must have been granted a monopoly of the beauty that was set apart for your family.

Collins, the Crook—Here's an account of a feller wot took eighty ounces of gold out'n one pocket, in Alaska. Petey, the Pickpocket—I sh'd think de feller he touched would've missed all dat weight out 'f his clothes.

Wayworn Watson—I feel sorry for them rich men's sons that has exhausted everything in life, don't you? Perry Pattetic—You bet I do. W'y, just think of you and me. When everything else has been tried we can go and take a bath.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have made a discovery." "I hope it isn't anything about athletics," replied her husband, apprehensively. "It is, though. I now know why nature does not put any hair on the heads of young children. It is to keep them from becoming football players too early in life."

An Innovation in Wild Fowling.

An innovation on the grass mats used as a blind for wild fowling has been introduced by a New Yorker at a point in Georgia where snipe and waders are plenty and the beach is hard and smooth. This is a grass blind built around a rubber-tired bicycle in which he sits and quietly pedals from point to point where he has placed stakes, calling as he goes. If birds alight or are seen at a distance, he very slowly drifts down to them, and in this way is reported to be making excellent bags. —New York Sun.

Right vs. Nerve.

"Do you think a man has a right to open his wife's letters?"

"Well, he may have the right; but I don't see how he could have the courage." —Chicago Record.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To Clean Ivory.

Make a paste of sal volatile, prepared chalk and machine oil. Apply to the ivory; when dry add a second coat and allow to remain on overnight. Rub off and polish with a dry cloth.

To Keep Blankets Fresh.

Blankets cannot be too frequently or thoroughly exposed to the fresh air. Even those made of the finest wools, if constantly used without careful airing, will cease to afford that delicious warmth and to be the luxurious covering that they are when new. When washed they should be dried as soon as possible, and the nap raised by going over them with a fine and short-toothed wool card.

Eggs May Be Kept Fresh for 3 Months.

"It is impossible in some sections of the country to get perfectly fresh eggs during the winter season," says Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To guard against this in summer time, when they are cheap, pack them in limewater, and they will keep in good condition for three months. Pour one gallon of boiling water over a pound of lime; when settled and cold pour it carefully over the eggs which you have packed, small ends down, in a stone jar, and stand in a cool, dark place. Eggs may also be packed in salt; anything that will close the pores of the shell and prevent evaporation will preserve eggs."

Household Accounts.

Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not of necessity, still of the greatest wisdom. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs the satisfaction of knowing at the end of each year how the family funds have gone is the amplest compensation. One especial satisfaction gained from the keeping of household accounts is the ability when, or if, necessity arises, to reduce expenditures on the outlay for luxuries and unecessaries. The money spent for food, for medicines or for fuel is capable of far less reduction than that for amusements, for wages or for clothing, and a system of accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

Homemade Candies.

Homemade candies are much nicer and cheaper than those bought at the confectioner's. Following are some recipes that I know to be excellent, says "Aunt Harriet" in the American Agriculturist:

Hobart Candy—Into the whites of two eggs stir as much confectioner's 4x sugar as will make a soft dough. Mix into this chopped walnuts, almonds or filberts; press out flat on a molding board and cut in squares. Use any flavoring desired.

McKinley Candy—One cup sugar, one-third cup water, one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar, butter the size of an egg; boil fifteen minutes. Do not stir till taken from the fire, then add one cup chopped walnuts and flavor to suit taste.

Taffy—Three cups sugar, one cup vinegar, butter size of a walnut, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Cook till it begins to harden when dropped in cold water. Do not stir. When done pour out into shallow buttered pans. This makes quite a large quantity. The recipe can be changed so as to make less.

Brownies—Three cups white sugar, one-half cup water, cook rapidly for twenty minutes, turn out on a buttered platter and with a spoon stir till cool. Butter the fingers and form into balls. Stick upon a large pin and dip into chocolate which has been set over a steamer till melted. Then lay upon a buttered plate to dry.

Chocolate Candy—Three cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one-half cup butter, one-half cup grated chocolate, two teaspoonfuls of flour. Boil the molasses, butter, flour and sugar for fifteen minutes. Stir the chocolate into the milk and pour into the boiling syrup. Boil all together till done. Add one teaspoonful vanilla just before it is poured out. Cool in buttered pans.

No Sunday in the Klondike.

A young man named Heater, who left his father's farm in Braxton county, W. Va., about a year ago for the purpose of working in a sawmill in Alaska, has written home that he has struck it rich in the Klondike, and as a proof of his statements he remitted \$2000 in cash to his sisters to send them to school. He says that in one evening's tramp over his property he picked up \$400 in gold nuggets. He says there is no Sabbath day in the Klondike, though the workmen rest one day out of every seven.

Molecules in Gas.

It has been calculated that the number of moles in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of 70 miles a minute.

Austria has about half as many inhabitants as Germany.

LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Gambling and Shopping With Dust-Riches on Sulphur Creek.

The following letter has been received at Seattle, Wash., by C. W. Chamberlin of C. W. Chamberlin & Co. from Joseph Green, Colonel of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Washington, and an influential business man, who left Seattle in July last for the Klondike by way of Dyea and the Chilkoot Pass.

"I arrived here on August 23 in good shape, without any serious accident, though I had quite an experience. I ran my boat through the canon and portaged the White Horse Rapids, as my boat was not long enough to run through without great risk of getting everything wet. Nearly all who came up with me on the steamer Alki are now here, or will be in a few days. This is my first chance to send out a letter.

"This is a lively camp, and all who desire to do well are making money. Wages are \$10 a day for common labor, \$15 for mechanics, and \$15 at the mines; but grub is very high here now. Almost everybody carries a sack of gold dust, and passes it over to the clerk or dealer to take out the amount of purchase. Every kind of gambling game is running wide open. A man sits down to any kind of a game he desires, passes his sack to the dealer, and names the number of chips he desires and plays away. Games run pretty high, too—up into the three figures. Every one seems to have plenty of dust. Everybody looks alike so far as clothing is concerned. The richest mine owners will compare favorably in wearing apparel to the common tramps of Seattle.

"I haven't been idle since I arrived here, I can assure you. I have staked out a town lot in the resident portion of this fair city, 50x60 feet in size. On the second day after my arrival I went out on a stampede and staked out a claim on Sulphur Creek. This creek is forty-five miles from Dawson. It was only recently discovered. Every claim on it has been located. Only two claims have been worked any yet, but they are proving quite good. I saw two men with a rocker at work on one of them, and they took out \$125 in three hours. On the other claim, held by Whittemore, who used to be employed in the King County court house at Seattle, and three other men, they took out with sluice boxes in two weeks \$3000 and found one nugget, which I saw, which weighed \$9.15. The claim I staked is only a short distance down the creek from this one. I am certain that it will prove good. If my grub arrives soon I will put in nine months this winter working it. I will put in some work anyway on what grub I can buy in case the steamer don't arrive.

"Winter is now near and log houses are building all around my tent. I have the material all out for our cabin, and when my partner arrives from a creek to which he has gone, near Sulphur we will rush it up in a hurry.

"While out locating my claim we camped one night about thirty miles from here. When I awoke in the morning I found that my shoes were frozen stiff. Had I not had on very heavy socks I should have been in a pretty fix.

A Peculiar Tribe in the Land of Fire.

Quite distinct and peculiar is the Ona tribe, which inhabits the prairie region of Tierra del Fuego. The great island has the shape of a triangle, and is almost as large as the state of New York. Once upon a time it must have had a tropical climate, inasmuch as the bones of monkeys and parrots are found fossil there in great numbers. There is much excellent grazing land, and sheep-raising is a growing industry, the Onas being killed off as fast as possible incidentally to the process of fencing the land. Their children and women are captured, when possible, and practically enslaved, being employed as servants at the stations maintained by the Argentine government on the island, or else carried to Buenos Ayres. The Onas inhabit the part of Tierra del Fuego which Magellan first saw, and their habit of signaling to one another by means of fires caused the famous navigator to call the country "Land of Fire."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Take Her Back.

A Sheffield merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom it proved that she could not get on very well was much surprised some weeks ago to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings. The old man listened very attentively to her story and then went to his desk and wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would receive her kindly after this. The pair on reading the letter found in it the following notice:

DEAR SIR—Goods that have been selected on one's own free will at my establishment are not taken back again.

The young couple laughed heartily and were reconciled.—Pearson's Weekly.

The old hall in Lincolnshire, England, the "Locksley Hall" of Tennyson's poem, offered for sale with thirty-four acres of grass arable land, was withdrawn from sale at \$5300.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mild climate of the southern portion of Alaska is due to the Japanese current.

After several years of trial, pulleys covered with papier-mache are gaining in favor among British machinists.

The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the murre. By experiment the darker colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo little change.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the age of the earth, since it cooled sufficiently to support life, is about 20,000,000 years within limits of error, perhaps ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. Eminent geologists, in discussing these figures recently, say that they think the true age is nearer 60,000,000 or 100,000,000 years.

The longevity of astronomers has often been noted. A French compiler finds that Fontenelle lived to 100, Caroline Herschel to 98, Cassini to 97, Sir Edward Sabine to 94, Moirau to 93. Santini and Sharpe to 91, Yates, Airy, Humboldt, Robinson and Long reached 90. The long list of those who lived to 80 includes Halley, Newton, Herschel, Kant and Roger Bacon.

A Massachusetts man has patented an X-ray machine for examining jewels consisting of means of producing the rays, a support for the jewel opaque to light, but transparent to the Roentgen rays, a screen for converting the rays into light after the passage through the jewel, a mirror for reflecting the rays and eyepieces for examining the reflected image.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being hung on one end of a rope with a hollow air chamber and a number of weights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A singular effect of a bee sting is told by an English astronomer. The sting was not painful, but in about fifteen minutes the face of the victim, a lady, became violently flushed, and blains or white blisters appeared all over the body, arms and legs, and then, more seriously still, she developed a sharp attack of asthma. This yielded to some remedies, and the blisters turned from white to red, disappearing in a few hours.

More than half the streets of Berlin already are lighted with the best kind of gas glowlight—perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flame. Aug. 1 11,483 out of the 22,006 street lanterns were fitted up with the new light, and the remaining 10,523 lanterns are to follow during the next six months. This new light effects a large saving to the city. In future but 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas will be needed, against 17,000,000 before, a saving of a big sum per annum, with fivefold the illuminating power.

Various Kinds of Drug Habits.

Since many kinds of medicine began to be put into tablet form it is much easier to fall into the habit of giving yourself continuous treatment. The soda mint habit is the most common of all. You will find men nowadays who buy their tablets in quantities, and crave them as the cigarette smoker craves a smoke. The strong peppermint tablet is also in great demand. Then there are cloves and sharp stinging "breath sweeteners"—all intended to calm a disordered stomach or have a biting and warming effect.

A druggist told of one customer who maintained that he would die of dyspepsia were it not for the constant use of peppermint chewing gum. Others will have nothing but the spruce gum and the old-fashioned "rubber" gum.

Men and women who would not take an alcoholic stimulant under any circumstances keep their small pockets stuffed with roots and herbs. The "calamus root" or the "sweet flag" is the favorite nibble with the herb victims, although the lovage root is more stimulating.

There is a gentian habit and a ginseng habit. It often happens that some astrigent root or herb is used as a substitute for tobacco, with the result that the tobacco habit is cured but is succeeded by a craving for the cure.

Kolafra tablets and other preparations containing the kola nut have lately come into use. The kola nut is a stimulant and tonic, and as it is more powerful than most of the dried roots and herbs, it is sure to be popular among the "fiends."—Chicago Record.

Her Specialty.

"She has a wonderfully forgiving nature," said one young woman. "I offended her, unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is a specialty of hers."

"What?"

"Overlooking the past. She says that she is only twenty-eight years of age."—Washington Star.

THE BROKEN PANE.

Johnnie Squared His Debt After Many Years.

Forty years ago a certain Cleveland family lived on Huron street, close to the corner of Miami street. Huron street was a leading thoroughfare then, and a number of prominent Clevelanders resided in the neighborhood. The lady of the house was a young bride; and she and her husband had arrived in Cleveland quite recently. In Miami street lived a family in very moderate circumstances, and among the numerous children that filled the tiny house was a boy called Johnnie. He was a bright, manly little fellow of perhaps eight years, and the Huron street bride took quite a fancy to him. He would come to her home every day and do her simple errands, and she always had something nice to give him. One day he was playing in front of the bride's home with some other boys, when he chanced to throw a stone that missed its mark and crashed through a parlor window. The bride happened to see the accident, and as the little fellow looked up and saw her, an agonized expression clouded his face, and he turned and took to his heels. He never came again to the Huron street house. Look as she might, the bride caught sight of him no more. A few weeks later Johnnie's family left the city, and Johnnie was soon only a faint memory.

The bride is now a grandmother, and lives in a handsome home in the suburbs. One day not long ago the maid brought her a caller's card. It bore the name of "John Robinson." She looked at it with a puzzled air. She had no acquaintance of that name.

But she went downstairs and confronted a fine looking, portly gentleman, well dressed, and bearing an unmistakable air of prosperity.

"You wished to see me?" inquired the lady as she looked again at the card.

"Yes, madam," he answered, "on a slight matter of business."

She looked up at him quickly and drew back a little.

"No," he smilingly observed, "I am not an agent. The fact is, madam, I have called to pay a debt that has been accumulating interest all these years, and which I have neglected to pay before because I have never since been in the neighborhood."

"A debt?" echoed the lady. "There must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, madam," said the stranger cheerily, and he reached his hand in his pocket. There was a gold coin in it as he drew it forth. "There, madam," he said, "I want to pay you for the window I broke in your house in Huron street one July day in 1857."

Then it all came back to her.

"And you—you are Johnnie?" she cried.

"Yes, madam," he answered, "I'm Johnnie." And their hands met in a tight clasp.

"And you remembered that little accident all these years?" she said.

"Why, I had forgotten it long ago."

"Perhaps I had better cause to remember it," he smilingly said. "It was a dreadful affair for me. I saw the jail door opening; I heard the clank of chains. Then I somehow felt sure that you would come and tell my father, and he was not a gentle man, as you may remember. But as hour followed hour, and you did not come, I began to breathe a little again, and, oh, you cannot tell how grateful I was to you. I did not dare to go and see you, for fear of possible consequences, but when we went away I made up my mind that some day I would pay every penny it cost to mend that broken pane. And here I am."

The woman looked at him with glistering eyes. Somehow she seemed to see again the tireless manly little boy of that long-ago time.

"And you have prospered?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, smilingly. "I'm reckoned as one of the solid men of California. I live just outside of San Francisco, have what I am told is a charming home, a beautiful wife and two fine boys in the university. And when I have this little debt paid I shall possess a thoroughly clear conscience as well."

"Put away your money, John," said the woman. "It's worth a hundred times that to see you so well and happy."

"I found out about you before I came out here," said John. "I inquired with some fear and trembling—forty years bring many changes, you know. But I went direct to the fountain-head for information. I hunted up your husband at his office—I had a letter of introduction from the president of our road—and we were soon good friends. Bless you, he had never heard of Johnnie Robinson, but that didn't make any difference. In fact, he asked me to stay to dinner and promised to be home early."

When John Robinson left the house the next morning—his stay in the city was shortened by pressing business—he left behind him on the parlor mantel a box containing a dainty ornament of gold and jewels and this card:

"My wife picked out a little gift, with the firm belief that Johnnie would surely find his early friend. Please let it square the broken pane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth
extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted
by all the latest improved methods. Fitting
a specialty. Sept 9th

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied
by the late Dr. Faber Bangs—No. 5 Cap
Hale street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence,
ABBOTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every
Wednesday. All the latest appliances.
25jun95

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on York street, next door to Gettysburg Na-
tional Bank. 190094

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams
county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend
to all legal business entrusted to him. Office
opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Span-
gler building on Baltimore street. Prompt at-
tention given to settlement of estates of deced-
ents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens
and collections.

JOHN B. McPHERSON, DONALD P. McPHERSON
McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PENNA.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel"
building. Will attend promptly to all legal
business submitted to them.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occu-
pied by Dr. Brenne man's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in
every respect. Convenient to all business
places. Large Sample rooms, good stabling
and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.

FRANK FLESHMAN, :: PROPRIETOR.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished.
The bar stocked with the choicest wines,
liquors and cigars. The table will be sup-
plied with the choicest delicacies the market
affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,
One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r.
New House, New Furniture, Old Land-
lord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, :: YORK, PA.

Adjoining the Court House.
John S. Baughman, Proprietor.
The bar is stocked with Choice Wines,
Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars.
The table is supplied with the best of the
market affords. Free Bus to and from trains.
Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

GETTYSBURG, PA. . . .

CITY HOTEL.
Half square from ether depot. Livery
connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles
with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35,
including dinner.
J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor.

Globe Hotel,
ELIAS FISSEL, Prop'r.

York St., First Square,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Accommodations first-class in every par-
ticular. Bar stock of the very best.

Livery Attached.

Terms given careful attention. Telephone
No. 122.

**GRAIN and
PRODUCE.**

The undersigned, having purchased
the warehouse on PRYT STREET, New
Oxford, PA., he will buy all kinds of
GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats
and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed,
Hay and Straw, etc. Will also keep
on hand a full stock of Flour, Feeds,
Salt, etc.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lum-
ber and Coal business will be con-
tinued as heretofore, with a full stock
of all kinds of Lumber and Coal,
which will be sold at bottom prices.
Thankful for the liberal patronage
given me in the past, I will endeavor
to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

GO TO---!
Geo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair
Cut. Razors Honed and Concealed at
the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST.,
NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all
kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats,
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarses and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their ad-
vantage to give him a call. Free delivery to
any part of the borough.

Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday
Afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves
Hilton Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m.
All orders left with him will receive prompt
attention.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB 11, 1898

ROMANCE OF A PRISON.

Matron Secured a Convict's Release and Then Married Him.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 9.—Prescilla L. Corpio, whose late father, Mr. Prescilla Corpio, was a millionaire and ex-postmaster general of Mexico, and Mrs. Mattie U. Peebles, of Dispatch, Kan., a widow, were married in this city yesterday.

In the early 30's Corpio, who went under the name of Camilo Lopez, killed Sam Dodson at Wichita, in self defense, but was convicted and sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment. Lopez could not talk English, and did not know how to go about making a defense.

Feeling positive that Lopez was innocent, Mrs. Peebles, then matron of the penitentiary, set about to prove so to the governor. It was three years ago this month that Mrs. Peebles began to interest herself in Lopez's behalf, and on Jan. 19 of this year he was pardoned by Governor Leedy.

In the meantime Mattie Peebles had left the penitentiary and was living with a grown son and daughter near Dispatch, Kan. Both of her children have recently married, and for a time she had been living alone. When Lopez was freed he wrote her a long letter. It resulted in bringing Mrs. Peebles to Kansas City, their marriage and the revelation of the man's identity. They have gone to Mexico on their honeymoon.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Three Propositions Affecting Cuba Introduced in the Senate.

Wednesday of last week was a dull day in both houses. The house passed the District of Columbia appropriation bill and took up the fortifications bill. Mr. Fischer, of New York, urged the erection of a fort in New York harbor. The senate passed most of the day in executive session, discussing the Hawaiian treaty.

In the senate on Thursday Mr. Caffery, of Louisiana, spoke in support of the committee report excluding Henry W. Corbett as senator from Oregon, declaring that the governor had no right to appoint, even though the legislature failed in its duty to elect a senator. The agricultural appropriation bill was passed. The house ostensibly considered the fortifications appropriations bill, while members made political speeches on prosperity. Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, declared that Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, wore an English hat. Mr. Dingley explained that the hat was made in New York, with a London trademark to please Anglomaniacs.

On Friday the house devoted most of the day to the passing of 18 of the 24 private pension bills favorably acted upon a week before. There was a long discussion on the approaching sale of the Kansas Pacific road on the government's foreclosure. In the senate Mr. Lindsay replied to the resolution of the Kentucky legislature demanding his resignation on account of his views in opposition to free coinage of silver. He declared that he was elected to represent Kentucky, rather than its legislature, and would continue to do so.

On Saturday last the house passed the fortifications appropriations bill, carrying \$4,144,912, against \$3,157,141 last year. Senate was not in session.

Monday of this week in the senate Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, offered an amendment to a previous Hawaiian resolution. Mr. Morgan's amendment declares distinctly for annexation. The house passed the Military academy appropriation bill, carrying \$453,540.

On Tuesday last Mr. Allen presented an amendment in the senate recognizing Cuban belligerency; Mr. Cannon offered a resolution that this country recognize Cuba on March 4 next, and assert its independence 90 days later. Mr. Mason offered a resolution instructing the president to notify Spain that the war must cease at once, else this country will restore peace. The house considered the Aldrich-Plowman contested election case, from Alabama.

German Retaliation.

Berlin, Feb. 5.—The vigorous protests of Andrew D. White, the United States ambassador, were successful in securing a modification of the order of Dr. Miquel, Prussian minister of finance, in wholly excluding American fruits. The Bundesrath modified the order by providing for inspection of American fruits, they to be excluded only when diseased. It is believed, however, that this will be construed into practical prohibition, in retaliation for the American system of discriminating duties on sugar from bounty paying nations.

Traffic Wrecker Warden Confesses.
San Francisco, Feb. 9.—Salter D. Worden, convicted of wrecking a mail train bearing a guard of United States soldiers near Sacramento, Cal., during the great strike of 1894, has confessed his crime to Governor Budd with a view of receiving a commutation of the death sentence from the executive of the state. He says he, with several others, had been ordered by a committee of strikers to wreck the train.

Minersville, Pa., Feb. 8.—Incendiarism have caused a reign of terror in this town. One night last week the two public schoolhouses in the town were set afire. Fortunately the firemen were quickly on the scene and the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. Sunday night the torch was again applied to one of the school buildings. At the same time fire was discovered in the Delaware and Hudson freight depot. The firemen were again equal to the emergency. The people are so terrorized that they cannot sleep nights.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS

As Reflected by Dealings in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8.—Flour dull and weak; winter superfine, \$2.90@3.10; do. extra, \$3.25@3.50; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.00@4.25; do. straight, \$4.20@4.50; western winter, clear, \$4.20@4.40; do. straight, \$4.50@4.75; city mill, extra, \$3.25@3.50. Rye flour dull and unchanged at \$2.60@2.80 per barrel, as to quality. Wheat a shade firmer; No. 2 red, 97½¢@97¾¢; No. 2 Pennsylvania and No. 2 Delaware red, spot, 98½¢@98¾¢. Corn quiet; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 34½¢@35¢; No. 2 mixed, in export elevator, 33½¢@33¾¢. Oats slow; No. 2 white, 30½¢@31¢; No. 1 white, clipped, 31½¢; No. 2 white, clipped, 30½¢@31¢. Hay dull; choice timothy, \$12 for large bales. Beef firm; beef hams, \$23@24. Pork firm; family, \$12@12.50; mess, \$10.25@10.50; short clear, \$10.50@12.25. Butter firm; western creamery, 14½¢@20¢; do. factory, 11¢@14¢; Elkins, 20¢; imitation creamery, 13¢@17¢; New York dairy, 15¢@18¢; do. creamery, 14¢@19¢; fancy Pennsylvania prints jobbing at 23¢@26¢; do. wholesale, 22¢. Cheese dull; large, white and colored, September, 8½¢; small do. do., September, 9¢@9½¢; light skims, 6¢@6½¢; dark skims, 4¢@5¢; full skims, 2¢@3¢. Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 17¢; western, fresh, 16¢.

Baltimore, Feb. 8.—Flour quiet and steady. Wheat firm; spot and month, 93½¢@94¢; March, 94½¢@95¢; May, 94½¢@95¢. Steamers No. 2 red, 94½¢@94¾¢; southern, by sample, 94½¢@94¾¢; do. on grade, 94½¢@94¾¢. Corn firm; spot and month, 34½¢@35¢; March, 33¢@33½¢; steamers mixed, 32½¢; southern, white, 22¢@24¢; do. yellow, 32¢@34¢. Oats firmer; No. 2 white, 20¢@20½¢; No. 2 mixed, 2¢@2½¢. Rye firmer; No. 2 nearby, 54¢; No. 2 western, 55¢. Hay steady; choice timothy, \$13. Grain freights quiet, but easy; steam to Liverpool, per bushel, 3½¢. March; Cork, for orders, per quarter, 3s. 3d., February; 3s. 1½¢@3s. 4½¢. March. Sugar strong and unchanged. Cheese steady and unchanged. Lettuce, \$1.25@1.50 per basket.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by I. R. Wehler.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office west side of Baltimore street, 3rd door from Centre Square.

SPRING FURNITURE!

We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of **LOUNGES**

—AND—
COUCHES.

It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

Our **SIDEBOARDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,**

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. **THE PRICES?** You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISER,

PHILADELPHIA STREET,

New Oxford, Pa.

TRY NAYLOR'S

IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to

NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS

and when you want **FEED** of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN,

and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR,

SOLE PROPRIETOR.

Clement Lingg,

SURVEYOR,

NEW OXFORD PENN

Charges moderate.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY,

C. J. HOFFMAN, Proprietor.

HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand. **Feenies, Festivals, and Gatherings of all kinds,** furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

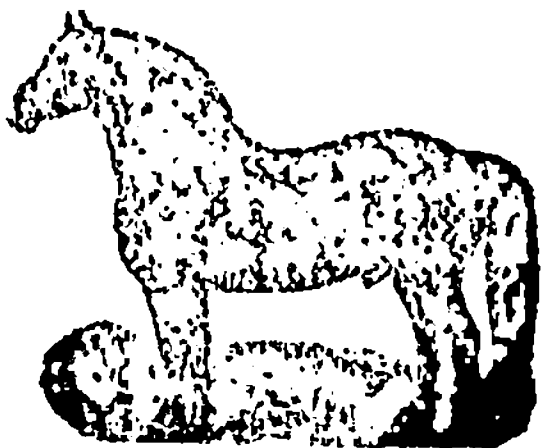
without the knowledge of the patient. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. It is safe, sure and reliable. Ten thousand testimonials, full particulars in plain envelope, for two-cent stamp. **STAR CHEMICAL CO.** 141 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE ITEM. Only \$1

THIRD SALE OF THE SEASON.

—FINE—

OHIO HORSES.



THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1898,

the subscriber will sell at public sale at his Sale Stables, Abbottstown, Two Car Loads of Fine Ohio Horses and Mares, 5 to 7 years old, well broken, one-half are good leardet, the other half are fine drivers. This lot contains the best horses of the season, 48 hours' trial given and all horses guaranteed as represented. All horses offered will positively be sold without a reserved bid. I will buy at this sale two car loads of fat, smooth and blocky horses. Sale will commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

F. K. HAFER.

Business

Change.

We have purchased the business of Carver & Little, and have decided to close out much of their stock below cost.

A big lot of **OVERCOATS** and **SUITS** will be sold at once at prices much below their real value.

Special low prices on Ticking, Sheeting, Calico, Gingham, and Muslin.

Thanking you kindly for favors to the old firm and soliciting your further patronage, we are

Respectfully, yours,

N. B. CARVER & SONS,

No. 8 Baltimore Street,

HANOVER PA.

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. P. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville and Hanover; and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, M.D.
ALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

READ UPWARD.			STATIONS.			READ DOWNWARD.		
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.				P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
2 07	6 15		Le Williamsport			12 15		8 00
2 07	7 02		Ar Edgmont Le			11 45		7 31
2 38	7 32							
1 25	6 00		Le Shippensburg			12 38		8 55
1 50	6 31		Chambersburg			12 38		8 28
2 19	7 07		Waynesboro			12 02		7 51
2 38	7 30		Ar Edgmont Le			11 45		7 35
2 41	7 38		Le Edgmont Ar			11 42		7 31
2 56	7 50		Ar Highfield Le			11 28		7 19
2 56	7 50		Le Highfield Ar			11 25		7 16
3 24	8 16		Fairfield			10 56		6 57
3 33	8 24		Orrtanna			10 45		6 7
3 38	8 28		McKeesport			10 40		6 1
3 53	8 43		Gettysburg			10 37		5 59
4 16	9 06		New Oxford			10 03		5 11
4 20	9 10		Berlin Junction			9 59		5 2
4 33	9 23		Hanover			9 46		5 9
4 45	9 38		Porters			9 32		5 7
4 49	9 43		Sinsheim			9 28		5 1
5 03	9 58		Green Ridge			9 15		5 11
5 12	10 6		Glennville			9 12		5 3
5 20	10 14		Lineboro			9 05		5 00
5 31	10 25		Alesia			8 54		4 52
5 35	10 27		Green Mount			8 47		4 41
5 42	10 34		Hampstead			8 43		4 37
5 44	10 36		Arcadia			8 39		4 30
5 52	10 44		W. Goldensburg			8 26		4 19
6 00	10 46		Ar Emory Gro Ar			8 22		4 15
6 00	10 46							
6 07	11 29		Ar Baltimore Le			7 22		3 32
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.				A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p.m., Berlin Jc. 5 40 p.m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p.m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p.m.

Leave East Berlin at 8 a.m., Abbottstown at 8 15 a.m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a.m., and Hanover at 8 50 a.m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12 29 p.m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a.m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p.m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a.m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p.m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 50 a.m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a.m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a.m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p.m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 8 37 and 10 10 a.m., and 5 05 p.m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.
H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div.
JOSEPH L. LEB, Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of **DRUGS.** All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE,

HANOVER, PA.

Telephone call, 173.

LIVINGSTON'S BARGAIN STORE.

WARRANTED!

A new lot of Embossed Copper-Body, Nickel Plated Ware—no imitation, and a thousand times more durable than silver ware, at prices to suit the times.

Yours With Respect,

F. G. LIVINGSTON.

Go to **Plymire's Store,** CENTER SQ., NEW OXFORD, PA.

FOR

RAISINS, 5c. per lb.

PRUNES, 5c. per lb.

PEACHES, 3 lbs for 25c.

APRICOTS, 2 "

CANNED GOODS, &c.

OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM

always on hand.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher,

MILLER'S BUILDING,

CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

Furniture!

We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

AT 113 BALTIMORE ST., HANOVER.

where you will find at all times a very large and complete line of all the various styles of **PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, TABLES**

of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, **LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BEDSTEADS, SPRINGS,** and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN,

113 Baimo re St, HANOVER, PA.

FRESH COWS

WANTED!

I will pay the highest market price for **FRESH COWS, SPRINGERS, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock** of all kinds. Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time.



HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.

F. G. & W. L. MCKINNEY,

(Successors to ALBRIGHT & ALLEWELL),

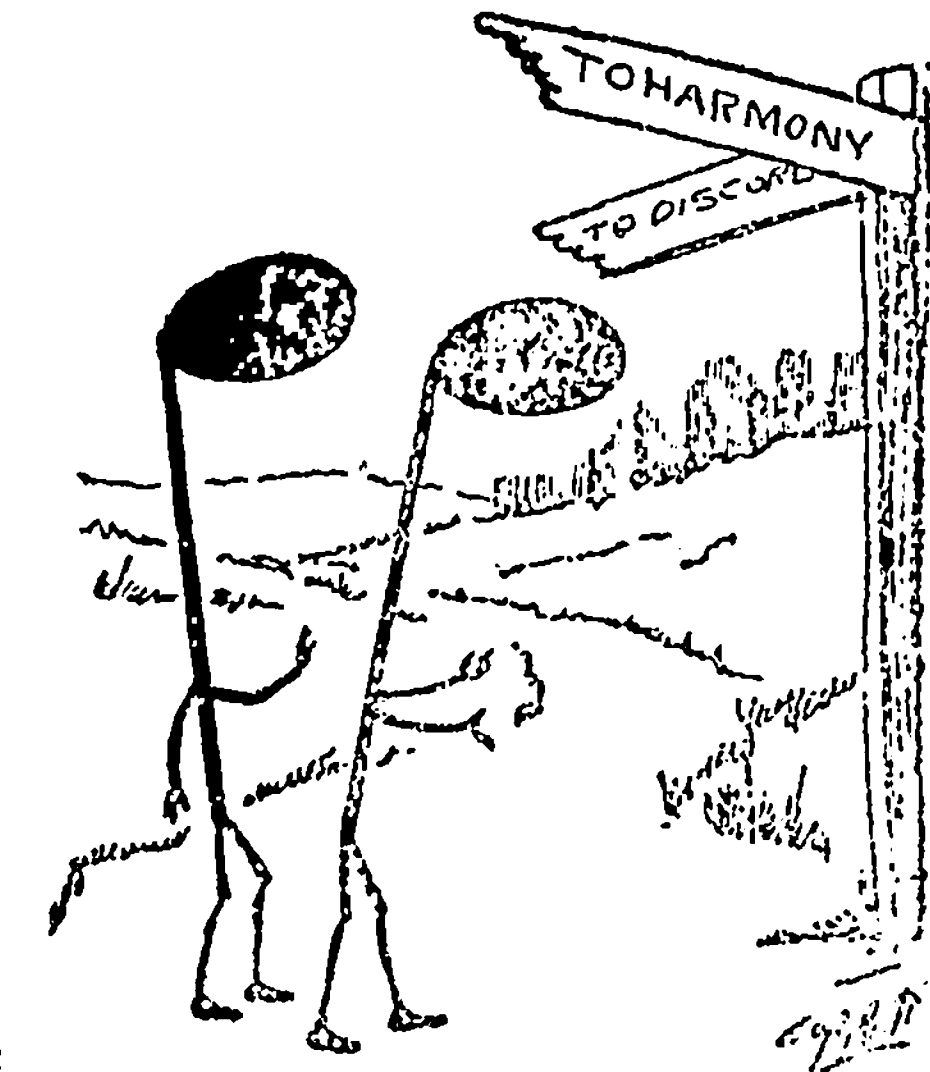
DEALERS IN

SHOES AND STATIONERY

HANOVER, PA.

In consequence of our strictly CASH system we are enabled to sell at surprisingly low figures.

Call and be convinced of the saving we can make you in the purchasing of your Footwear.

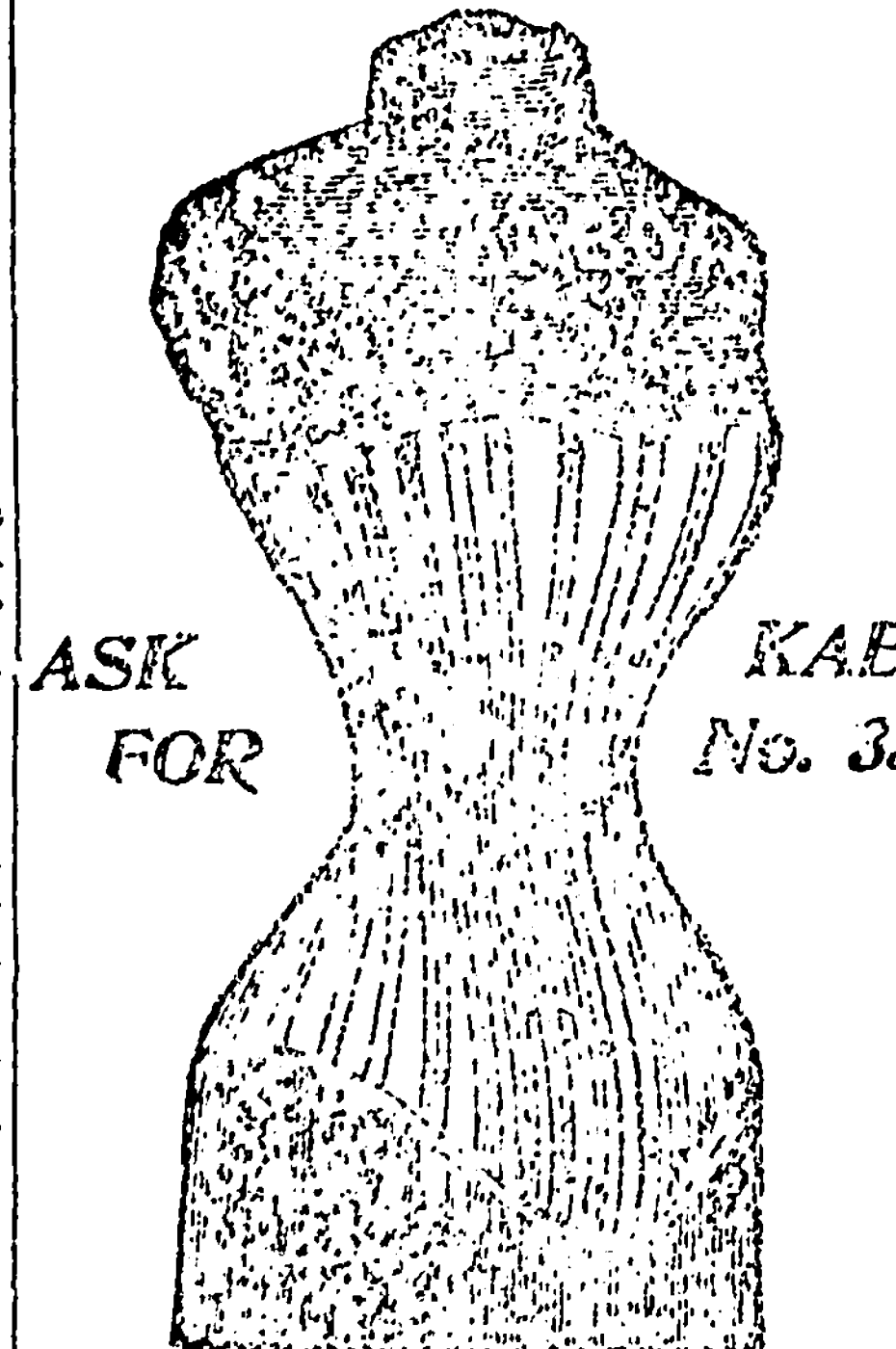


STRAY NOTES

are not found in our pianos and organs. Every chord can be struck with certainty that it will produce the desired sound—clear, beautiful and melodious. There are no false, no tuneless notes.

The pleasure of playing on a perfect instrument can be realized at much less expense than you might anticipate. Come in and learn how easily a piano or organ can be obtained.

Spangler's Music Room, Gettysburg.



We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00

Sheely & Bro.

There is one **DRESS STAY** that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent.

It is

BALL'S PEERLESS.

All lengths; all colors.

Sheely & Bro.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure means of drawing trade. Rates low.